Collier's

MAY 29, 1948

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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Last Word on Modern History's Most Tragic Era

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Earl Cordrey

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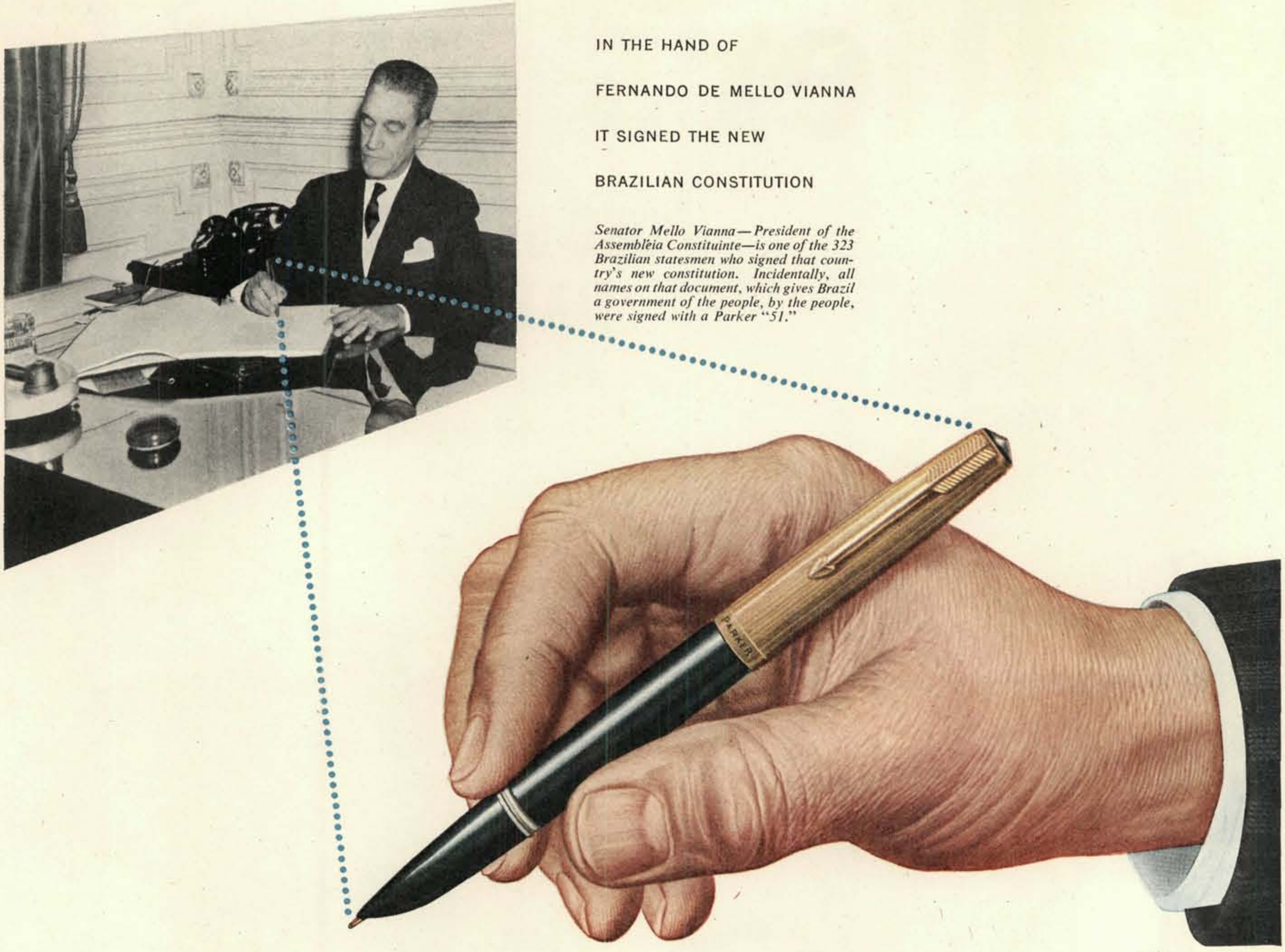

IN THE HAND OF

FERNANDO DE MELLO VIANNA

IT SIGNED THE NEW

BRAZILIAN CONSTITUTION

Senator Mello Vianna—President of the Assembléia Constituinte—is one of the 323 Brazilian statesmen who signed that country's new constitution. Incidentally, all names on that document, which gives Brazil a government of the people, by the people, were signed with a Parker "51."

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May 29, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

MEN, MIKES & $

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Mr. Aylesworth's interesting articles give a wrong impression of the early days of WEAF, while it was still owned by the A.T. & T. I know, having sold broadcasting during those early days. The A.T. & T. had very stringent regulations. No script went on without being okayed, every performer had an audition. The Brass Hats had eagle ears to spot anything which could even remotely be construed as undignified or offensive.

The Happiness Boys always wanted an audience, as they could work better. Two or three people would be allowed in the studio on pledge of absolute silence. The number would grow to a dozen or more. Then somebody would laugh, others would join in—and orders would come down to keep the studio clear as the broadcast was being spoiled.

The beloved Roxy was always in hot water with the Brass Hats because he was fundamentally unable to stick to the script. More than once on the verge of being thrown off the air, his tearful promises and great popularity saved him.

The first real commercial sustained musical program was that of the National Carbon Co., handled by N. W. Ayer & Son. This was a big feature and set the pattern for later musical programs.

ERNEST EBERHARD, Media, Pa.

. . . These recollections of early days in radio should be collected and published in book form. They would be valuable to all those who wish to study a picturesque phase of the American scene.

FREDERICK C. OBERMYER, New York, N. Y.

BLACK & WHITE

DEAR SIR: Marvelous and timely and true is your editorial on the civil rights program, We Need Something Stronger Than Law (Apr. 24th). It is indeed gratifying to see your influential magazine hit the nail so squarely on the head.

The best friend the Negro has is the *good* white people of the South.

S. N. CRISP (White), Laurens, S. C.

. . . Your editorial is not only disgusting, but ignorant of the aims and hopes of the American Negro.

MRS. ELVERA DAWSON, Long Beach, Cal.

. . . Your editorial is right, laws will not do it. We have a state law in Pennsylvania that is largely ignored.

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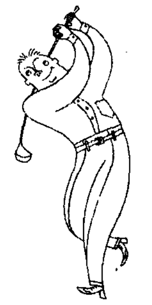
COLLIER'S SPORTS

HOGAN'S LAST STAND

BY BILL FAY



BEN HOGAN had $85 safety-pinned in the watch pocket of his golf slacks when he checked in at the 1936 Oakland Open. That night thieves stole the back wheels from his fourthhand flivver. Ben bought new wheels and teed off with $14, which wasn't enough to pay the caddy.

Ben ate oranges for three days, finished tenth and collected $300. The fresh pin money carried him South with the pro caravan. Suddenly, Ben's game clicked. He won three straight tournaments—playing 12 consecutive rounds in 55 under par!

Since that Oakland escape from bankruptcy, Ben has accumulated $200,000 in prize money and every important title—except the Big One. He's never won the National Open. He'll be trying again (June 10-12) on his favorite course, Riviera in Los Angeles, and it may be his last chance for victory.

Little Ben's 140 pounds can't stand the steady tournament pounding any more. He's bothered by the backache and backswing miseries which started last summer when he broke his driver shortly before the Open. Most pros would have wired their manufacturer for a replacement. Not Hogan. Ben used his brassie off the tee while he looked around for a replacement.

It was a long search. Ben's fussy about his woods. He's always shaving handles, adding weight to the club heads, rewinding grips. He discarded 31 drivers in six months. Finally he experimented with an old driver he'd stored away in his cellar at Fort Worth. It felt good. Ben used it last January to capture his second straight Los Angeles Open with a record 275 over rough and tough Riviera, battling dense fog on the last round for a 67—probably the finest 18 holes of his career.

But Ben didn't win another tournament for three months. Maybe he'll get going again at friendly Riviera. It's now or never, because the younger pros will be in command next year.

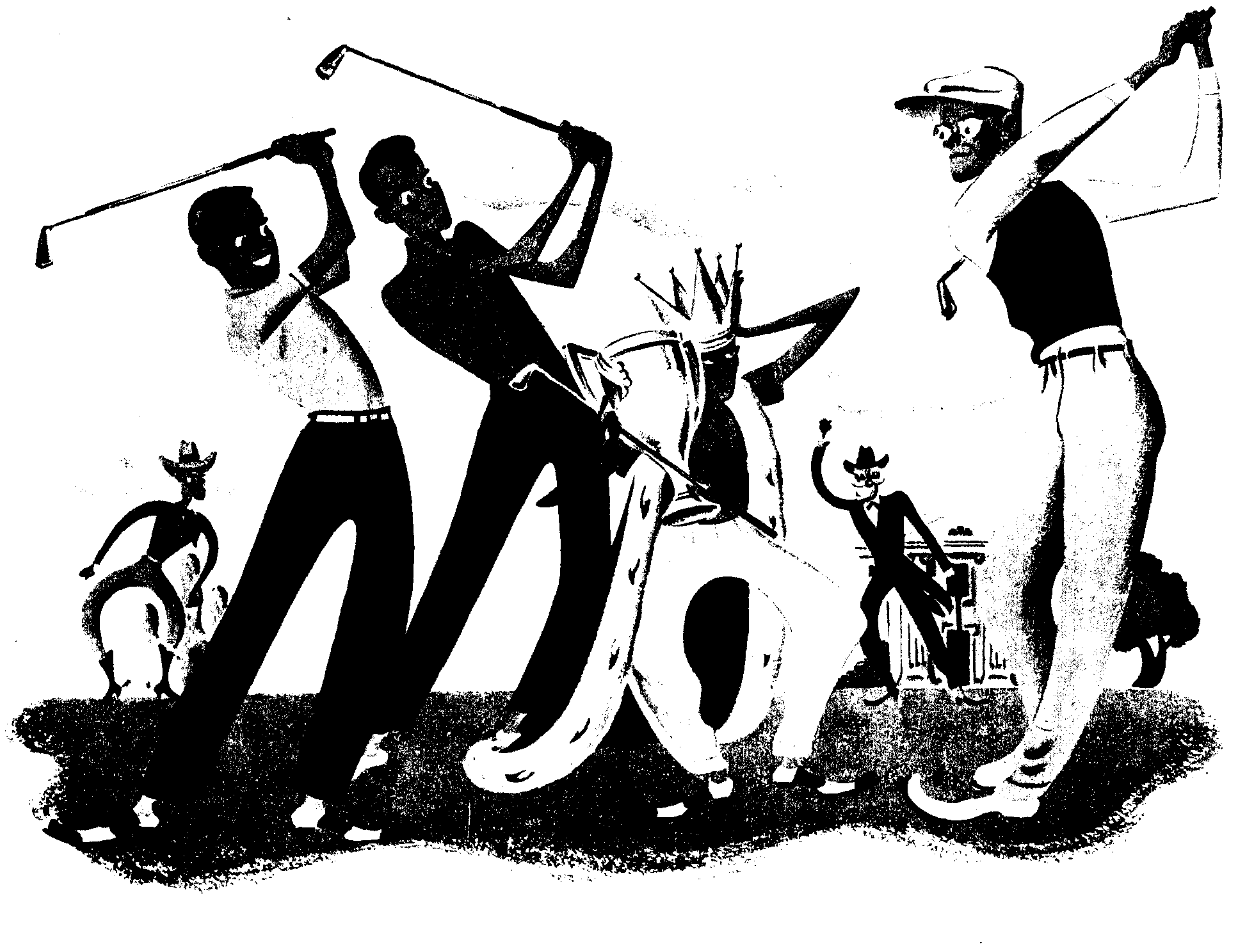
Time was when the Three Texans—Jim Demaret, Hogan and Byron Nelson—defied the field, but the balance of golf power has been swinging steadily southward. North Carolina, especially, threatens to usurp Texas' position as the Number One golf state. Either of those amiable Carolinians, Skip Alexander or Johnny Palmer, could ruin Hogan's Last Stand at Riviera. Then there is Al Smith, the driving-range graduate from Winston-Salem. Certainly, no state boasts a finer threesome of young pros than North Carolina's Alexander-Palmer-Smith.

Placid is the word for Palmer, the sturdy, square-chinned youngster who rode side gunner on 22 B-29 raids over Japan. When 20th Air Force flight surgeons gave Johnny his going-home checkup, they were surprised to discover that he didn't display a single symptom of combat fatigue. Johnny takes everything in stride. Five words sum up his fairway philosophy: "Worryin' never sank a putt." He moved from 17th to sixth place among the money men last year without changing expression.

Phenomenal is the word for Alexander, the 200-pound six-footer from Duke University. Bespectacled Skip can outscore anybody—when he's hot. Britisher Bobby Locke fired a 66 at Skip in an exhibition. Skip retaliated with a 58. "I'm six under par," Locke commented sadly, "and I'm six down. Fawntastic."

Alexander finished in the money in twelve straight winter tournaments. He has the wit and an infinite capacity for relaxation. When Hogan was coming through the fog at Los Angeles, Skip quipped: "If I was out there, I'd have to fly on instruments." He has 20/600 vision and can't tell a bunker from a sand trap without his glasses (he calls them "window panes").

After Alexander and Dick Metz were beaten in the International Four Ball at Miami, somebody asked if Skip was going on to Jacksonville, the next tournament stop. "No," Skip replied thoughtfully, "guess I'll just curl up on the beach here for a few days with a good book—and a case of beer."



Either of those amiable Carolinians, Skip Alexander, Johnny Palmer or Al Smith, could ruin Hogan at Riviera

▶ Tattletale Épée

The courtly sport of fencing has become an electrifying spectacle. No more daubing red ink on weapon tips. No more peering for tattletale *touché* marks on your adversary's white bib. The new electrical *épée* keeps score with lights and buzzers each time your point makes contact. When a double (simultaneous touch) occurred during a demonstration by Olympic aspirants, both lights flashed on the scoreboard, both buzzers buzzed and the delighted spectators yelled: "Tilt!"

▶ Human Punching Bags

The National Boxing Association has launched an educational program to make "champeen" a three-syllable word in the lexicon of fight announcers. It's part of the clean-up-and-dress-up campaign for television. Abe Greene, N.B.A. president, wants fighters and seconds to be neater about dress and equipment, too. Baggy tights, stained water bottles, and inelegant corner cuspidors must go!

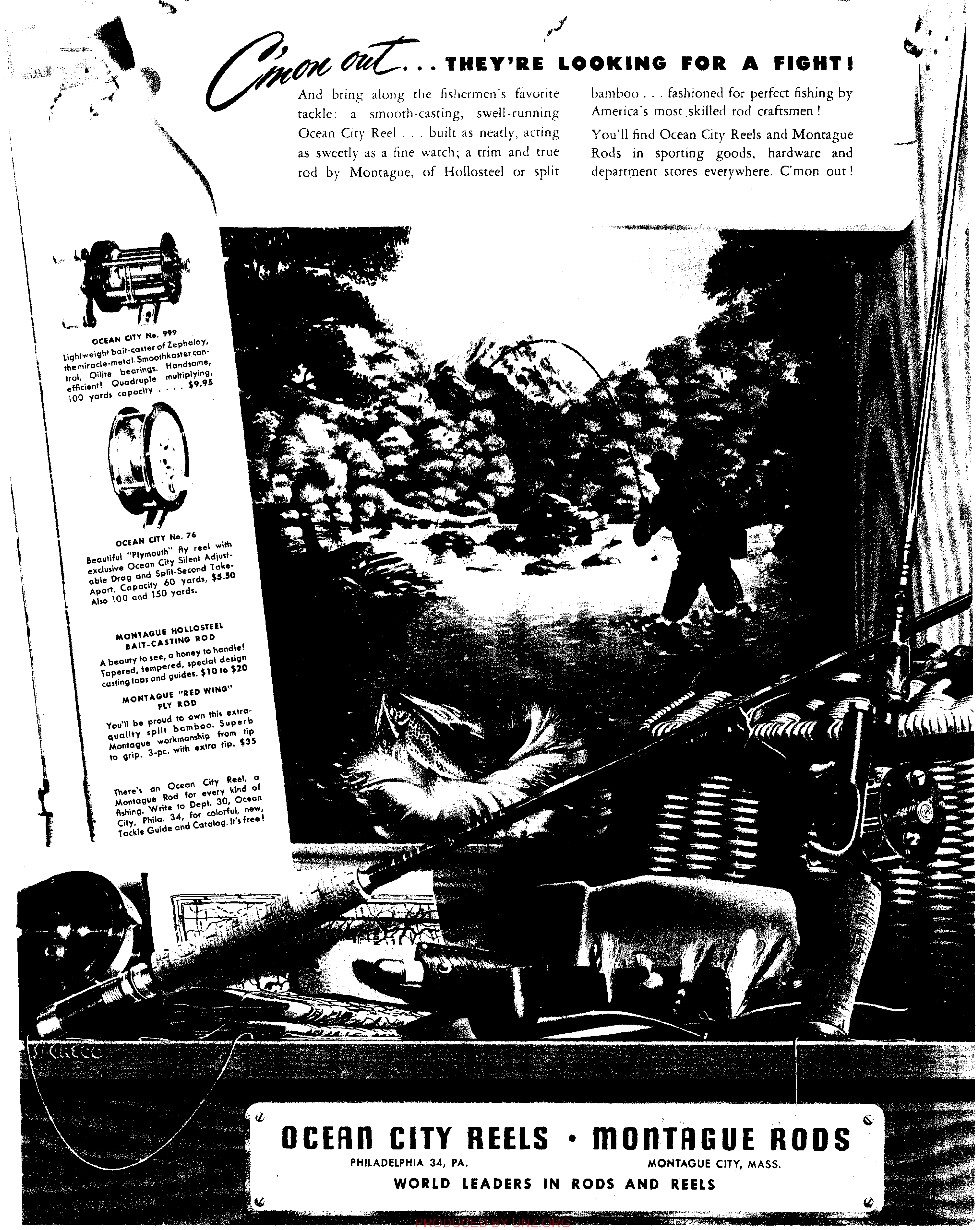
Such solicitude for women and children in the expanding television audience arouses optimism. Additional reforms may be on the way. Perhaps Mr. Greene and his progressive associates will insist that fighters learn how to fight—or find employment in a less hazardous trade.

There ought to be a law against human punching bags. Consider Jimmy Allen, the Philadelphia lightweight. Allen made his debut in 1944 by losing 16 fights—three of them by knockouts. Three fights ended in draws, and he never won. He lost 17 of 22 starts in 1945—including eight more knockouts. His four-year record totals 50 defeats and four draws in 58 mismatches. He's been knocked senseless 19 times. And the pay-off on Allen is that two of his four victories were scored over Willie Alexander. Willie must be quite a scrapper.

No wonder so many old fighters walk around with bells in their heads and ring fatalities are frequent.

▶ Citation is the least temperamental of the top thoroughbreds. No matter how hard the race or workout, Citation cools quickly, eats a big supper, stretches out on the floor of his stall—and snores all night long. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HARRINGTON



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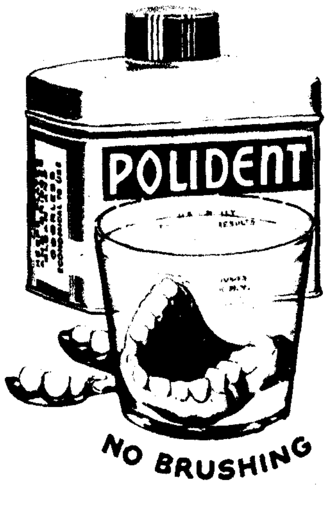
Polident comes in two sizes—regular and large economy size—available at all drugstores. It costs only about a cent a day to use, so get a can of Polident tomorrow, sure.



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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

At dog shows in this country, the average number of animals entered per owner does not exceed two. But at the 1936 Morris & Essex show at Madison, New Jersey, one exhibitor, Dr. A. P. Munn, of near-by Long Branch, entered 101 dogs, a record for entries never approached before or since.

While stopping at a Dallas hotel in 1919, a Texas ranch owner named Frank Norfleet became so friendly with a new acquaintance who claimed to be a "lodge brother" that the man was able to trick the rancher out of $45,000 in cash and skip town with four confederates. Vowing he would get the crooks, Norfleet had their descriptions published in hundreds of newspapers and he himself searched scores of cities from coast to coast. This private man hunt, which cost Norfleet $30,000 was successfully concluded three years later with the capture and conviction of the last of the five swindlers.

The most complex legal system ever devised to govern the consumption of distilled alcoholic beverages exists today in Sweden. Drinks are sold only in restaurants and the maximum quantity allowed a patron—twice as much for a man as for a woman—depends on the price of the meal. The quantity obtainable monthly with a ration book for home consumption depends on the purchaser's age, sex, income, occupation and reputation.

Tornadoes in this country have ranged in forward speed from five to 139 miles an hour, have varied in distance traveled from 100 feet to 219 miles, have differed in width of path from six to 5,500 feet, and have ranged in property damage from a few dollars to the $26,000,000 destruction that was caused in and around St. Louis, by a single twister within five minutes, on September 29, 1927.

Nearly every American city is referred to in the underworld by a special nickname. For example, New York is The City, Chicago is The Village, Hot Springs, Arkansas, is Bubbles, Richmond, Virginia, is Grantsville, and Ossining, New York, (site of Sing Sing Prison) is Stirville.

Shortly after the Crosby Opera House was erected in Chicago about 1865, its owner, Uranus H. Crosby, realized it was a financial failure and conceived an ingenious scheme to save his investment. Announcing that the theater was to be raffled off, he sold 185,000 tickets at $5 each and, after the drawing, promptly bought it back from the winner for $200,000. As the stunt made the house popular and successful, Crosby soon recovered the whole $1,000,000 that he had spent to build it.—*By Leonore R. Mandelson, Chicago, Ill.*

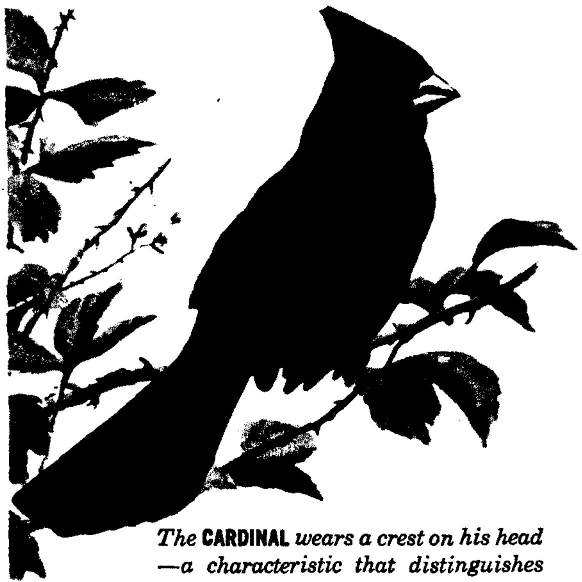
Although the ordinary lead pencil costs only five cents and is considered a simple article, its manufacture requires some 25 materials and 200 different operations.

For flights at night and in bad weather, all passenger planes on U.S. scheduled air lines are now equipped with an electronic instrument that flashes a light and rings a bell when the plane comes within 2,000 feet of a mountain or other obstacle in its path, thus warning the pilot that he must increase his altitude at once.

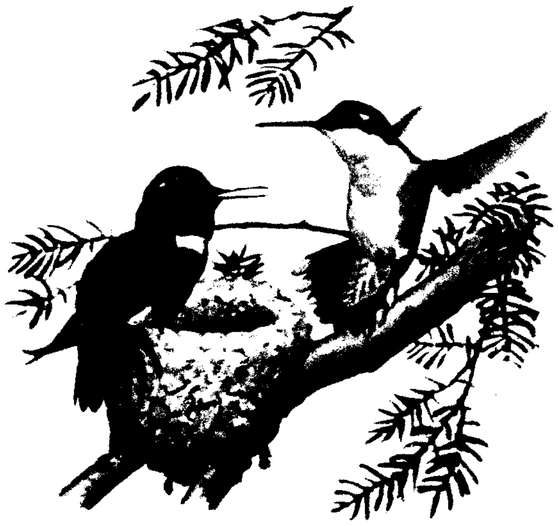
No statue in Europe is more famous than The Little Manikin, a 20-inch bronze figure of a boy that has stood in the heart of Brussels for some 500 years. During this time, celebrities including Louis XV and Napoleon have presented him with many medals, swords and other gifts, and nearly 50 uniforms in which he is dressed on gala occasions. Among them are the dress of a Belgian grenadier, a French chevalier, a Chinese Manchu, a British master of hounds, an Indian chief and an American G.I.

For the first time in history, the menace of locusts has been eliminated in Arabia and four African countries by a poison-food campaign carried on by the British Locust Mission since 1942. The project required the labor of 1,000 men, covered 2,900,000 square miles and cost $20,000,000.

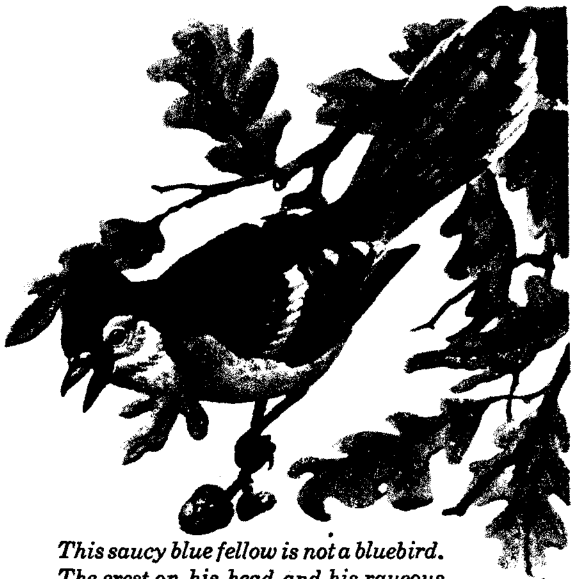
Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission



The **CARDINAL** *wears a crest on his head —a characteristic that distinguishes him from other red birds.*



The distinguishing feature of all **HUMMINGBIRDS** *is their high-speed wings, which enable them to fly backwards.*



This saucy blue fellow is not a bluebird. The crest on his head and his raucous cry proclaim him to be a **BLUE JAY.**

When you see these birds

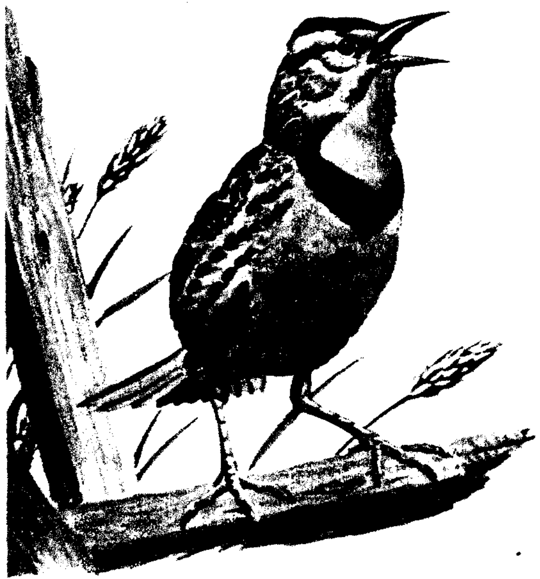
THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

identify them for you

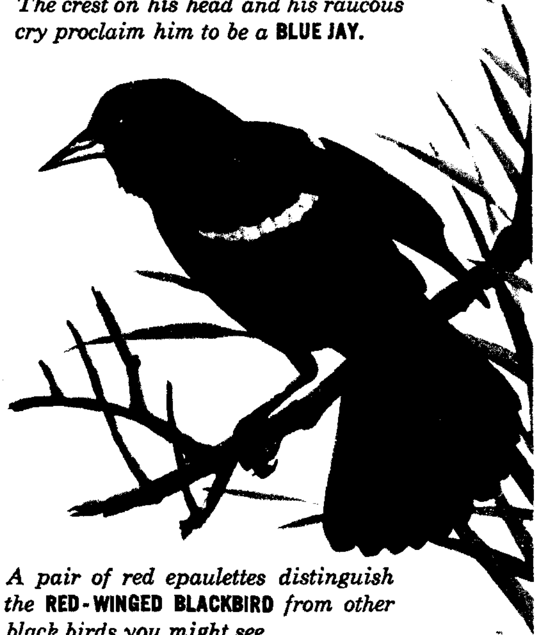
When you buy gasoline

THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

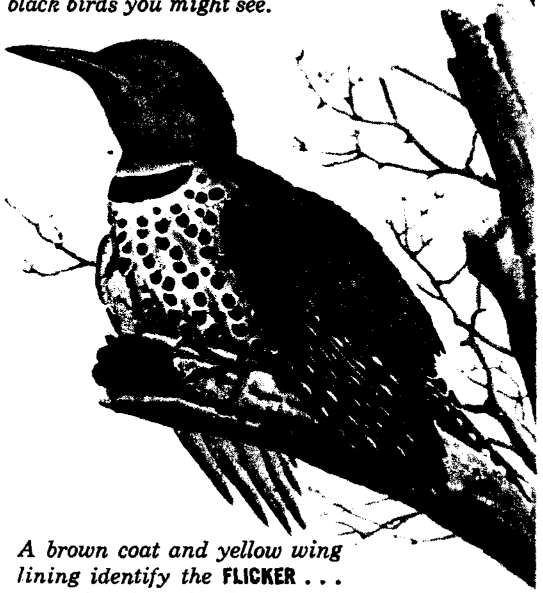
identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid



A bold, black V on his yellow breast is the conspicuous identifying mark of the pretty **MEADOW LARK.**



A pair of red epaulettes distinguish the **RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD** *from other black birds you might see.*



A brown coat and yellow wing lining identify the **FLICKER . . .** *a species of woodpecker.*

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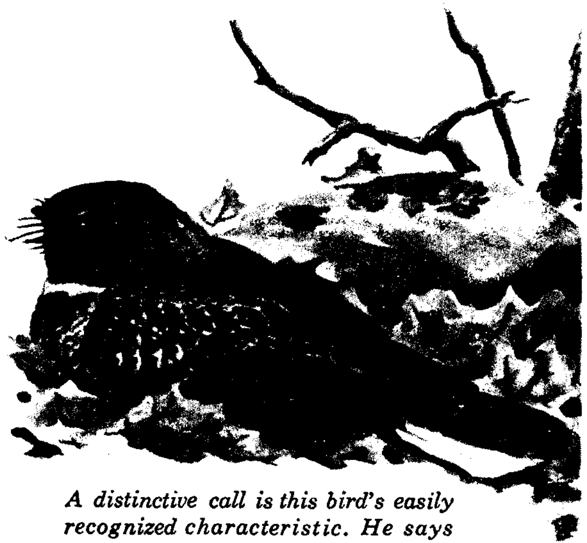
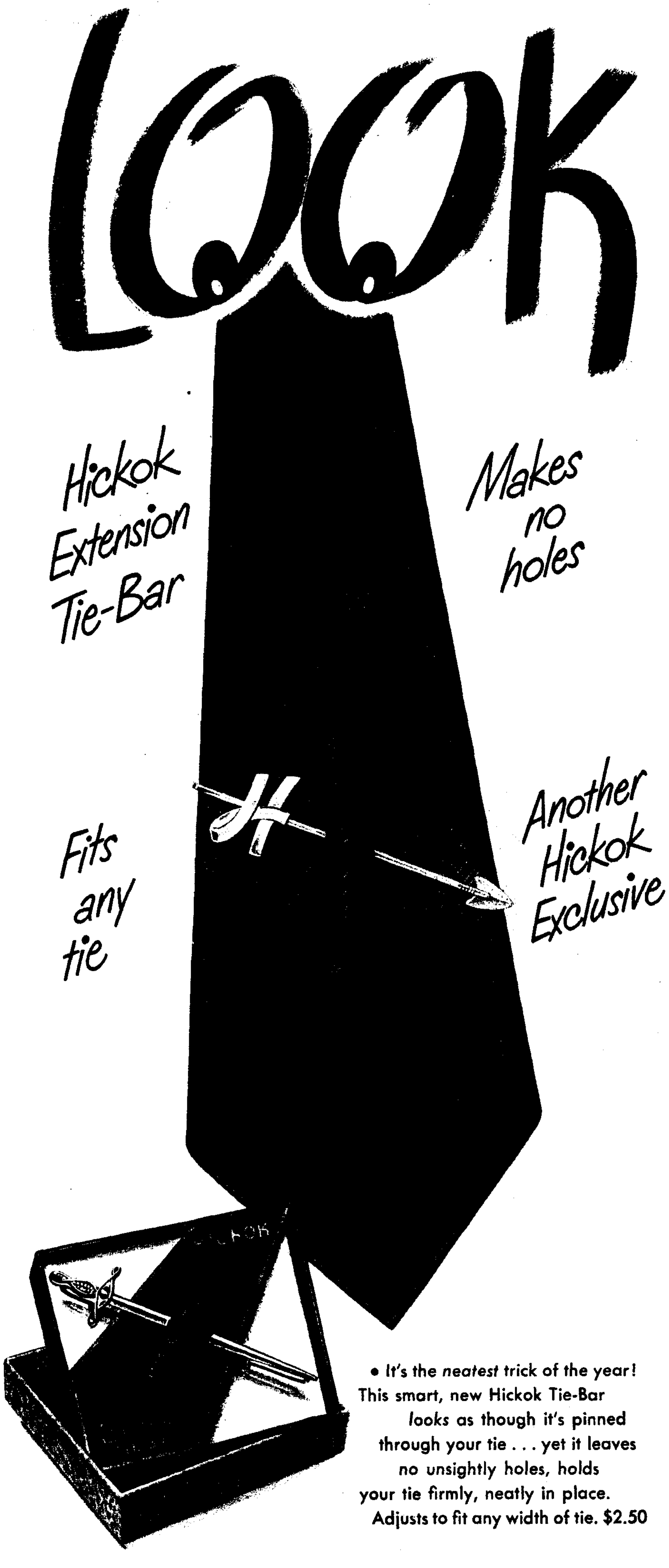


A distinctive call is this bird's easily recognized characteristic. He says **"WHIPPOORWILL"** *over and over again.*

**Bird drawings by Don Eckelberry, illustrator of the "Audubon Bird Guide"*



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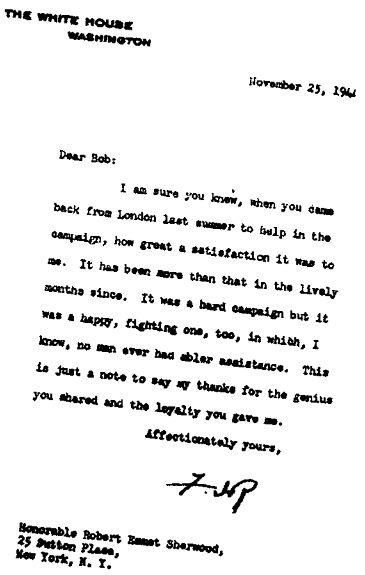
THE WEEK'S WORK



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 25, 1944

Dear Bob:

I am sure you knew, when you came back from London last summer to help in the campaign, how great a satisfaction it was to me. It has been more than that in the lively months since. It was a hard campaign but it was a happy, fighting one, too, in which, I know, no man ever had abler assistance. This is just a note to say my thanks for the genius you shared and the loyalty you gave me.

Affectionately yours,

F D R

Honorable Robert Emmet Sherwood,
25 Sutton Place,
New York, N. Y.

WHEN Harry Hopkins' will was probated, among the items was a mass of papers representing his twelve years in the government service. By family agreement his papers were turned over to Robert E. Sherwood, a colleague in the F.D.R. unofficial Cabinet. In March, 1946, Sherwood got to work and, with a single interruption to write The Bishop's Wife, for Hollywood, has been extremely busy turning out The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins, which begins its historic course on p. 13.

Hopkins himself was writing his story for Collier's when he died. He had saved every scrap of his part in history making. He hoped eventually to write four books, over a period of seven years. Of his theme, he had remarked: "I've been waiting twelve years to get back at some of those so-and-sos and now at last I can do it!

"When I finish it, I'm not going to have a friend left in this or any other town."

Choosing as an assistant, war veteran Sidney Hyman, a college classmate of David Hopkins (Harry's son), Hopkins got to work—sorting papers. "There were forty crates of them," says Hyman. "They lay in an empty room in a new apartment the Hopkinses had taken on Fifth Avenue, New York—'overlooking the rent,' Mrs. Hopkins said.

"They covered every conceivable subject from the average hourly rate of cotton pickers to the minutes Hopkins had taken at various wartime meetings. There were voluminous, handsomely bound reports and also little undated scraps of paper with penciled jottings. It developed later, when Bob Sherwood took over, that these bits and scraps of paper contained more crucial information than the encyclopedia-sized reports."

Embarking on one of his hurried trips, Hopkins might merely pencil, "See Churchill—destroyers—Lend-Lease—De Gaulle—ask Stalin about air bases!" on a memo card and operate from that.

There were also vicious anti-Hopkins letters, which he insisted on keeping for use—being firmly convinced that though he may have been guilty of politics in his career, history would prove F.D.R. and himself right. "There is no sense in trying to gild things over," he said.

The forty crates—some of them containing several files of documents—had been sifted down to 14 files, and Hopkins was on his writing way, when he died in January, 1946.

Sherwood came on the scene, fresh from writing The Best Years of Our Lives, and a natural for the job. He had campaigned with F.D.R. in 1940 and 1944—had been party to many important war decisions, both in his role as director of overseas operations for OWI, and because of his close relations with F.D.R. and Hopkins.

Though he'd met Hopkins on and off, it was Sherwood's work with the William A. White Committee that threw the two together. Hopkins was one of the few men ever to upset the Olympian calm that characterizes Sherwood. He did this deliberately during a discussion of old destroyers for Britain. From this flare-up sprang their productive war collaboration.

Without Hopkins there to connect links, add his personal side and interpret the scraps, Sherwood faced monumental problems.

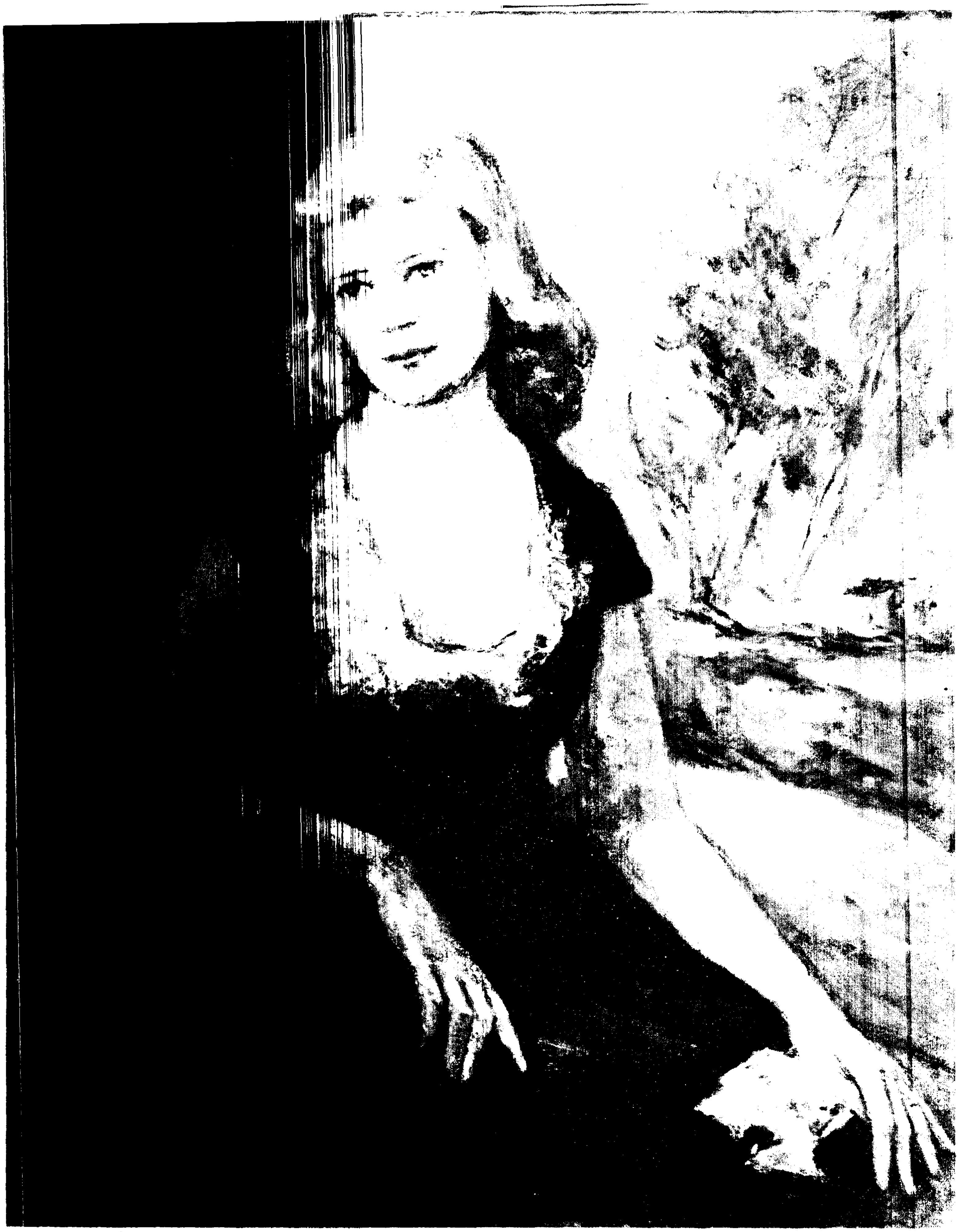
Inheriting Hyman as researcher along with the 14 files, they sifted everything down to a mere two, and Sherwood began filling gaps. He launched into long, sustained correspondence and interviews with the bigwigs of the New Deal and war years—often got many different versions of the same event. There were small seminars, luncheons, night and Sunday meetings. Sherwood made three trips to England for material at the source. He ambushed VIPs passing through America. Often he checked one source against another, set someone right for the first time on what actually happened. Everyone was most co-operative, often opened personal records.

After months, Sherwood had his book shaped and set to work writing. Some 500,000 words will go into the published book. About 500,000 more went into the wastebasket. Sherwood was ruthless about this—he has felt a tremendous responsibility for presenting the story in its true light—has used no tricks or dodges to conceal anything. Where he doesn't know, he says so—he has done no "suppressed editing" in the text of any document.

Apart from his own knowledge of events, Sherwood also brought the quality of temperance to the book, which might not have been there had Hopkins been alive to "crack down on the so-and-sos."

There isn't a word of venom or anger in Sherwood's dramatization of the forty crates. He hopes he has contributed in his way to evidence of how our democracy works in war and peace.

This week's cover: Flower Hat. Hat Designer Keneth Hopkins of Beverly Hills made the hat especially for Earl Cordrey to top his model and paint the cover. . . . TED SHANE



Miss Caroline B. Johnston,
of Baltimore, Maryland,
at the time of her engagement
. . . painted by Peter Lauck

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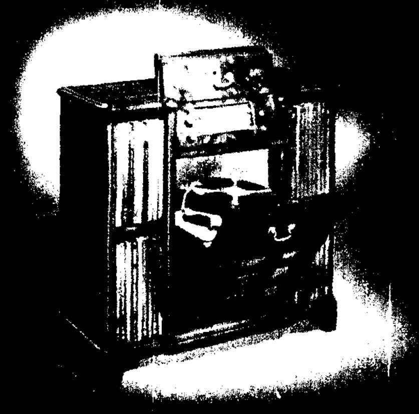

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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

ROBERT HOPKINS

Presidential party arrives at Saki airfield, 90 miles from Yalta, to attend the 1945 conference. Shown are Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., Molotov, Hopkins and F.D.R.

Here begins the story of how Roosevelt prepared to turn his "greatest political liability"—Harry L. Hopkins—into a winning candidate for the Presidency, and how fate made him, instead, a unique and powerful go-between in top-secret negotiations with Churchill and Stalin

PART I. HE WANTED TO BE PRESIDENT

When Franklin D. Roosevelt died there remained only one man—Harry L. Hopkins—who could tell completely the inside story of the New Deal and of America's High Command in World War II. Preparation of The Hopkins Papers had started before Hopkins died. The task was then taken up by the dramatist and author, Robert E. Sherwood, a friend of both Hopkins and Roosevelt. There were forty large crates of these papers. Months were spent in sorting, relating and studying a huge accumulation of stenographic records, personal observations, letters, official documents and scribbled memoranda. Mr. Sherwood had to bridge gaps by interviews with and letters from men at home and abroad with whom Hopkins had dealt. Collier's presents the result with a conviction that this is the most important document of its kind that has been or will be produced. . . . The Editor

DURING the years when Harry Hopkins lived as a guest in the White House, he was generally regarded as a sinister figure, a backstairs intriguer, an Iowan combination of Machiavelli and Rasputin. Hostility toward him was by no means limited to those who hated Franklin Delano Roosevelt. There were many of Roosevelt's most loyal friends and associates, in and out of the Cabinet, who disliked Hopkins intensely and resented the extraordinary position of influence and authority which he held. He was unquestionably a political liability to Roosevelt, a convenient target for all manner of attacks directed at the President, and many people wondered why Roosevelt kept him around.

But the Presidential aide who developed in the war years—and of whom General (later Secretary of State) George C. Marshall said, "He rendered a service to his country which will never even vaguely be appreciated"—was in large measure Roosevelt's own creation. Roosevelt deliberately educated Hopkins in the arts and sciences of politics and of war and then gave him immense powers of decision for no reason other than that he liked him, trusted him and needed him.

A welfare worker from the corn belt, who tended to regard money (his own as well as other people's) as something to be spent as quickly as possible, a studiously unsuave and often intolerant and tactless reformer, Hop-

Harry Hopkins, sitting with his daughter, Diana, talks with Chicago's Mayor Edward J. Kelly at the 1940 convention

kins was widely different from Roosevelt in birth, breeding and manners. But there were qualities in him, including some of the regrettable ones, which Roosevelt admired and enjoyed, perhaps partly because they were so different.

A revealing story of Roosevelt's regard for Hopkins was told by Wendell Willkie, who was not one of the more fervent admirers of either man. After his defeat at the polls in November, 1940, Willkie asked Roosevelt a pointed question: "Why do you keep Hopkins so close to you? You surely must realize that people distrust him and they resent his influence."

Willkie quoted Roosevelt as replying: "I can understand that you wonder why I need that half man around me." (The "half man" was an allusion to Hopkins' extreme physical frailty.) "But—someday you may well be sitting here where I am now as President of the United States. And when you are, you'll be looking at that door over there and knowing that practically everybody who walks through it wants something out of you.

"You'll learn what a lonely job this is, and you'll discover the need for somebody like Harry Hopkins who asks for nothing except to serve you."

A Contrast in Impressions

I first met Hopkins in September, 1938, when he was WPA administrator. I did not quite like him. He used such phrases as, "We've got to crack down on the bastards." I had the characteristically American suspicion of anyone who appeared to be getting "too big for his breeches." A year or so later, when he was beaten down and chastened by terrible illness, I came to know him much better and to form a friendship which must color everything I write about him and for which no apologies are offered.

In the year before Pearl Harbor, and the years of war that followed, Hopkins made it his job, he made it his religion, to find out just what it was that Roosevelt really wanted and then to see to it that neither hell nor high water, nor even possible vacillations by Roosevelt himself, blocked its achievement.

Hopkins was with Roosevelt at the Atlantic Conference, at Casablanca, Quebec, Cairo, Teheran and Yalta, as well as during the four meetings with Churchill in Washington. Also, Roosevelt sent him by himself on various overseas missions of historic importance, the first of these being visits to Churchill and Stalin during the year of extreme peril before Pearl Harbor when it seemed that nothing could stop Germany and her Axis allies from winning the war. It was these informal, even unofficial and often dangerous trips by a man who held no regular position in the U.S. government which paved the way for Roosevelt's relationships with the leaders of Britain and Russia in the second World War. As Roosevelt said, "Harry is the perfect ambassador for my purposes. He doesn't even know the meaning of the word 'protocol.' When he sees a piece of red tape, he just pulls out those old garden shears of his and snips it. And when he's talking to some foreign dignitary, he knows how to slump back in his chair and put his feet on the conference table and say, 'Oh, *yeah?*' "

First Meeting with Stalin

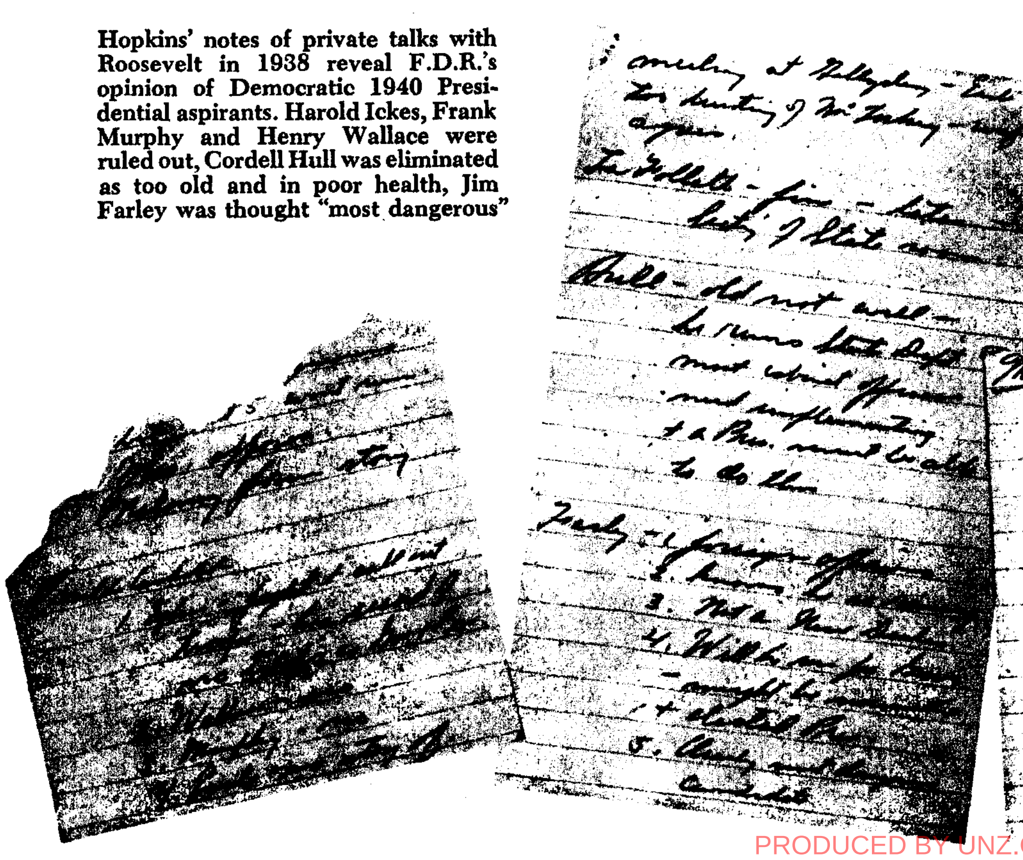
When Hopkins first flew to Moscow, in July, 1941, within a month after Hitler's assault on the Soviet Union, Roosevelt sent a message to Joseph Stalin: "I ask you to treat him with the identical confidence you would feel if you were talking directly to me." At that time, Roosevelt had never had any personal contact with Stalin, but Stalin took him at his word and talked to Hopkins with a degree of candor that he had displayed to no previous wartime emissary from the democratic world.

For instance, in the course of conversations which will be detailed later in these articles, Stalin gave Hopkins a frank and full description of the Russian war position and the Red Army needs. Then, according to Hopkins' report to the President:

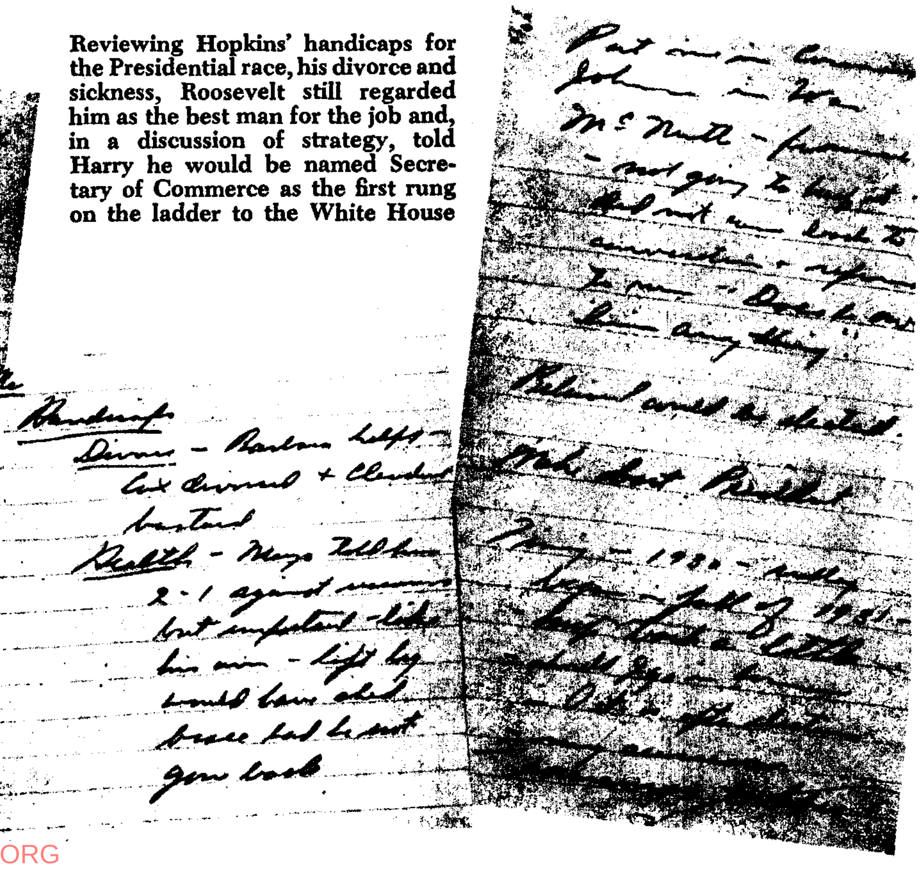
"Stalin said that the Russian army had been confronted with a surprise attack; he himself believed that Hitler would not strike but he took all precautions possible. . . . Hitler made no demands on Russia. . . .

"He (Stalin) stated that he wanted to give the President the following personal message: Stalin said Hitler's greatest weakness was found in the vast numbers of oppressed people who hated Hitler and the immoral ways of his government. He believed these people and countless other millions . . . could receive the kind of encouragement and moral strength they needed to resist Hitler from only

Hopkins' notes of private talks with Roosevelt in 1938 reveal F.D.R.'s opinion of Democratic 1940 Presidential aspirants. Harold Ickes, Frank Murphy and Henry Wallace were ruled out, Cordell Hull was eliminated as too old and in poor health, Jim Farley was thought "most dangerous"



Reviewing Hopkins' handicaps for the Presidential race, his divorce and sickness, Roosevelt still regarded him as the best man for the job and, in a discussion of strategy, told Harry he would be named Secretary of Commerce as the first rung on the ladder to the White House



one source, and that was the United States.

"He stated that the world influence of the President and the government of the United States was enormous. . . . He said that the one thing that could defeat Hitler, and perhaps without ever firing a shot, would be the announcement that the United States was going to war with Germany . . . and he wanted me to tell the President that he would welcome the American troops on any part of the Russian front under the complete command of the American Army. . . . He repeatedly said that the President and the United States had more influence with the common people of the world today than any other force."

Hopkins also talked to Foreign Minister Molotov and reported:

"Mr. Molotov stated that . . . the Soviet government is by no means clear as to the policy which the Japanese government intends to pursue. . . . He stated that the one thing he thought would keep Japan from an aggressive move would be for the President to find some appropriate means of giving Japan what Mr. Molotov described as a 'warning' . . . it was perfectly clear that the implication . . . was that the warning would include a statement that the United States would come to the assistance of the Soviet Union in the event of its being attacked by Japan. . . . Mr. Molotov stated repeatedly that Russia did not wish any difficulties with Japan."

It was Hopkins' ability to break all speed records in getting down to brass tacks that endeared him to the heart of Winston Churchill, who has said:

"I have been present at several great conferences where twenty or more of the most important executive personages were gathered together. When the discussion flagged and all seemed baffled, it was on these occasions Harry Hopkins would rap out a deadly question: 'Surely, Mr. President, here is the point we have got to settle. Are we going to face it, or not?' Faced, it always was and, being faced, was conquered."

"Winnie" Suggests a Title

At one time Churchill, during a meeting in the White House, turned on Hopkins and said:

"Harry! When this war is over, His Majesty's government is going to reward you by conferring upon you a noble title. You are to be named 'Lord Root of the Matter.'"

In one of the darkest hours of the war—in February, 1942, when Singapore was falling—Churchill closed a long cable to Roosevelt with a solicitous inquiry about Hopkins' health. Roosevelt replied:

"Harry is much better but I am trying to confine him to barracks until he learns to take care of himself."

On another occasion, when Hopkins and General Marshall were in London arguing for the establishment of the Second Front in France, Roosevelt learned that Hopkins had stayed up all night at Chequers talking to Churchill, and Marshall received the following cabled order from his Commander-in-Chief:

"Will you please put Hopkins to bed and keep him there under day-and-night guard by Army or Marine Corps. Ask His Majesty (King George VI) for additional assistance if required."

Hopkins, the son of a harness-maker in Sioux City, Iowa, never succeeded in becoming sophisticated. Despite his furious devotion to duty, and his persistent ill health, he had a zest for living which caused him often to revert to the role of a Grinnell College freshman when turned loose in the Big Town. He was pleased and rather proud when the hostile press denounced him as a "playboy." That made him feel glamorous. Roosevelt regarded his mild frivolities with amusement not unmixed with considerable concern.

Following is a handwritten letter, dated May 21, 1939, during one of the many periods when Hopkins was bedridden with wasting sickness:

Dear Harry:

Good boy! Teacher says you have gained 2 pounds.

2 Lbs. = 2$

Keep on gaining, and put the reward into your little Savings Bank. But you must not gain more than 50 lbs. because Popper has not got more than 50$.

As ever
F. D. R.

Clipped to that letter were two one-dollar bills. They are still clipped to it. There was not a great deal more money left in the Hopkins estate.

Another letter of May 18, 1944, when Hopkins was in the Ashford General Hospital:

Dear Harry:

It is grand to get the reports of how well you are getting on at White Sulphur Springs. . . .

One of the things I get from it . . . is that you have got to lead not the life of an invalid but the life of common or garden sense.

I, too, over one hundred years older than you are, have come to the same realization and I have cut my drinks down to one and a half cocktails per evening and nothing else—not one complementary highball or nightcap. Also, I have cut my cigarettes down from twenty or thirty a day to five or six a day. Luckily they still taste rotten but it can be done.

The main gist of this is to plead with you to stay away until the middle of June at the earliest. I don't want you back until then. If you do come back before then you will be extremely unpopular in Washington, with the exception of Cissy Patterson who wants to kill you off as soon as possible—just as she does me. . . .

I had a really grand time down at Bernie's (Baruch) — slept twelve hours out of the twenty-four, sat in the sun, never lost my temper, and decided to let the world go hang. The interesting thing is the world didn't hang. . . .

Affectionately,
F. D. R.

It is of incidental interest to note that the foregoing letter was written two weeks before the Allied forces were due to land in Normandy, a time when Roosevelt was bearing a formidable weight of responsibility and anxiety. But Roosevelt simply could not be obsessed by fears and apprehensions. He had a faculty—and it was always incomprehensible to me—for sloughing off care and worry, no matter how grave the emergency. It was this quality which enabled him to survive until victory was in sight.

One time when Hopkins, Samuel I. Rosenman and I were working with him, Roosevelt dictated a paragraph for insertion in a speech indicating that the current problems were giving him "sleepless nights." One of us protested: "You may get away with that at the moment, Mr. President, but future historians are bound to find out that every night you go to sleep

(Continued on page 51)

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

These men helped sway the destiny of nations. These men and many others like them weave the pattern of an unparalleled story . . .

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Wendell Willkie found out why Hopkins was so close to Roosevelt

Farley felt that Hopkins' utterances embarrassed Roosevelt politically

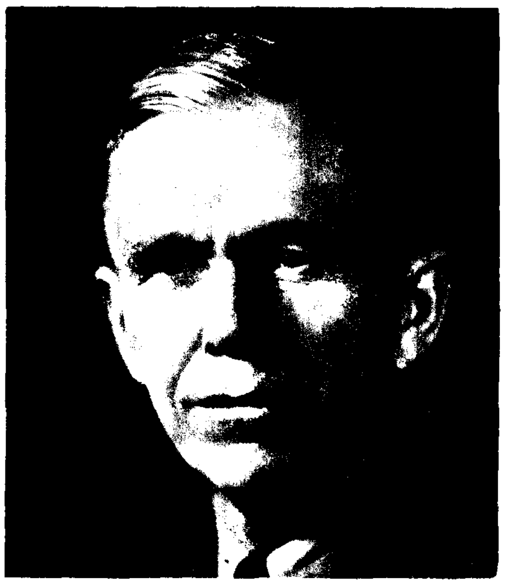
Stalin gave Hopkins his opinion of Roosevelt's influence in world affairs

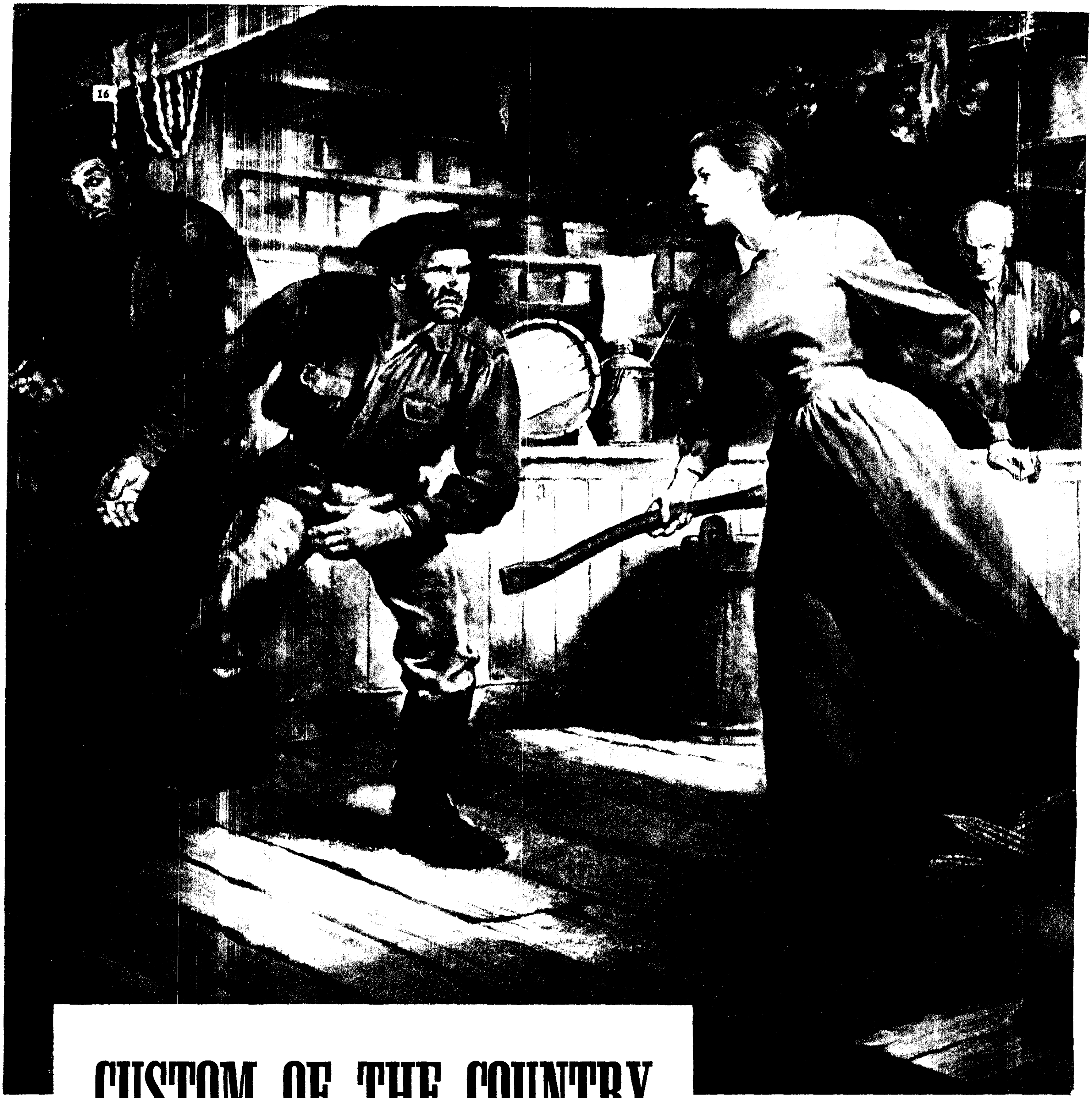
Churchill promised Hopkins a noble title, "Lord Root of the Matter"

Foremost in Hopkins' mind was the early defeat of Adolf Hitler

General Eisenhower became a key figure in the Roosevelt-Hopkins plan

General Marshall helped to teach Hopkins the military facts of life





CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

Rose Ann dragged MacBride into the quarrel for two reasons: He was the only man who could whip Walling—and the only man she could love

PEOPLE who had lived so closely together during the long crossing of the plains were scarcely the kind to fear their neighbors; and therefore not one of Portland's dozen houses had a lock. Nor was it the custom to knock on a door before entering; the habits of the trail were still strong in these settlers. At the Lord cabin, Rose Ann Talbot simply called out, "Here's your milk, Mrs. Lord," lifted the latch and walked into the cabin's single room.

A fireplace blaze lightened the afternoon grayness of the room and touched Hobart Walling, that bold and strutting little farmer who was here to drive his bargain. He had driven his stock in from the Tualatin, the mud of which was still on his

Rose Ann seized an ax handle and came toward Walling. "Now, then," she said, "do you mean to lay that grimy paw on me?" He gave her a killing glance. "I must take this up with your father," he said

boots and trousers; his face was roughened and crimsoned by weather and his close-set eyes held an aggressive shrewdness.

Dislike moved through Rose Ann as his glance touched her, ran across her cheeks with its prying familiarity, and returned to Lord. "You and your woman understand the work a farmer's wife has got to do. I wouldn't want Sarah to think it was an easy life."

Lord said, "Sarah's fourteen, and work's all she's done. That's all this family knows, is work. Hell, my woman was twelve when she married me."

Mrs. Lord stood near the fire, silent, apparently agreeable. Sarah, the main party to this dickering, remained in the shadows of the room's corner. She had a plain sweet face touched with freckles, and a flat body; her silence reflected the uncertainty of any immature little girl, there was nothing about her, Rose Ann thought, to show she really understood this bargaining or to show that she had any deep feeling about it. She was still; she was intent; she watched Hobart Walling closely.

"You'll get an extra half section of land with a wife," said Lord. "That's important, Hobart."

Walling nodded and glanced at Sarah. He said, "What you think about it, Sarah?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Walling, "then it's settled. I got to get back to the farm by Sunday night."

Lord said, "We'll fix it for Sunday morning. You talk to that Congregational preacher about it, Hobart."

Walling used the back of his hand to scratch the whiskers under his chin. He nodded at Sarah but he spoke to Mrs. Lord. "She got clothes and things? We won't get into town much this winter. I don't mind if you want to buy a few things for her on my account." He looked at Rose Ann again, and the greasy sensation renewed itself within her; then he turned out of the room.

Lord turned to his wife with sharp triumph: "That's it."

Mrs. Lord looked toward Sarah. "Sarah, you got a good practical man. You'll have a better home than I ever had."

Rose Ann tried to keep the protest out of her voice: "Sarah, do you really want to get married?"

She caught Mrs. Lord's wondering glance, and the annoyance on Lord's cheeks. Sarah's expression was one of smooth and flattered self-satisfaction. Her eyes were round and large. She was confident; she had had her own moment of triumph. "I'll be married—I won't be an old maid. I'll have a house. I'll have babies."

Rose Ann turned to leave the cabin before unwise words escaped her. Mrs. Lord called, "I'm grateful for the milk, Rose Ann," but she paid no attention. She walked along a slick pathway winding around the stumps of a future street, through the early twilight which came upon this settlement crouched between the river and the huge fir forest directly behind; she walked with her head down and her thoughts were fretful. The Lord family got a prosperous son-in-law to lean on while Walling took a hired girl without pay; for Sarah it was nothing but a dollhouse dream magnified.

ENTERING her own cabin, Rose Ann lighted the candles and dished the meal and waited for her father to return from the store; there was distress in her face, and her father noticed it. "We must be out of salt or flour or something," he said.

"The Lords have just horse-traded Sarah to Walling."

The news didn't disturb him. "That's been coming."

"A fourteen-year-old girl marrying a man of thirty—a child marrying an old man."

"She's old enough," he said. "It's not uncommon. As for Walling, if he's an old man at thirty, what am I?" He sat up to the table ready to enjoy his meal. She took her place across from him, astonished that such a thing made no impression on him.

She said, "Would you have wanted me to be married at fourteen?"

"That's a different thing. You've had some education. The man you marry will have some education. You'll want somebody who'll get on in the community, who'll wash his face before he comes to supper, who'll pull back your chair for you. But Sarah's not got those prospects. She's out of the Missouri backwoods. Not one of her ancestors ever learning to read or write; not one of them ever rising to a house made out of boards. This marriage will be the best one ever made in her family. She'll be a thousand times better off than her people, and her children will get a chance she never had."

"She'll be a drudge," said Rose Ann. "At twenty she'll be worn out."

Her father, usually so quick with his sympathies, sat back to give her his smiling tolerance. "We've all got to work and wear out—Sarah in one thing, you in another." Then, still smiling, he added, "Sarah, marrying at fourteen, is the common thing. You, single at twenty, are the exception."

She wondered how much he worried about her singleness, and from that she began to think of herself, for a little while forgetting Sarah. She rose to do the dishes, and a slight fear came to her because she was growing old and no man had yet appealed to her, though men had looked upon her and would have asked if she had encouraged them. Her father went to his rocker, slowly swaying it across the squeaky board on the floor. Sarah came back to Rose Ann's mind and when she had finished the dishes she left the house and walked along the pathway toward the riverbank.

A BIG bonfire burned close by Hawley MacBride's saw pits. As she came nearer she saw him standing on a log, trimming it with a broadax into a square timber to be used in somebody's building. By day, with a hired man, he stood at one of the pits and sawed out the boards which furnished such lumber as this town had; by night, with his hired man gone, he lighted his fire and worked late on timbers. The swinging of the ax was like him, unhurried, regular and patient; he was young and quietly stubborn in his persistent laboring.

Having her thoughts on Sarah, she went by him without speaking. Children were shouting through the shadows, to remind her that Sarah, passing from the drudgery of the Lord house to the drudgery of Walling's house, missed this fun which was hers by the rights of childhood. There would be no youth for her, no running through the shadows, no free girlhood, no knowing ever what it would be like to have the eyes of a young man come to her with a message, no dreaming, no foolishness—nothing but being old forever.

Mist came down upon the river, raw and strong, and water lapped against the muddy bluff at her feet. Hawley MacBride's ax ceased its metal ringing and in a moment she heard him whetting the edge of the blade with a stone. She turned to the fire and watched him make a few tentative strokes to test the sharpness of the ax, each light stroke rolling thin shavings from the log. He put the ax aside, lighted his pipe and sat down on the timber for a little talk, his smile coming across the fire. Black hair, with a single rolling curl to it that any woman might envy, dropped against his forehead.

"Do you know Sarah's going to marry Walling?" she asked. "It's a shameful thing."

He puttered at his pipe, clearly trying to understand what she meant. By the firelight his face cast off a bronze shadowing, his lips made a long roll, his eyes flashed against the blaze. He shook his head. "Guess she doesn't think so, or her people."

He was like her father; he could not see what she saw. She stood still and for a moment wondered if she were wrong; but the distaste would not die. "She's a little girl, anxious to be a woman. This flatters her. She doesn't really know what it means. Of course her folks would like to see her married. They're poor and Walling's got land and money."

"It's their affair. Not yours and mine."

She said, "It's like a Siwash Indian selling his daughter for a string of beads."

He watched her with a sobering, steady attention, slowly drawing on his pipe, his big hands idle across his knees. "Maybe," he said. "But it won't do to interfere."

"You'd interfere if you saw a man trying to kill another man, wouldn't you?"

He brushed that remark aside with instant common sense. "Not the same. No man consents to being killed. But Sarah's consented to be married."

"The kind of consent you can buy with a bag of candy. She doesn't know."

He rose from the timber and tapped out the smoke from his pipe. He put his hands behind his back and looked into the fire, challenged by what she had said. He brought up his glance, not with the expression he had worn before, but with a direct interest in her. "It troubles you, doesn't it?"

She said, "If Lord had a job, maybe he'd think better of letting her get married."

"That's just hoping," he said.

"It's got to be stopped." *(Continued on page 81)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

RICH GIRL, POOR MAN

BY PETER B. KYNE

She wore poverty like a mask—to conceal her designs on the man who swore he'd never marry for money

ON a Saturday morning late in 1941 (her twenty-first birthday) Miss Chloe Mae Coltrane sat in the office of Thomas H. Graydon, an attorney who had been her father's friend since boyhood and was now Chloe Mae's guardian. Like her, he was one quarter Hispano-Californian, and she had long ago conferred on him the title of Tío Tomás, which, in Spanish, means Uncle Thomas.

Tío Tomás was speaking: "You are now free to hoard the estate I have just turned over to you or blow it, as our Spanish ancestors blew theirs. People often heed advice when they pay for it, seldom when it is given free. Listen to some free advice. A small estate may prove attractive to any number of men. You are very dear to me, Chloe Mae, hence I hope that the day you fancy yourself in love you will tell me and accord me ample opportunity to check on the man. I consider myself a very coyote old worldling."

Chloe Mae promised, and Tío Tomas resumed: "I do not understand why a girl as attractive as you should lack ardent suitors."

"I do not lack them. I cancel them out the first time they say—and they say it shortly after being introduced—'Gee, babe, I could go for you in a big way.' You have no idea, Tío Tomás, how much the modern young man resembles a cracked phonograph record, repeating the standard stupid clichés."

"Well, of course, you are of the *gente* and these *Americanos* are hybrids." To Tío Tomás all Americans who lacked Spanish ancestry were hybrids, by nature impolite. "What do you plan to do to avoid boredom, my dear?"

"You are the general counsel for the National Bank of Santa Ana and chairman of the board, and somehow it occurred to me you might have sufficient influence to get me a job there, where I could meet the public." The girl smiled. "I am not liable to meet sterling men of affairs if I remain at home making lace, as my grandmother did."

Tío Tomás got Mr. Pugsley, president of the bank, on the telephone instantly, and was assured that Miss Coltrane was welcome to take over the office of note teller, to be vacated in a month by the present occupant who was resigning to get married. There would be ample time to break Miss Coltrane in before the old teller departed and would Monday do as the first day to report for duty? Tío Tomás said it would, and for his services received Chloe Mae's assurance that he was a lamb, before she departed.

Her car started sluggishly, and as she got under way, two cylinders continued to cut out; so she started limping around town on four cylinders in search of first aid. But it appeared that all the auto-repair shops in town observed a five-day week. She was about to pass Follansbee's Garage, when she noticed the door was slightly open. Getting out, she peered in and saw a young man's legs protruding from under a red truck. She knew he was young because he sang at his work, and in very bad Spanish; it was La Golondrina. Chloe Mae waited until he had finished the first verse, then she sang the second—and when Chloe Mae sang people listened.

The young man crawfished into the open, dashed to the door, rolled it open, leaped into her car and drove it in. Without a word he lifted the hood; in two minutes he diagnosed the trouble. Then he said his short spell at the wheel had indicated the need for lubrication, adding that she should be ashamed to neglect a car so.

Chloe Mae put a finger to her lip and hung her head in simulated sorrow.

"Officially, this shop is closed on Saturday, but since I neglected to close the door tightly, thus, in a sense, issuing an invitation to the casual wayfarer caught in distress, I will see to it that you will not have to walk home," he promised.

"Oh, give it the full treatment," Chloe Mae suggested airily.

"And while I work, suppose we have a singsong. You have a wonderful contralto."

"And your baritone should make you welcome in any barbershop, although your Spanish could use some work."

"You should know. I suspect my Spanish carries a strong pig-Latin accent." He grinned and proceeded to run her car outside again and onto the pneumatic hoist. Then he got her a chair from the office and went to work.

"Let's stick to English," she suggested, and began singing When It's Springtime In The Rockies. As she suspected, he was a ballad singer; craftily Chloe Mae went back to the old-timers, and the mechanic kept pace with her.

AT ONE-THIRTY he filled out a bill form in duplicate and stood before her with the pencil over the space provided for the customer's name. In sudden, inexplicable perversity Chloe Mae said she would pay cash, to which he replied patiently, "I'd like your name for the record. I'm hustling for new business because, in addition to the union scale, Mr. Follansbee gives me ten per cent on all new accounts." However, he did not persist, and receipted the bill: *Paid, per Judson C. Kirk.* He handed her the duplicate bill and she noticed he had charged her for materials only.

"You didn't charge me for your time," she said, looking up.

"My time is my own today; I'm making you a present of some of it. Your car tells me that you, too, are a wage slave, and to such who find the shop open, even two inches, on Saturday, I give a trade-sweetener." He grinned.

"But I've probably kept you from earning some overtime. I used to have my car serviced here," said Chloe Mae, "but after hearing Follansbee scold his employees, I took my trade elsewhere. I felt like throwing a monkey wrench at Follansbee's head."

"Oh, and you don't want Mr. Follansbee to know that you came to his shop in distress."

"How can you work for the man?"

"Mr. Follansbee is no longer a sourpuss," said the young man. "He complained of a gnawing pain in his midriff and I argued him into seeing a doctor, an idea he's always dreaded. Well, what did the doctor find but a cancer just starting, so he snipped it out and now Mr. Follansbee is all sweetness and mirth. I wish you would forgive him and bring your trade back."

"May I leave the car here long enough to dash down to that beanery on the corner for lunch?" asked Chloe Mae.

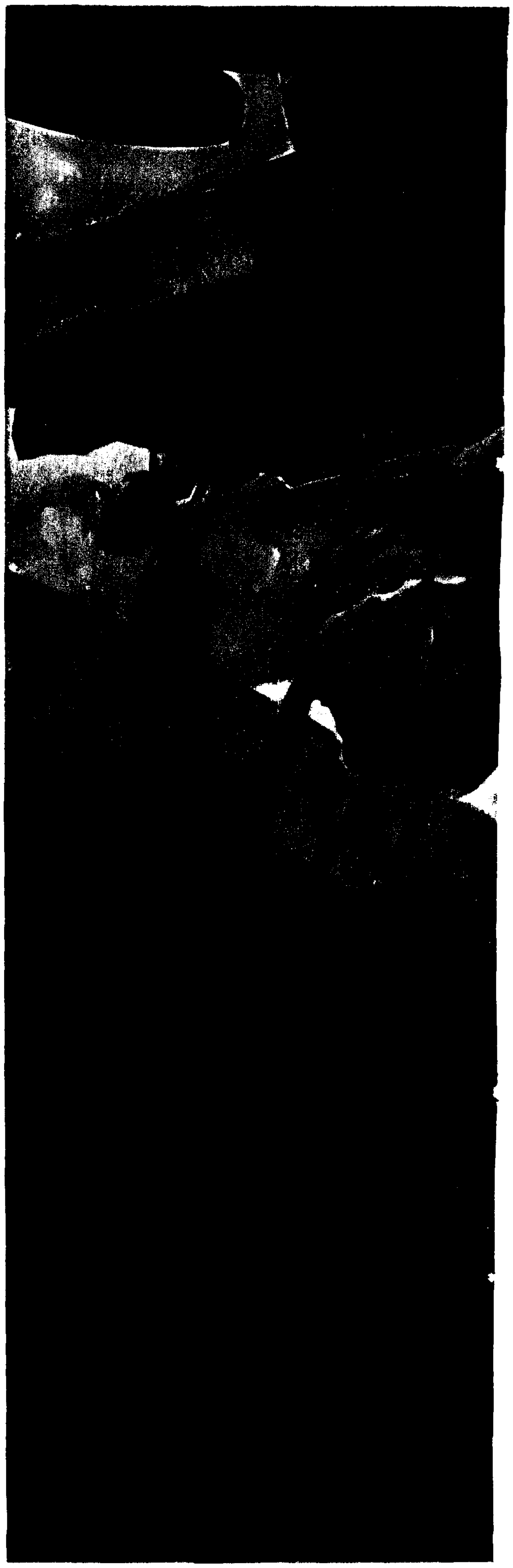
"You may not. In the first place it will be safe parked at the curb and in the second place that beanery has cockroaches in its kitchen."

"Where do you eat your luncheon?"

"I bring it and eat it on the desk in the office. And were it not that I lack the nerve to invite to share my humble meal a lady to whom I have not been properly introduced and who, obviously, prefers to remain incognito, I would issue the invitation."

"Now I know," said Chloe Mae, very repentant, "that many a noble heart beats beneath a faded coverall. I am Chloe Mae Coltrane, Mr. Judson C. Kirk, and very pleased to have been introduced to you by remote control."

They chatted a while, then Judson Kirk said, "On the desk, Miss Coltrane, you will find my lunch



"Let's stick to English," Chloe said, and began to sing. As she suspected, he was a ballad singer

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

basket, with everything in it necessary to a successful two-person party. Please set the table while I wash my dirty hands."

He departed for the rear of the shop and instantly Chloe Mae telephoned Tío Tomás, who said he was very busy and wanted to know if her business was important, to which Chloe Mae replied cautiously, in Spanish, that it was of extreme importance; she had just fallen in love.

"Infatuation! A disease common to your sex."

"Well, it hit me like a bolt of lightning."

"Did it hit him with similar impact? Any passes?"

"I couldn't tell you—and the poor prim darling wouldn't know how to start a pass."

"You must be furious."

"I am."

"What does he do and what does he look like?"

"He's a mechanic in Follansbee's Garage. He's about six feet tall and not a string bean. He's good-looking when he smiles, which is often, because he has a sense of humor. He is polite, tolerant and persistent—"

"Blah-h-h! I suppose he talked about himself."

"He did not. Only to say that he has an invalid mother with whom he lives—which, I suppose is the only reason he's still in town. And the only question he asked me was quite a normal one. Was I any relation to the Coltrane Building?"

"Fortune hunter," said Tío Tomás.

"Tío Tomás, you are uttering criminal libel. I told him there were a great many poor Coltranes in the Valley; I told him I am the assistant note teller in the First National Bank. It's hardly a lie to advance the truth forty-eight hours."

"Undoubtedly you have this young man rocking on his heels, for I take it he *(Continued on page 46)*

GOD'S UNDERGROUND IN RUSSIA

BY FATHER GEORGE

AS TOLD TO GRETTA PALMER

Father George, whose real name cannot be revealed, is a Croat who helped the Partisans in Yugoslavia. After the war he went into Russia as a Partisan officer whose real mission was to contact the religious underground. He found thousands of churchless priests ministering to millions who secretly still adhere to the Christian faith

Мосфильм
ЦИРК

EUROPEAN

Under the rule of Bolsheviks many of Russia's churches were either burned or requisitioned. This Moscow house of worship was converted into a gaudy cinema

I HAD been in Russia for several hazardous months with the Christian underground at the time I made a careless gesture that might easily have landed me in Siberia. Instead, it won me the confidence of Vanya and his wife and provided my first contact with the Protestant branch of the secret religious movement.

Vanya was the barber in a Volga town. I had been directed to his home when, dressed in my Partisan officer's uniform, I got off the train and asked where I might find lodgings. A few nights later, as I sat in the dingy little parlor waiting for dinner, I was quickly making the sign of the cross when I caught sight of Vanya's face in a little mirror hanging on the wall just over my head. I had thought myself alone. Vanya had seen me but he smiled and said, "We, too."

Vanya and his wife, Elka, were Baptists. They told me their story and described the risks run by the faithful during the thirty years the Soviets have waged war against the churches in Russia. In the early Bolshevik days there had still been a traffic in smuggled prayer books and Bibles across the Polish border. Vanya and Elka were part of the network of agents who distributed them. One night they had to go to a town where the Communists had burned all the churches, jailed or killed all the known ministers and priests.

"We had to deliver the books to Ivan, a pastor, who had come to the town disguised as a tailor," Vanya said. "We reached his city late at night. There were no street lights and we were uncertain of our way. As we stumbled through the mud, carrying the heavy suitcase filled with books, an O.G.P.U. agent stopped us.

"'What are you doing here?' he asked.

"We told him we were seeking Ivan's home, bringing him tailor's materials. He escorted us, silent and suspicious, and as we arrived at the dark little house he said to me, 'That suitcase. Open it.'

"'Comrade,' I told him. 'I will gladly open it when we get into the light. But Ivan has a dangerous dog. Best let me go first and see that he is tied. He knows me.'

"The agent watched sullenly. I slipped to the door, gave the signal knock and waited in fear. When Ivan opened it I pushed inside hurriedly, emptied the suitcase, hid the prayer books under a pile of lumber in the kitchen and stuffed the suitcase with lengths of cloth. Then we let my wife and the agent come in. The delay had angered him.

"'The suitcase,' he said sternly. We were ready for him. Its contents were innocent, but he was still suspicious.

"'And where is that dangerous dog?' he asked.

"My heart was in my mouth. So far as I knew, Ivan had never owned a pet.

"'The dog?' said Ivan. 'Why, he is tied up for the night! See him here.'

"He led the way to the yard, where an ugly mastiff was chained. The dog had been a gift sent to him only the day before. That dog saved our lives."

Now that they were certain of my sympathy Vanya and Elka told me many things. By this time they knew I was a citizen of Yugoslavia, a Christian and a Partisan who had been forced to flee to the forest and fight with the guerrillas when the Nazis captured my home. They did not know that I was also a Roman Catholic priest traveling incognito. Only one man in Russia knew that then.

What was I doing there in Russia? My church has, from the beginning, opposed both the Nazi and the Communist regimes. It was with the Nazis that I first clashed, long before the outbreak of World War II. As an associate of Archbishop Stepinac I set up a system of shelters in Croatia for Jewish refugees fleeing Hitler.

A Fugitive from the Gestapo

By the time war did break out, my name was on the Gestapo's black list. When the Nazis attacked Yugoslavia I had to flee. I went south, to Dalmatia. The Italians had occupied this section and I knew they would be easier to evade than the Germans. Here, at Split, I organized a clandestine university of anti-Fascist youth, teaching Christian doctrine to young men and women who had been ordered by the Italians to study either the Fascist philosophy or nothing. In 1943, I was expelled from Dalmatia for these activities.

My movements during those years are known to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I have furnished it with details of the Eastern European underground. That information still cannot be revealed. Defeat of the Nazis did not allow our Christian youth groups to emerge. Now the threat comes from another quarter.

But U.S. officialdom has been told of how the 1944 Slovak uprising against the Germans was secretly prepared by Catholic youth groups, and of how I made my way to Bratislava to act as adviser to the Partisans then forming. When the rebellion broke out, the Gestapo was rushed in and with a group of militant young Christian workers I fled again, this time into the forest where the Partisans were fighting a guerrilla war. I served here for a year and a half as a sanitation officer.

Only a handful of young Partisans knew I was a priest. I said Mass for them secretly. We concealed our Christianity cunningly, because Partisan troops were receiving aid from the Russians, and the Communists—no less than the Nazis whom we helped them fight—were enemies of religion. But when our Partisan unit was formally attached to the First Ukrainian Front of the Red Army I had a chance to get to know Russian soldiers well and to number many of them among my friends.

During my service in the forest I learned that a widespread belief in God has survived bitter Soviet persecution, and that at least a third of the young Red soldiers have a strong, although secret faith in the Christian church. This religious feeling is not restricted to the peasants. The Communist "elite," the graduates of Moscow's universities, have begun to doubt the truths of the Marxian philosophy.

During the nights of storm and sleeplessness, when our huts of snow and branches failed to protect us from the cold, the Russians would pour out their souls to any sympathetic older man who was near by. These were not Marxian souls. I found that the same distrust of Communist atheism existed among some of the highest-placed officers. Actually there were two conflicting viewpoints evident at the loftiest army levels in 1944.

The dispute centered about the question: Was Russia fighting a war of national survival or a war for the triumph of the Communist ideals? In the very earliest days of the Nazi attack the Kremlin realized it would be hard to rally the Russian people to defend a regime which had starved and abused them. So the war was presented as an Otechestvenaia Voina—a struggle for national survival. Peter the Great and the historic czarist leaders were now praised as heroes. The old Christian name, Mother Russia, was revived.

Men with no trace of Communist ideology in them were suddenly given positions of power in the army. This was partly because, in the emergency, there was such a great lack of military skill that men of uncertain politics could not be dispensed with. But it was partly, too, because such men were able to rally the kind of Russians who distrusted and deplored the party leaders. Marshal Zhukov, who commanded all the Soviet troops in Germany, had been suspect before the war because of the known Christianity of his wife. He was allowed to take command and be worshiped as the savior of the motherland.

During my months in the forest it seemed possible that men such as he would continue in power after the victory. Many of us believed the British and Americans would so exert their influence that the Communist party chiefs must yield the reins of government to non-Marxian heroes of the war.

So there was a chance that Russia might soon be governed by men with whom the Christian world could deal. That was why I crossed the Czech border into Russia on V-E Day to be on the spot in case the Kremlin should pass into the hands of men with whom my church might be able to talk. The Stalin clique could never be acceptable, nor could any Communists. Any apparent concessions to religion on their part were bound to be opportunistic and insincere. But only three per cent of the people of Russia were members of the Communist party. It was then reasonable to hope that the Stalin clique might fall.

Help from Red Army General

A Russian general made it possible for me to get into the Soviet Union. I had met him in the Slovakian forest when my Partisan unit was attached to his Red Army command. I got to know him well. He alone among the Russians knew I was a priest.

One night he offered me my opportunity.

"Ours is a country of 300,000,000 slaves, longing to be freed from the bloodiest and most cynical despotism of history," he said. "The proof that we Russians are not all Communists lies in the continued existence of a Christian underground inside my country. It is one of the most important facts in the world today, yet no one in the West knows of it.

"If I arrange a pass for you to visit Russia, will you go? Will you get in touch with the members of God's underground? Will you come out and tell the skeptics of the West that our suffering men and women are still true to the faith?"

"If it is possible, I will do so," I told him.

"It will be possible," he assured me. "You shall be our voice."

Thanks to him I was able to spend six months in Moscow, Kiev, Stalingrad, Leningrad and Odessa, and many smaller towns. My pass bore the very highest signatures. My Russian had become fluent in the forest. I was fortunate in visiting the country while an army uniform still carried an aura of glamor.

"The greatest danger to you," the Russian general had told me, "may be in the present policy of toleration of the churches by the Kremlin. Do not be misled; this is a wartime measure. So long as the Communists are in control no true priest may safely admit that he *is* a priest in Russia.

"Treat every man who calls himself a priest and does not flee from Communist detection as a quisling and a spy. The churches in Russia are open today. Yes. But they will be closed again tomorrow if the Communist clique remains in power. Above all, avoid the followers of Acting Patriarch Sergii, the man who has called Stalin 'our leader under God.' He betrayed his church to the Communists once before in the twenties. This 'toleration' is a hoax."

My friend was right. The Communists later openly renewed their war against religion as he had predicted they would.

I knew then, from history, that religion and Communism could not live side by side. The war on religion has been a cornerstone of Communism from the start. Karl Marx was a professed atheist even before he wrote his books on economics and called religion "the opium of the people."

As a Slovak Partisan, I was an honored guest in Moscow. During my first weeks I was given army billets—the finest the country could provide. I was assigned to a room in the barracks that housed the Russian secret police!

The celebration of Mass was made the more difficult by the presence of secret police on all sides of me. The only time I could hope for safe

(Continued on page 36)

Relics of Father Leonid Fedorov were brought to Rome from Russia by a priest the martyred cleric ordained in jail. Father Fedorov died after ten years in prison

KEYSTONE

A priest raises his hands for the Deo Gratias during services in 1945 at the Russian College in Rome where priests were trained for work in the Soviet Union

KEYSTONE

THE FAR-OFF

THE WAY THE OLD MAN TOLD IT, NOBODY LOST THAT BATTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

THAT was the June of 1919, and Dick Williams had come down home with me for a visit. The war—*our* war—was finished. Supposedly, we were there for a rest and a forgetting. Of course, we couldn't quite forget it. One short year before, it had been all around us. We were in it, part of it. So it kept cropping up in our talk, even there on the quiet porch with the honeysuckle vines shutting us in, and Grandfather dozing near by in the high-backed wooden rocker.

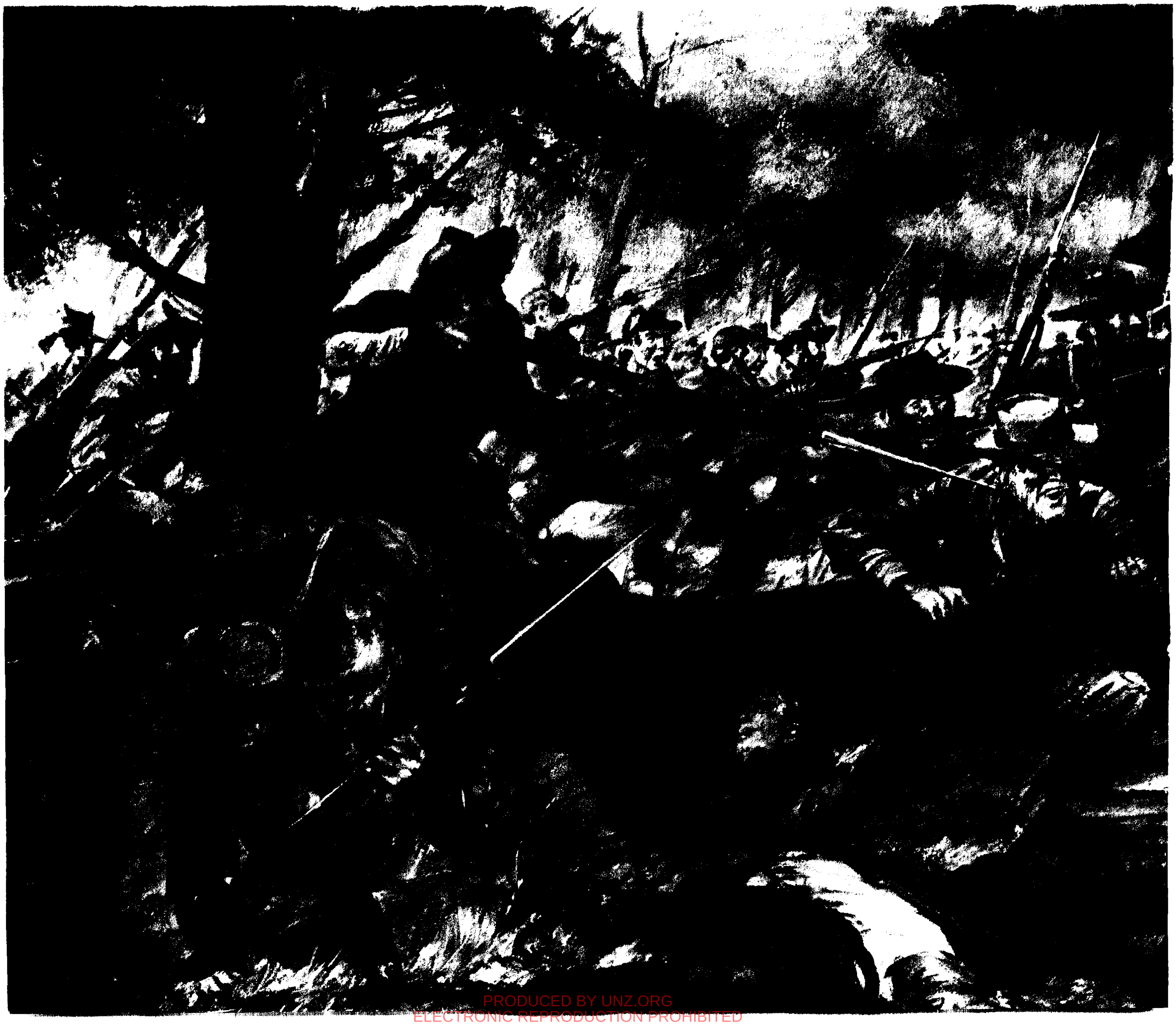
Dick said suddenly, out of a long, lazy silence, "What made it tough, that day at Soissons, the Germans had—"

Grandfather stirred impatiently and his voice rasped like an unoiled hinge in the afternoon quiet.

"What's all this to-do about *Germans*, anyhow?" He sounded petulant.

I had thought he was asleep. He dropped into cat naps, off and on, all day. But he hadn't been napping that time. I threw a look of apology toward Dick. Within the family, we had been telling one another privately, for some time, that Grandfather was getting a little odd—that eccentricities usually seemed to show up as people got along in years. I had noticed it more, of course, coming back from that long grind overseas. And I could recall a time when Grandfather was in his sixties, instead of almost eighty, and not odd a bit—except on one point.

That foible of his had been accepted in the family, long before my time. I was born to it, you might say. We



BUGLE

BY CONSTANCE WAGNER

all knew that we must never, under any circumstances, ask Grandfather about Chancellorsville. If he chose to bring it up himself, well and good, but he very seldom did. And all of us knew the look of angry bafflement that came into his usually kind and friendly face when some well-meaning outsider was awkward enough to mention it. That was all part of family history. Since I'd come back, though, I couldn't help but notice that he seemed far more withdrawn, in general, than I'd remembered him to be. It was as if most of his contacts with the outside world were broken, and his life seemed cast inward and backward.

Dick and I watched him with a certain amusement, a certain pity. We were only twenty, and, to us, he seemed incredibly old—his face yellowed by time like a sheet of ancient newspaper, and the skin so thin that the bony structure of nose and jaw jutted sharply beneath it, while the mouth and eyes seemed to have receded almost out of sight.

He looked vaguely from one to the other of us. "What's all this blather about Germans? And Frenchmen?" he said again. In his face was the only emotion that seemed constant with him now—indignation, the impotent rebellion of the aged against time. "There wa'n't any foreigners there. Not a one! People have got all mixed up lately. *I* know how 'twas. . . ."

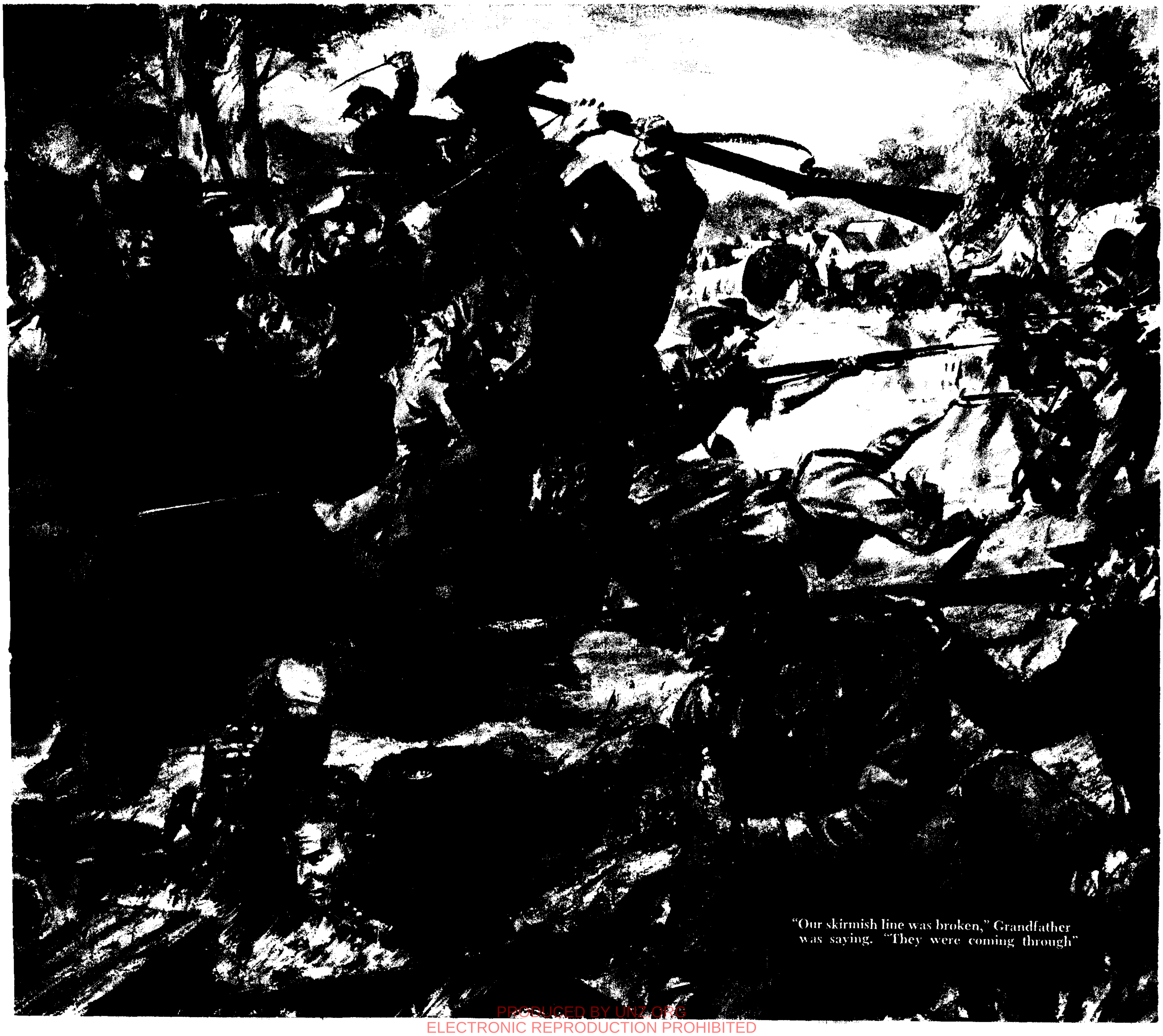
I glanced at Dick and murmured, "You don't understand, Grandfather. This is another war. This is 1919, not 1861." I said it conscientiously, as I had said it before, knowing that he would pay no attention to what I said. I could feel Dick taking it all in, confused but polite.

"Germans!" The old man spat out the name contemptuously. "'Twas a good while back, but *I* haven't forgot. There was just us and the Southrons. I recollect like yesterday how they come through those woods, hell-for-leather. Singing, they were. And I recollect just what they was singing, too. It made me mad."

I looked over at Dick again. He was from Alabama, and he'd never talked to a Union veteran, he had told me with a curious eagerness. So far, the old man hadn't opened up once, since he'd been there. I think Dick was a little disappointed. I could see his mouth getting ready for a question, so I shook my head at him. Grandfather showed a queer streak of perversity nowadays. He'd talk only when he felt like it, and then he wanted to tell his stories his own way. One ill-timed question was enough to shut him up for good.

It was funny, the way he felt about the War of the Rebellion, as he always called it. Even when I was a little fellow, and before his mind began to dim, it had been the same. He'd spin his yarns about Fredericksburg or the Rappahannock—and I listening with half an ear, because it all seemed like someone recounting a dream, something that hadn't ever really happened. But when he spoke of Chancellorsville—his last battle, where he was wounded and taken prisoner—he

(Continued on page 32)



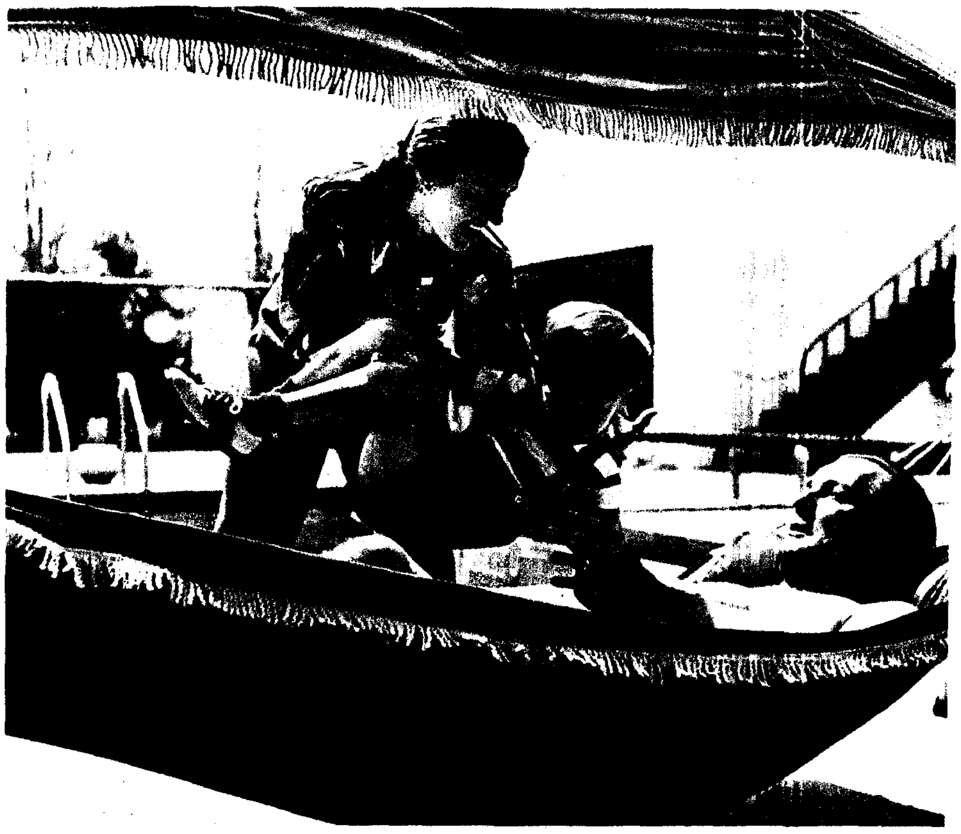
"Our skirmish line was broken," Grandfather was saying. "They were coming through"

OPEN LETTER TO
JIMMIE FIDLER

Many a movie magnate's ulcer can be traced directly to the inconsistent sermonizing of Jimmie, who tells Hollywood how to behave, while millions of radio listeners eavesdrop. An avowed enemy of divorce, he has been divorced three times himself

BY GEORGE FRAZIER

Every Sunday night, sermonizer Fidler points out what's wrong with Hollywood



Adeline, Jimmie's fourth wife, cavorts with Jeff, her young son by a former marriage

ONE morning late in the summer of 1945, Jimmie Fidler, the syndicated Hollywood columnist and radio commentator, was hurrying purposefully through his office when he suddenly stopped and wheeled around. There was an unwonted note of excitement in his secretary's voice as she talked on the telephone.

"*Real*ly?" she was saying. "Why, that's wonderful! That's absolutely *mar*velous!"

Fidler, whose tireless concern with other people's affairs is well known, cocked his head with the inquisitiveness of an old Georgia bird dog. This, he reasoned, might be the text for one of his Open Letters—those shrill sermons with which he regularly admonishes the motion-picture industry to mend its errant ways.

"And you're absolutely certain?" the secretary said. "You are? . . . Oh, that's *won*derful! And thanks for telling me."

As she set the receiver down, Fidler pounced toward her.

"What is it?" he demanded. "*What's* wonderful?"

The secretary's voice was tremulous. "The flash," she said, "just came through. The war's over."

Fidler studied her with curiosity for a moment and then shook his head. "Look," he said, in a voice edged with reproof, "there's nothing in that for us."

Fidler's single-mindedness communicates its gleanings to the readers of the 160-odd papers which print his column and to the estimated 11,000,000 people who listen to his two Sunday-evening radio programs. Everything considered, it is understandable if, in his eagerness to scoop his rivals, he is sometimes betrayed into passing on erroneous information.

On his broadcast of November 10, 1946, for instance, Fidler confided that David Rose might marry Betty Bigelow, Morton Downey Lillian Nelson, and Stuart Barthelmess Sonja Henie.

None of these couples has yet had the courtesy to substantiate his prediction about them. His motives were undoubtedly above reproach.

On January 12th of last year Fidler allowed himself to indulge in a moment of sheer gloom. "Exclusive!" he announced breathlessly. "Watch for a formal announcement from Kathryn Grayson that she and Johnny Johnston have called off their wedding plans."

Here, Fidler was being so exclusive that he apparently neglected to inform Miss Grayson and Mr. Johnston. At any rate, they went right ahead and got married.

Fidler is inclined to view such errors with philosophical calmness. In one instance, a press agent for a dancing school decided that his client could do with a little publicity in Fidler's column. Accordingly, he informed Fidler that Jackie Coogan was in love with a dancing instructor named Alice Hastings. Actually, there was no basis for the story and even the girl's name was a pure invention. When Coogan read the item, he phoned Fidler and irately asked where he had got the story. "I got it," said Fidler, with complete assurance, "from the girl herself."

Favors the Homely Virtues

Although he is generally regarded as a specialist in gossip, Fidler likes to think of himself as a man who helps shape a better and more moral way of life. To this end, he has, on his radio program, accused Bob Hope of "big-city sophistication," advised a prominent movie star to remember that her husband was a man, and come out unequivocally in favor of motherhood. In 1946 he determined to ascertain who the most popular living person in the world was. The results of the poll he conducted among his listeners showed Bing Crosby in first place, followed by Frank Sinatra, Pope Pius, Eleanor Roosevelt and General Eisenhower.

Some listeners may preserve a certain calmness in the face of Fidler's pronouncements, but his devotees receive them with all the excitement that he intends they should. Like his faithful parishioners, he is a wide-eyed movie fan with a relish for juicy gossip and an aggressive veneration for the simpler virtues. He is also, like them, a simple-spoken person.

Skeptics insist that his evaluation of pictures by the ringing of one, two, three, or four bells is "the age's greatest concession to illiteracy," but his disciples interpret it as evidence of his straightforwardness. In the minds of his ardent partisans, Fidler is a man who deplores drunkenness, divorce, and gangster movies as passionately as he cherishes dogs and little children. The motion-picture industry does not share this view.

One of Fidler's most baffling incongruities is his aversion to divorce. For although he rants against it constantly, he himself has been married four times.

On several occasions, the movie industry has gone so far as to question his integrity. It has accused him of being a traitor to the business from which he indirectly earns his living, of trying to induce a studio to purchase a movie title of his coinage, of not writing his own column and of coercing actresses into buying their clothes at a dress shop operated by a former wife of his.

Fidler managed to survive all of such criticisms without sustaining any permanent injuries. One of them, indeed, resulted in only a politician's pleasantry.

This occurred during the 1941 senatorial investigation into charges that Hollywood, by turning out anti-Nazi films, was guilty of warmongering. When Fidler appeared in Washington to testify to the truth of these allegations, the movie industry did everything within its power to discredit his evidence, trying to show him up as a person who was not above sacrificing his integrity for money. One of its more persuasive witnesses promised to be Harry Brand.

Brand, the head of the publicity department at 20th Century-Fox, was not a witness at the hearing, but informed the investigating committee by telegram, that among other things, he, at Fidler's request, persuaded Alice Fay to buy a dress for which she was charged several hundred dollars, and that the first time she wore the dress it fell apart, causing her much embarrassment and humiliation.

Instead of turning out to be a bombshell, however, this merely inspired a member of the committee to observe rather wearily, "Pretty soon we'll find ourselves investigating the gown industry."

Fidler's answer to Brand's charge was: "I never, at *any* time, asked *any* actress to patronize this shop. Why would I do *that* when I have refused a $10,000 bribe to boost a bad movie?"

Fidler holds the upper hand in the incessant quibbling between himself and the film industry. Hollywood's occasional triumphs over him have mostly been minor ones, and even these have not been uniformly decisive. Although Errol Flynn, for example, once slapped him on the cheek during a cabaret quarrel, the then Mrs. Fidler evened matters by nicking

A confirmed hypochondriac, Jimmie keeps his office stocked with pills which he gulps down frequently. Here he polishes off breakfast with a dose of vitamins

Flynn's valuable face with a fork. Later, when Hollywood proved quite conclusively, and with considerable glee, that Fidler delegates much of the writing of his column to a subordinate, he took the edge off the disclosure by simply admitting that this was true. After that, no one bothered to mention the fact.

The Defense Was Adequate

"I do write or edit my column daily," he reported. "The collection of items, and the first writing of them into column form, falls on the shoulders of one of my subordinates, who has trained himself over a period of years to write in my style. I defy any editor to pick up any individual Fidler column, and discern between his and my writing. But I edit daily, often rewrite in part or in full, and often write the entire column by myself, particularly when my employee is vacationing (4 weeks annually) or is ill." (Letter, April 5, 1948.)

The persistent snideness toward Fidler's column and broadcasts, although probably justified in many instances, doesn't disturb him either. He has accumulated more than a million dollars from the craftsmanship that Hollywood professes to scorn.

All in all, Jimmie Fidler seems to have made the movie industry a good deal more uncomfortable than it has made him.

Twentieth Century-Fox had hysterics the Sunday night Fidler informed his radio audience that Gene Tierney, a property whom Fox likes to think of as one of its most demurely ladylike, had become ill from smoking a cigar. He grievously offended Warner Brothers by proposing that the Army, instead of drafting a man with 22 children (as it was about to do), should disband the This is the Army cast then working at Warners' and put it into combat.

Columbia grew gray overnight when Fidler divulged that one of the executives was planning to build a private projection room at a time when no one could get building materials for vital construction. RKO's resentment toward Fidler was occasioned by his announcement that it had signed an Irishman, Sean McGlory, to a contract the same week that it had dropped two ex-servicemen on the plea that it had a surplus of leading men. In each instance, Fidler was speaking the truth.

To appreciate Fidler's importance, it is first necessary to understand the remarkable position a journalist or broadcaster occupies in publicity-conscious Hollywood. More news emerges from Hollywood daily than from anywhere else in the world with the possible exception of Washington during a session of Congress.

Prima Donnas of the Press

Of the 385-or-so Hollywood correspondents, a handful have achieved such power they feel able to dictate to the movie industry. Unfortunately, some of them are capable of bitter resentment when they feel their prestige has not been recognized.

A few years ago, for example, a Hollywood lady columnist was furious when she heard a certain actress wouldn't invite her to a surprise party she was giving for a young niece. The columnist retaliated for the snub by telephoning the child and informing her of all the party details which the actress had carefully been keeping secret.

The movie industry is well aware of the sensitive nature of the Hollywood correspondent and strives to avoid offending it. Sometimes the industry carries its pacificism to absurd extremes. A few years back, for instance, when a prominent contributor to the movie magazines got married, a studio press agent had some of his clients—all celebrated actors and actresses—serve as ushers and bridesmaids. In true Hollywood style, the proceedings were kept in hand by a master of ceremonies. The high light of the affair came when he held up his hand for silence. "We will now," he announced, "have the singing of Oh, Promise Me. Please do not applaud."

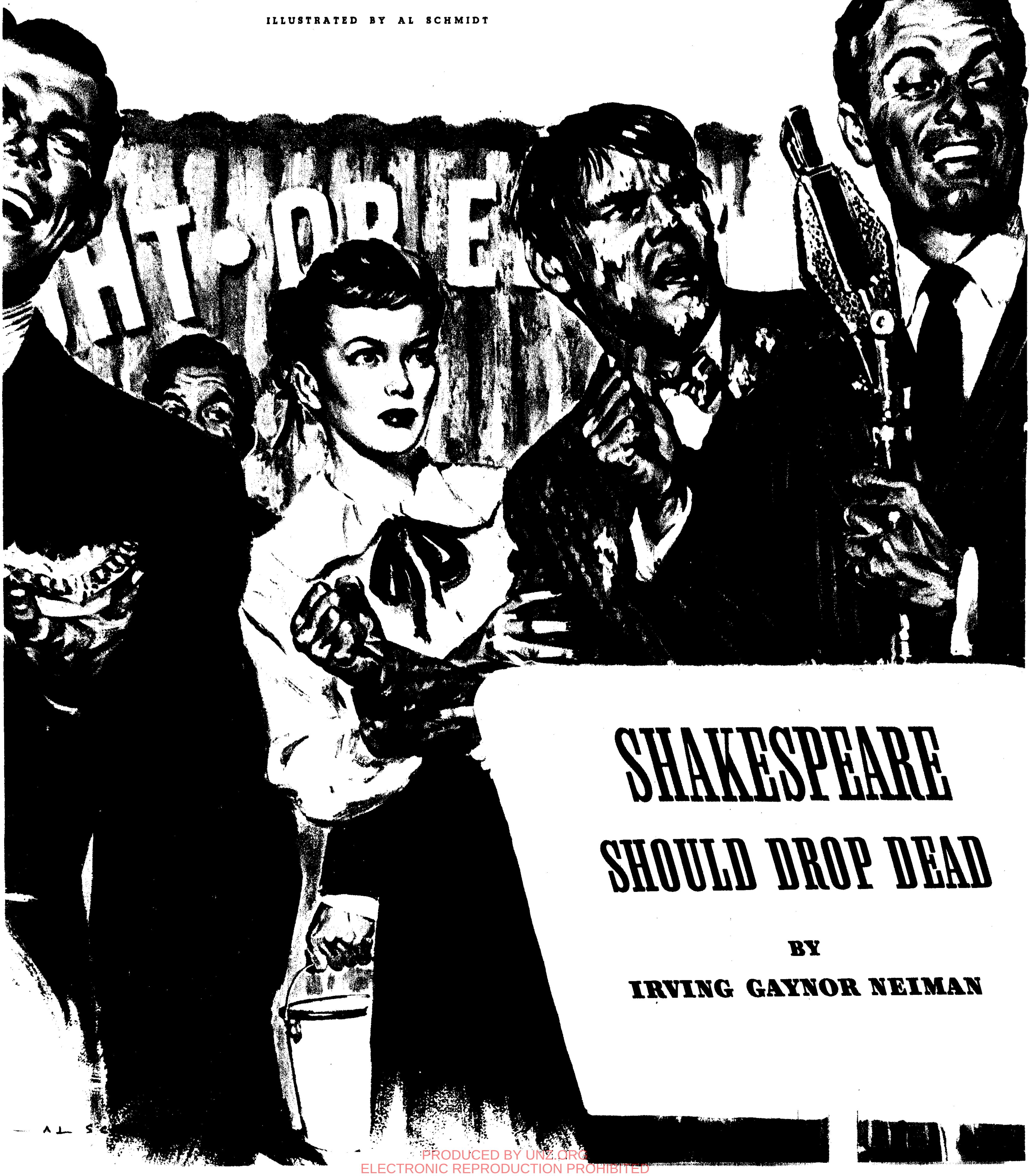
Typical of him, James Marion Fidler's origin poses a problem in inconsistency. According to both himself and the bureau of vital statistics in St. Louis, Missouri, Fidler came into the world on August 24, 1900. The United States Marine Corps, however,

(Continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRIET ARNOLD

An intellectual-type guy starts hanging around Mabel, and Joe can either make like an Einstein or blow. Double or nothing

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT



SHAKESPEARE SHOULD DROP DEAD

BY

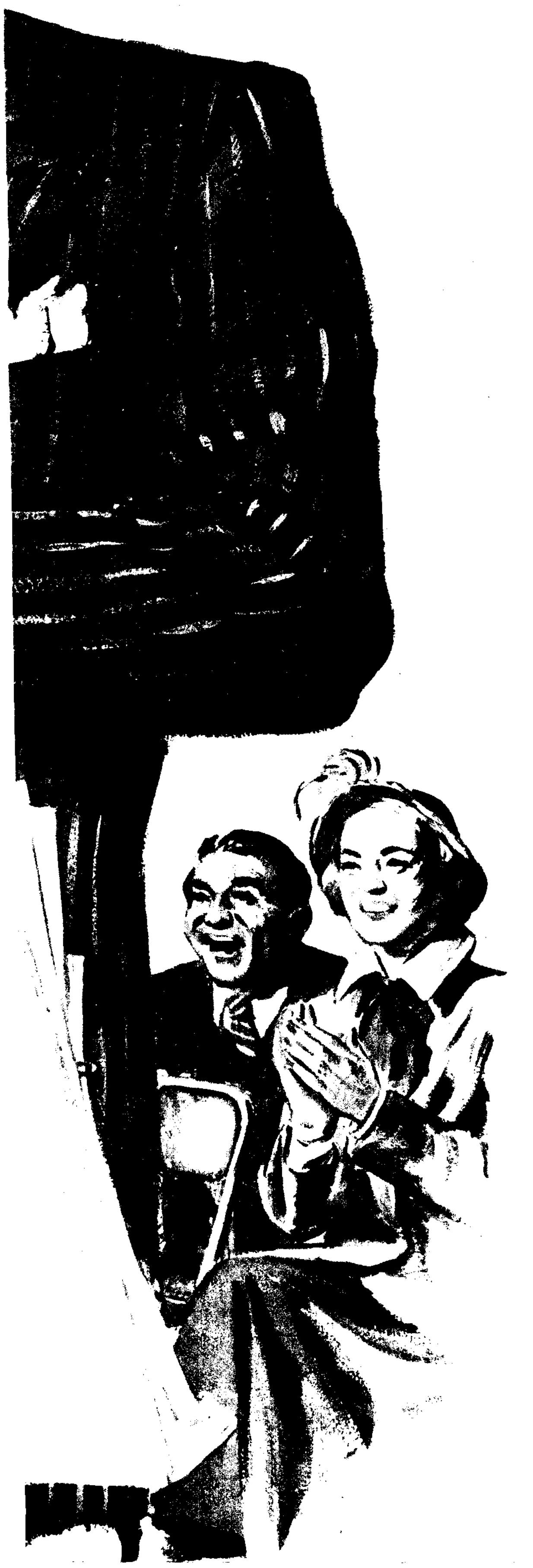
IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

I AIN'T saying I'm against knowledge. A little knowledge, like everybody knows, is a dangerous thing. A whole lot of knowledge makes atom bombs, which ain't exactly safe. I'm just wondering, after what happens to me, if it ain't better in the long run to leave knowledge strictly alone and stay happy you're a dope.

Spring is supposed to be a time for being in love. It's the spring of the year, and my girl friend, Miss Mabel Stooler, hates me. We been going together for about seven years, and every spring she hates me, regular, like clockwork. The reason is that a lot of other girls are gettin' ready to become June brides, and Mabel is not. She blames me for this, although the fact is that I never said I wouldn't get married. I just don't want to rush into nothing premature.

"Joey," she says, "you remind me of a character from Shakespeare. All's well, except you don't end well."

I'm haulin' off to let this joker have one right where he's grinnin', but Mabel takes hold of my arm



This is a familiar song, but the words got a new angle to them. Mabel has red hair and blue eyes to go with them and a nice figure on her, but up to this time Shakespeare ain't her strong point. I let the remark pass by, but it ain't the finish.

"Joey," she says another time, "when it comes to Romeo and Juliet, you're a regular Horatio, I mean it."

It don't sound like Mabel. It don't even sound like English. From her attitude, I know she still hates me. The rest I can't figure out.

"If Figaro can get married, just like that," she says, "how come it takes some other people I can mention so long to figure out what's the way of all flesh?"

"It's all how you look at it," I says.

It's no answer but I don't even know the question. I feel like a guy in the last row at the ball park at the boxing bouts. I know there's a fight going on, only I can't tell who's winning. I don't even know what round it is.

I get the score about a week after this. Right between the eyes I get it. I shoulda stayed in the last row.

I'm up at Mabel's house this one evening. The radio is on and we're listening to some classical music. Also present is Mabel's kid brother Sherman, a twelve-year-old murderer, for who music will never have enough charms to soothe him down. Also Raphael Pottley, an intellectual.

"Beautiful music they're playing, Joe," Raphael Pottley says. "From the classical period, if you follow me."

"No," I says.

"The classical period," he says, "was a period when— Say, I'll bet you don't even know the name of the selection they are rendering."

"No," I says, "I'm listening to the music."

Raphael shakes his head. He's got long black hair that he combs back in waves, and eyeglasses with big black rims on them. "Every school child knows this composition, Joe. The Spring Song by Mendelssohn."

Mabel lets out a sigh. "Gee, what a brain on this Raphael Pottley!" she says. "Honest." It's not the first time she says it durin' the evening. I'm beginnin' to see where Shakespeare comes in.

"I'm surprised you don't know this selection, Joe," Raphael says. "In my humble opinion, it is one of the master's greatest works."

"Thanks for telling me," I says. "I can hear the music clearer now that you're finished."

"Joey," Mabel says, "that's enough. If Raphael wants to help your education a little," she says, "it won't hurt you, believe me."

"Okay, okay," I says.

"And you don't have to act so smart," she says, "a guy who is twenty-eight years old, awready, without enough sense in his head to get married to some nice girl, awready, present company excepted for the reason that I am too particular."

RAPHAEL POTTLEY is humming with the melody, staying a couple of notes ahead of the band to show he knows how the thing goes without hearing it from the radio. Actually, this guy is just a part-time intellectual, evenings only. During the day he's a stock clerk in the department-store business. The band isn't finished with the selection, but suddenly Raphael is finished listening.

"I have been doing a lot of thinking about the international situation," he says. "From my point of view, it is absolutely a crisis."

Mabel can't get over him. "He thinks about everything, this Raphael," she says. "You see, Joey?"

"What's so wonderful about that?" I says. "Everybody knows things are in a crisis."

"Sure," she says, "only Raphael *thinks* about it."

"The key to the whole problem," he says, "is Lower Moravia. You know where that is, don't you, Joe?"

Every slob you run into these days can't wait to show you he knows more than you know. This slob is overdoing it.

"I don't know where Lower Moravia is," I says. "I don't even know where Upper Moravia is. So what?"

Everybody is shocked, like I said I didn't know who's President of the U.S.A., Harry S. Truman.

"Shame on you, Joey!" Mabel says. "Look, even Sherman, a twelve-year-old child, is sitting there quiet, trying to learn something. But not you. Oh, no!"

"That's right," Sherman says, very sweet. "I can't get enough education." The little stinker is givin' me the needle.

"Lower Moravia," Raphael says, "is a seething caldron of political unrest. That's just my opinion, of course. The population is 238,562."

"You hear, Joey?" Mabel says.

Enough is enough. "Lower Moravia," I says, "in the pig's elbow!"

"Joe Sparton!" Mabel yells. Her blue eyes are shooting off sparks. "Either you apologize to my guest or you can leave my house this minute. I mean it."

"But, baby," I says, "he's just showing off!"

"You should show off so good," Mabel says.

"Yeah," Sherman says. "Joe the dope."

"Now wait a minute," I says.

"Sherman," Mabel says, "that's not nice."

"It's the truth, ain't it?" Sherman says.

"It's not a question of the truth," Mabel says. "No matter how true it is, you gotta be polite."

"Now wait," I says. "Just because your two-bit genius is sittin' there is no reason for insultin' me."

"Oh, yeah?" she says. "If you had as much brains in your whole head as he's got in his little finger, you would know the way of all flesh in June, instead of sitting there like—like I don't know what."

This is where I come in. I get up and get my hat. I'm burning. Just because Raphael Pottley is there is no reason.

"If I ain't smart enough for the present company," I says, "maybe I better go home."

When I open the door, I can hear Raphael telling Mabel how high is the tallest mountain in Lower Moravia, and the name of the chief of police.

"Gee, what a brain!" she says. I close the door and head for a short beer. I can see who's ahead at the end of the first round. It ain't me.

THE next night I figure I better call up Mabel and straighten things out with her. She says, "Maybe you better come up some other night, Joey," she says. "We're having another intellectual evening and I don't think you would enjoy it."

The next night the same thing. Likewise the night after.

"Does an intellectual evening mean Raphael Pottley?" I says.

"He will be among the guests present," she says.

This goes on for a week, and the situation gets no better. It gets worse. And then, right at the zero hour, I find The Complete Quizzer.

It happens almost like pennies from heaven. I just dropped off a fare at Madison and Fifty-sixth, who broke his heart and let me keep the change for two bucks, with a buck ninety on the meter. I look in the back of the hack and there's a book the guy left.

I lean out the window and holler, "Hey, you left a book here, Jack!" Since I'm only yellin' ten cents' worth, which was this spender's tip, he don't hear me.

You hear about books changing people's whole lives? This one come close, with me.

The name of the book is The Complete Quizzer. It's full of questions and answers, like a quiz. That book is stuffed like a turkey, only with plain simple knowledge.

I sit in the hack and think: I bet even Raphael the mastermind don't know half this stuff. I bet . . . That's when the idea hits me. Right then, I feel like Columbus discovering America—1492—only better, because I know right off what I'm gonna do with my discovery.

Two nights after this I'm ready. I call up Mabel. She gives me the routine about an intellectual evening.

"Fine," I says. "Wonderful. That's my meat." I go right up to her house.

Raphael Pottley and Mabel are having a big discussion when I get there, with Raphael doing most of the talking. Mabel tells me to sit down and keep quiet. Like I expected, the rest of the guests is only Sherman, the P.S. 87 intellectual.

I let Raphael get his steam up good. Then I let him have it.

"But when it comes to the great writers of history," Raphael is saying, "who can compare, after all, with Count Leo Tolstoy, 1828 to 1910?"

"Nobody," Mabel says.

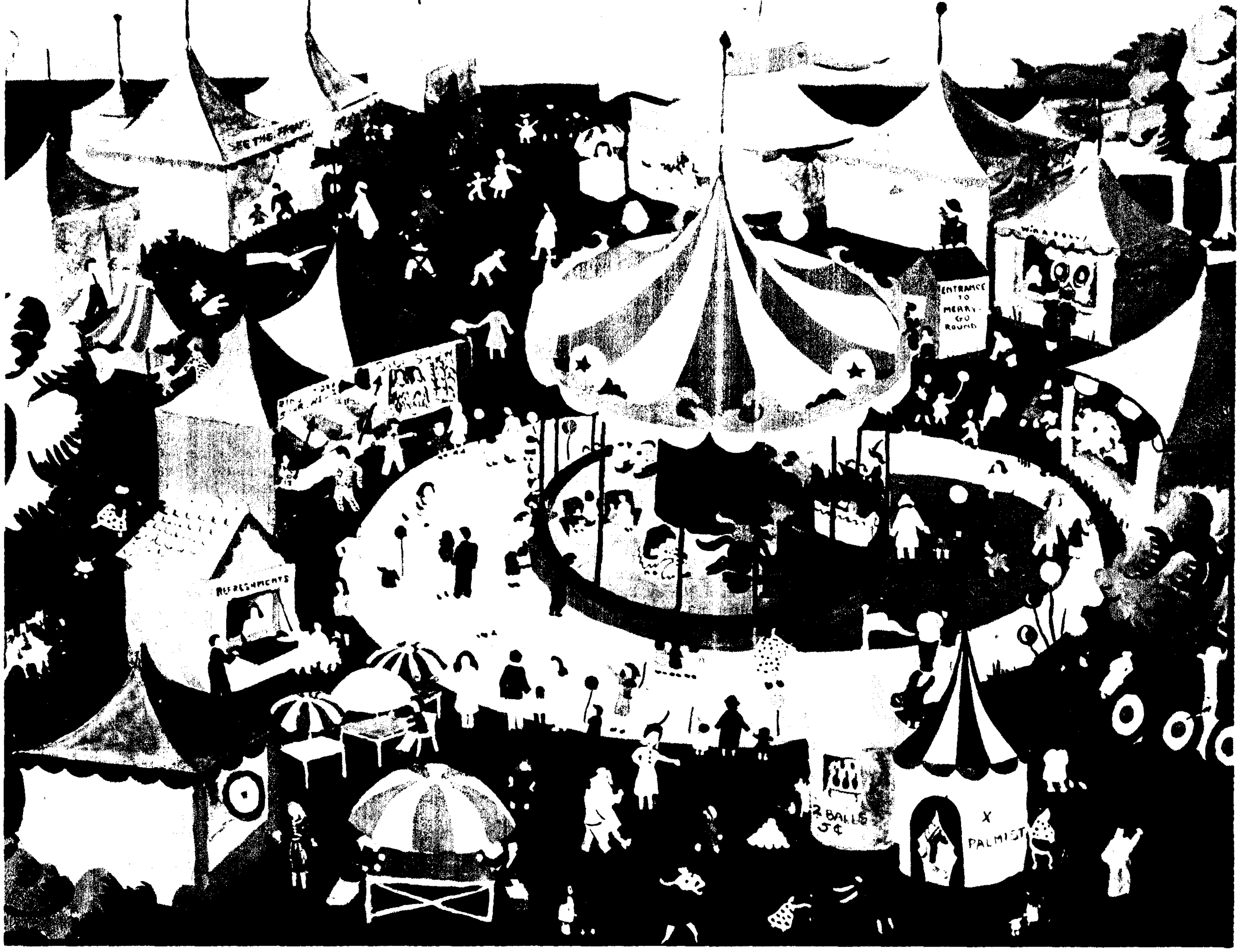
"Which river is longer," I says, very casual, "the Missouri or the Mississippi?"

"Huh?" he says.

"The Missouri," I says.

"Oh?" he says. "Very

(Continued on page 41)



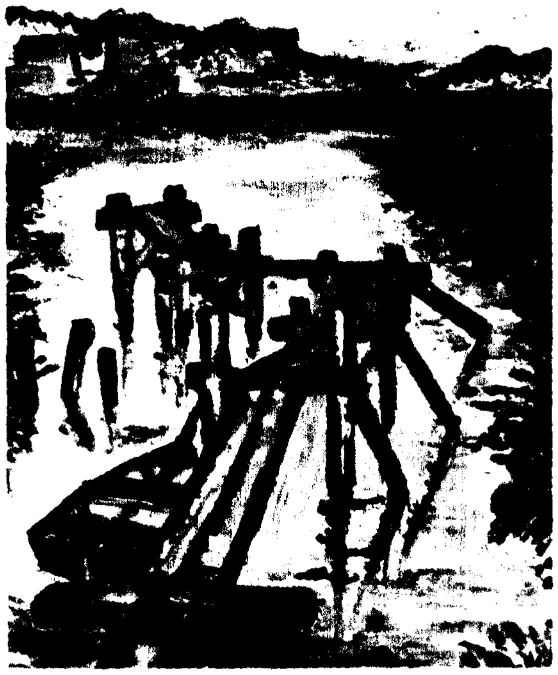
"Merry-Go-Round" is a lively oil painting by Betty Wagler, 14, of Richmond Hill (New York) High School. Betty also won a national honorable mention

Presenting the prize winners in Collier's fourth annual selection of outstanding art by creative high-school students

TEEN-AGE TALENT

•

BY LEONARD A. PARIS



Andrew Spaeth, 18, painted "Dock in a Creek." He attends Flushing High School, Flushing, New York

A SEA of pictures—a broad, billowing sea as full of hidden power as a uranium pile—stretched across the vast floor of the Fine Arts Galleries at Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute. The man from Collier's looked at it. "Whew!" he said. "Might as well try to pick one diamond from the Kimberley mines."

That was John C. Pellew, of Collier's art staff, a distinguished painter himself. He and William O. Chessman, art director of Collier's, had a tough job. They had to pick about a dozen paintings and drawings for Collier's awards. And they had only about 1,400 entries to choose from—all of them by talented high-school youngsters, all of them winners in earlier competitions. The twelve chosen by Collier's for certificates of merit and $100 in cash are reproduced on these pages. Thirteen others received honorable mention.

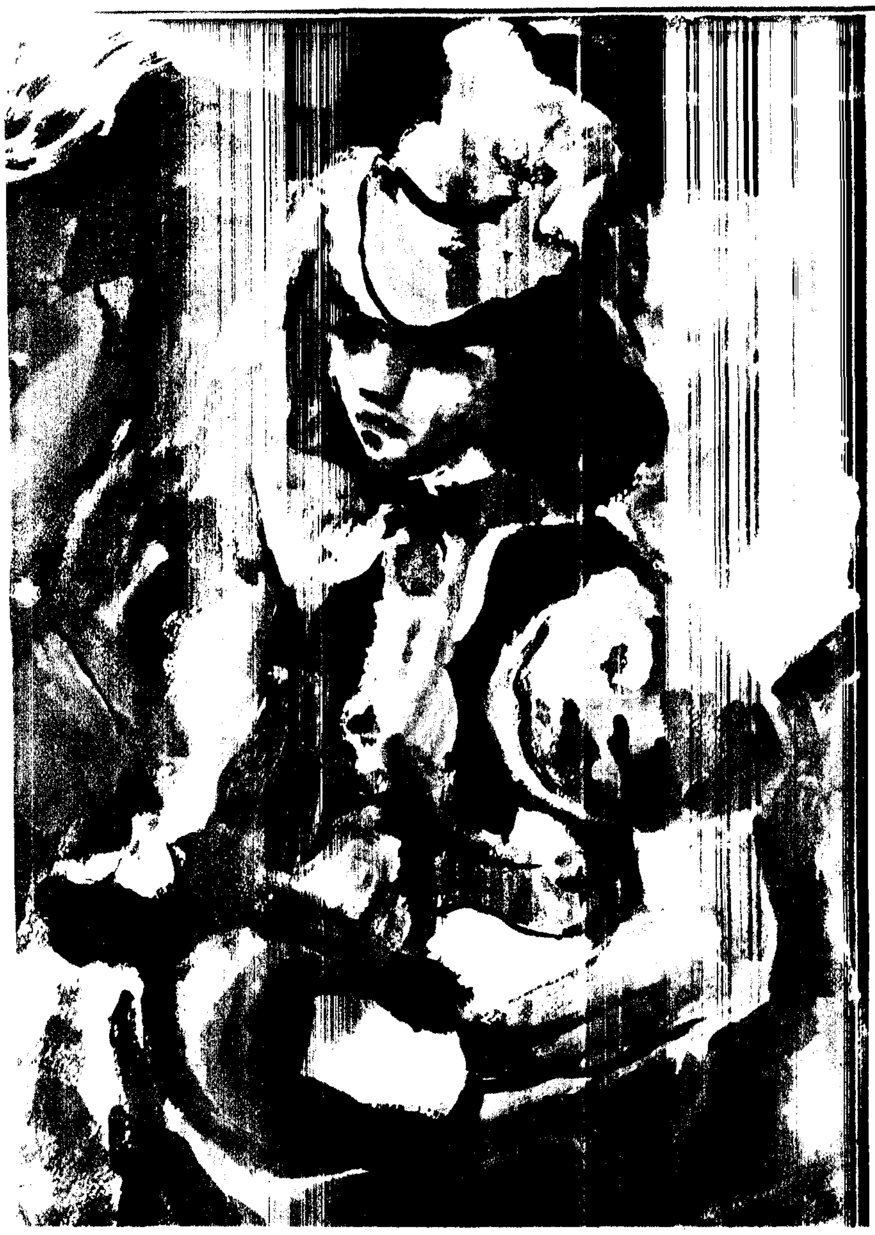
The show from which these independent selections were made is sponsored annually by Scholastic Magazines. It claims the title of world's largest art competition, which will be undisputed by anyone goggling at the figure of 125,000 preliminary entries. "The show gets bigger every year," says Maurice R. Robinson, publisher of Scholastic Magazines. "And although I don't see how it can, it gets better, too!"

Entries are judged regionally in department stores throughout the country, and the best are shipped to Pittsburgh for final judging and further honors.

And there have been plenty of honors. William Shaffer, for instance, who also won a Collier's award last year, has just been awarded a scholarship to the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Some of his cartoons have appeared in Pittsburgh newspapers. Here's what Bill says about art: "Some people say they can't feel right until they have a cigarette. I do not smoke, but my art has the effect on me that a cigarette seems to have on them. It releases built-up tension."

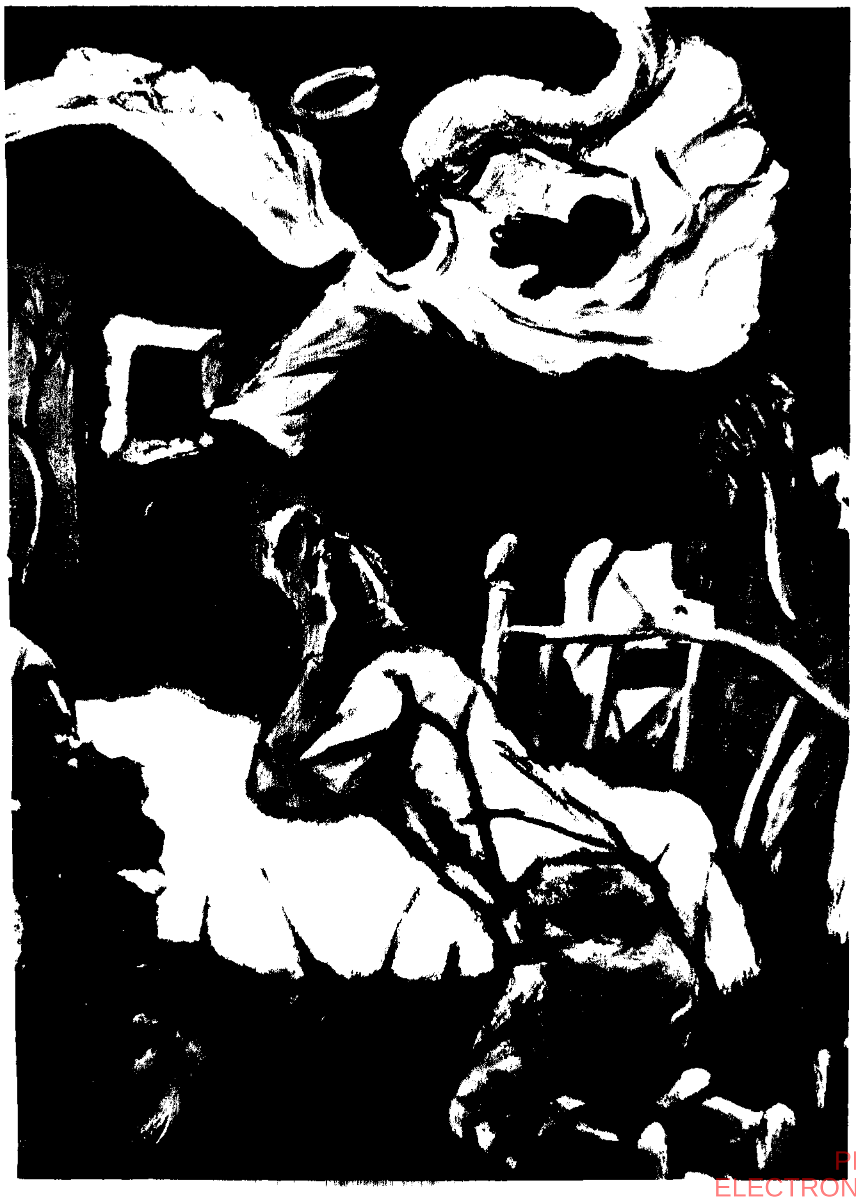
Richard Zayac, who won his second Collier's award this year, writes: "After a long convalescent period from polio at the age of sixteen, the real understanding of the potentialities of art began. It was no longer a pleasing toy but a tool and powerful weapon. It helped me fight the agonies of waiting, pain and despair." Dick's high-school principal thinks so much of his work that he has commissioned the young artist to do an imaginative portrait of his son as a child. This year Dick also won a scholarship to John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis.

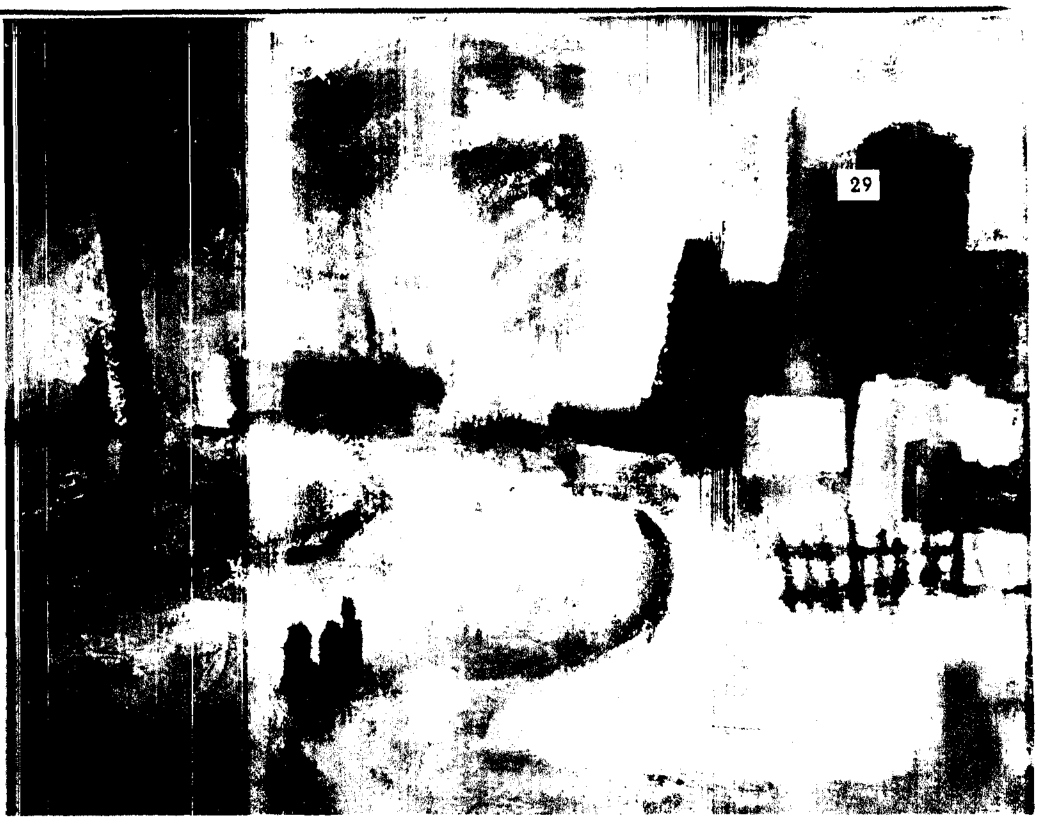
In addition to the young artists whose work is



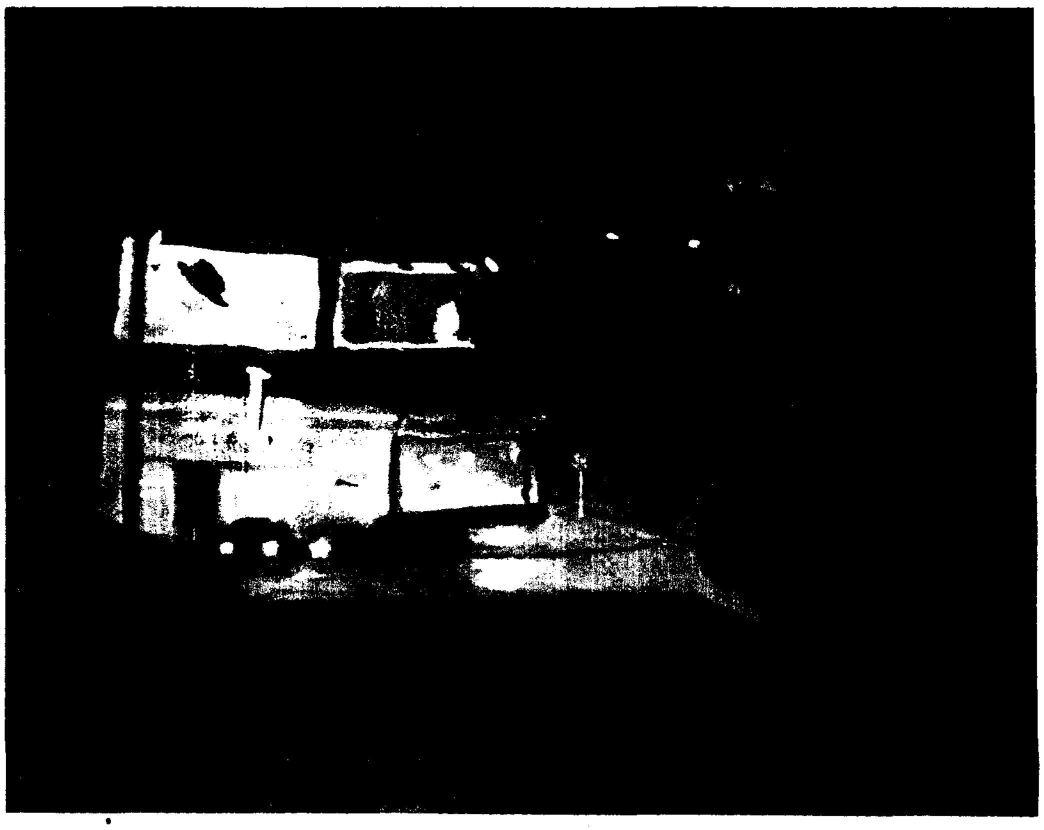
"Girl in Pink Hat" is a tempera study. It was painted by Paula Winter, 18, of Washington Irving High School in New York. Note individualistic style

"Angel and Mourners" is the work of William Shaffer, 19, who will go from Schenley High School, Pittsburgh, to the Carnegie Institute of Technology



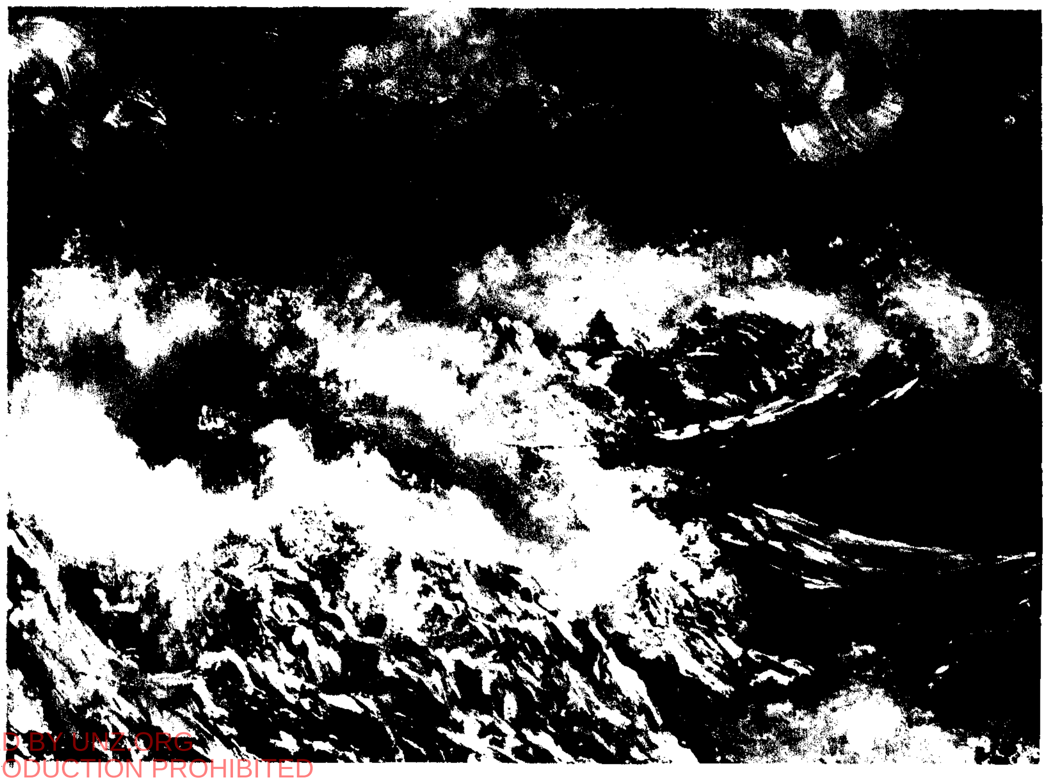


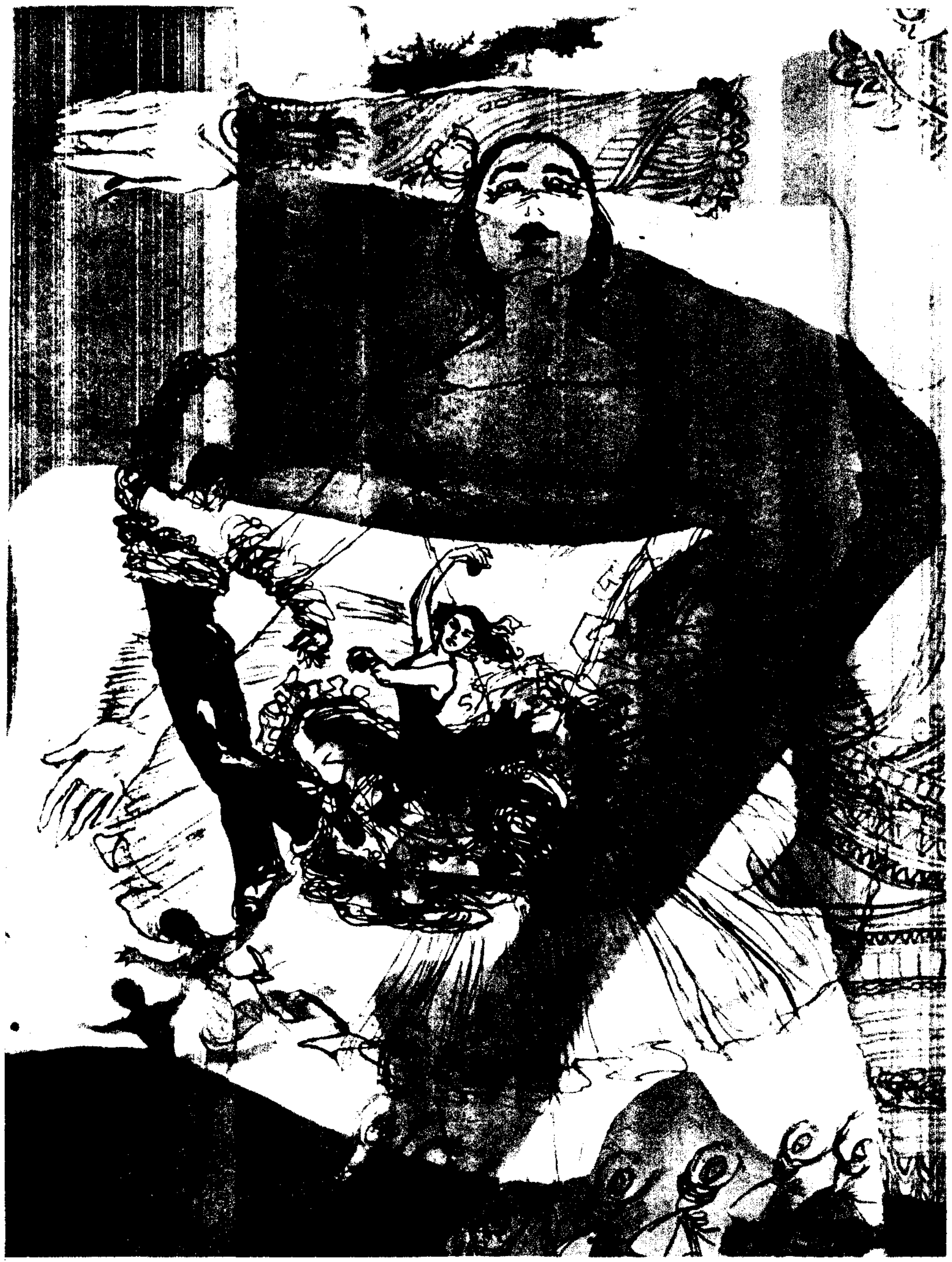
Noel Yauch, 17, painted "Evening Pink and Yellow" in oils. He attends Cass Technical High School, Detroit; was awarded a scholarship to the Art Students' League, New York



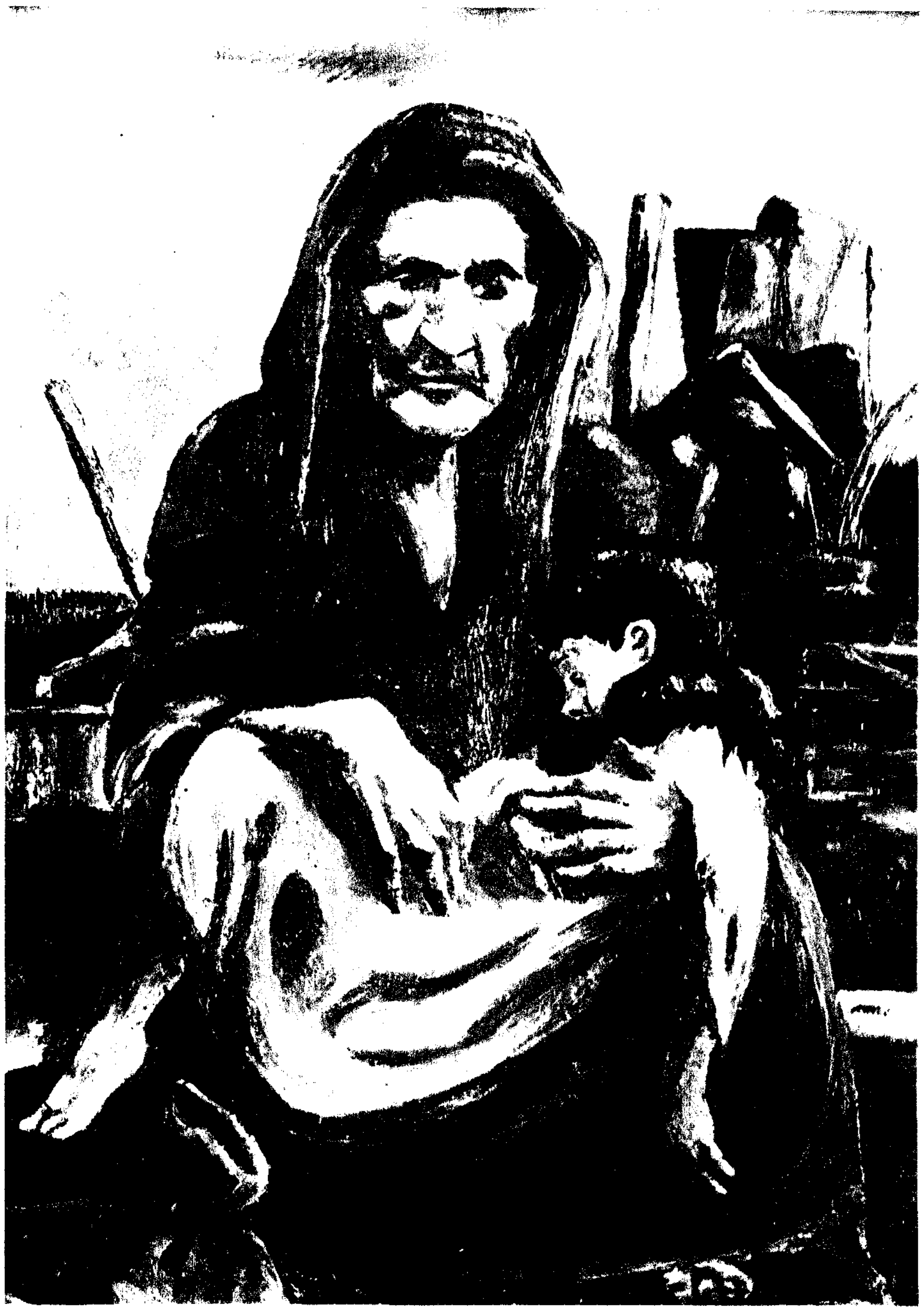
The medium is pastel; the title is "Corner at Night"; the painter is Sebastiano Garro, 17, of Leavenworth High School, Waterbury, Conn. All these pictures won regional awards

From far-off Hawaii, Sueo Miyagawa, 17, submitted this oil painting of a marine scene. Sueo attends McKinley High School, Honolulu. Nearly all the states were represented





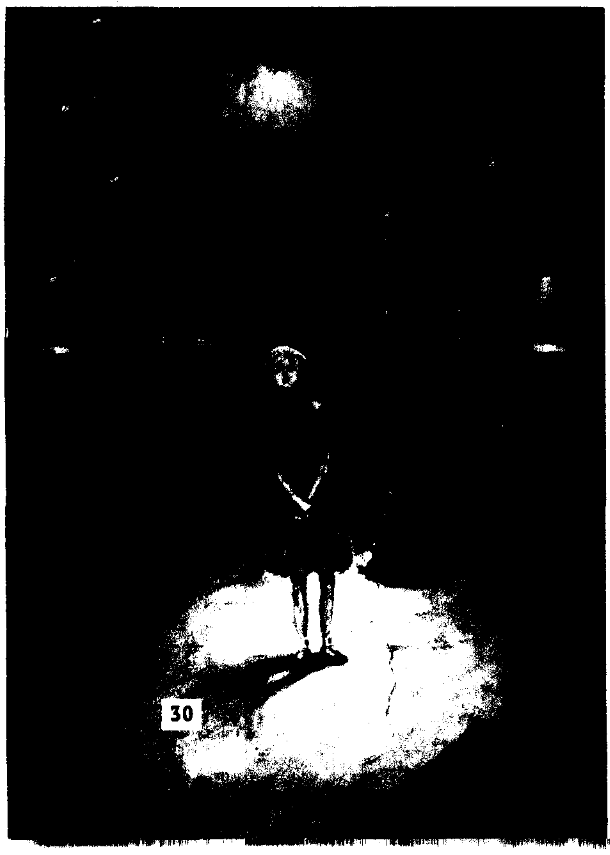
"The Dancers," by Elaine Havelock, 17, Cass Technical High School, Detroit. This ink drawing helped Elaine win a scholarship to Parsons School of Design, N. Y.



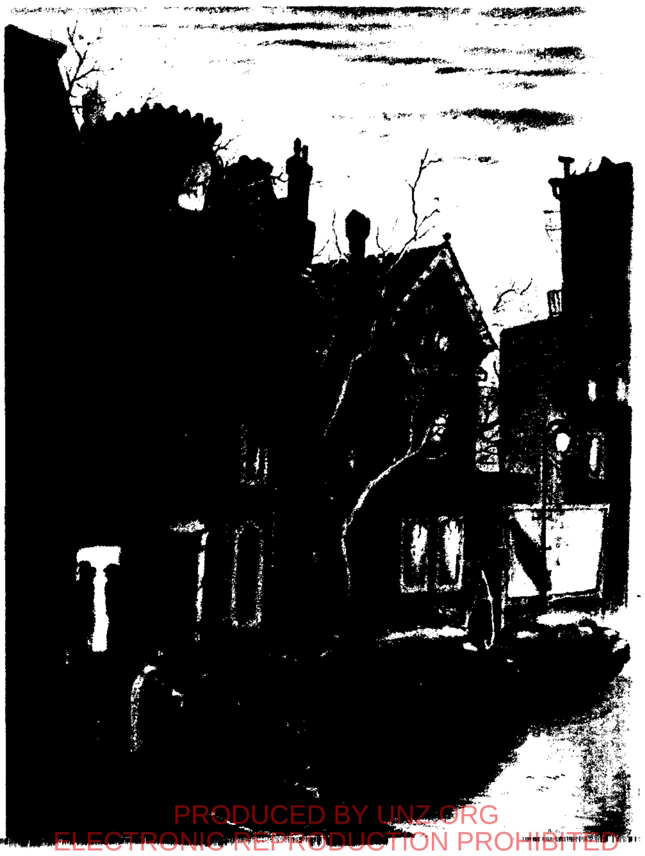
This striking study in oils, called "Refugee," is the work of a 17-year-old girl. She is Roberta Shoemaker, of Oakmont Senior High School, Oakmont, Pennsylvania

shown here, the following won Collier's certificates of honorable mention: Earl Shropshire, 18, and Conception Vallejo, 19, Jeff Davis High School, Houston, Texas; Mario Prisco, 16, and Audrey Flack, 16, High School of Music and Art, New York; Tom Courtos, 18, Abraham Lincoln High School, Brooklyn; Arnold Yturralde, 21, E. R. Snyder, Continuation High School, San Diego; Joyce Sutter, 16, University City (Missouri) Senior High School; Frank Simon, 16, Grossmont (California) High School; Tiglath Perch, 15, English High School, Boston; Nancy Clark, 17, Roosevelt High School, Des Moines, Iowa; Suzanne Gravelle, 17, North Hollywood High School, Los Angeles; Patricia Hallock, 17, Lower Camden County Regional High School, Clementon, New Jersey; and Carol Cushman, 16, Dana Hall School, Wellesley, Massachusetts. ★★★

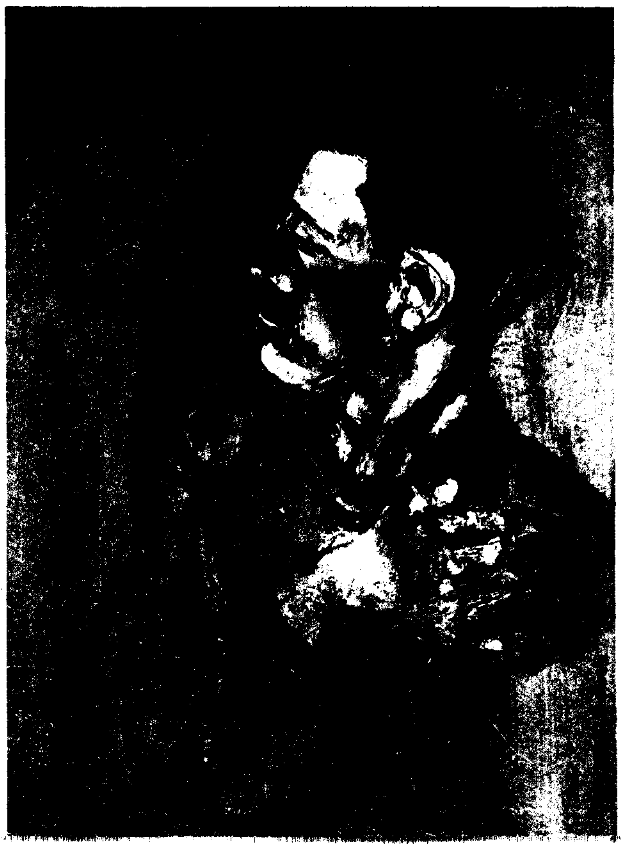
George Weiss, 18, of James Monroe High School, Bronx, New York, calls this "Across the Street"



"Early Morning Street Scene," by Richard Zayac, 18, of Cass Technical High School, Detroit. Ink wash drawing



Angelo Stevens, 17, of Lincoln High School, Cleveland, Ohio, painted this study in oils titled simply "Frankie"



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• • •

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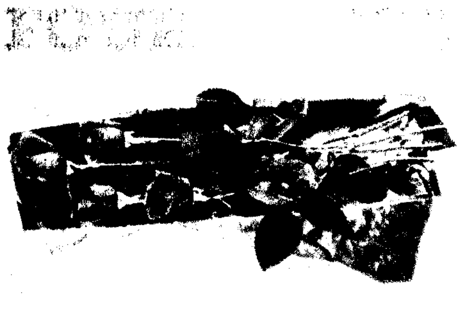

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

FOUR ROSES
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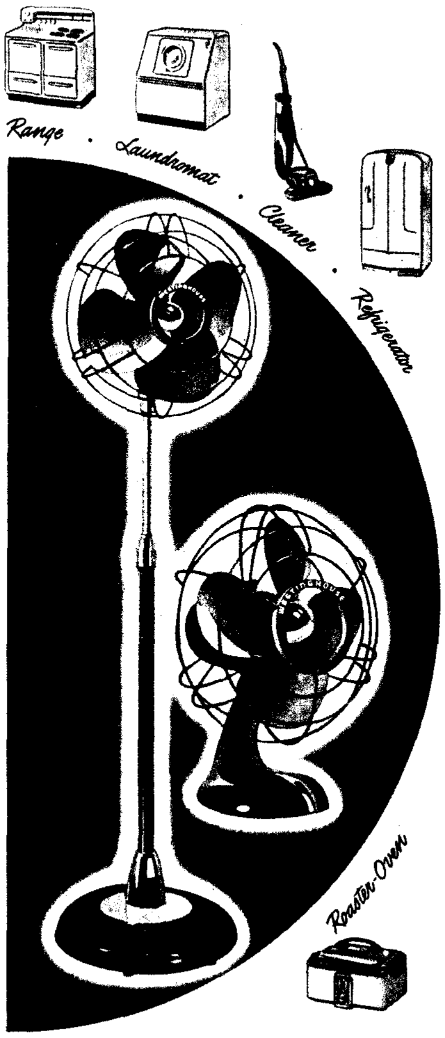

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THE FAR-OFF BUGLE

Continued from page 23

always stopped short in the middle. Invariably the story ended in the same place, with the "Southrons" coming through the woods, hell-for-leather, singing the song that made him mad. I used to ask him, *"Then* what happened, Grandfather? What did you *do?"* But it was no use. He'd sit looking stubbornly off into space, as if he'd forgotten.

So, for a long time, I never knew the end of it. It was a serial, the last installment of which had got lost—until years later, when I found it in the pages of a high-school history. Then I knew not only the disastrous denouement, but I also understood why he could not tell it. Being young myself, I could recognize in a measure the fierce pride of the young soldier, the almost fanatical devotion to a general who had failed. Perhaps if Grandfather had come through the victorious shambles of Gettysburg, that earlier defeat might have been canceled in his mind. But, for him, there was nothing after Chancellorsville—nothing but the shame of the ignominious, scuttling flight of the Union army before a force less than half the size of their own; nothing but the dreary, beaten ride to Richmond with a wagonload of other wounded prisoners; nothing but the jeering contempt of the women of Virginia, all along the way. As far as the old man was concerned, the surrender at Appomattox was something not quite real. *His* war had ended at Chancellorsville.

At the moment I was wishing he'd talk about one of his earlier engagements. It would be hard to make Dick understand why the story stopped in the middle.

"All comes back to me—" He spoke quite suddenly, as if he'd just remembered it.

LATELY, past and present had merged in his mind. Under those conditions, there would be *nothing* ended and done. The tents would be pitched for all eternity, there in the wilderness, the brave voices would sing forever by the flare of campfires, and it would be always May.

He took his pipe from his pocket, stuffed it, with his fingers shaking slightly. This, in itself, was reminiscent of the days when I'd sat on his knee, listening. In those days, he used to say crossly, "Now run along and quit pestering me," when I coaxed him for the end. He couldn't say that now. He'd probably just clamp his jaws tight and pretend sleep.

Dick held a match to the pipe, and the old man drew on it several times, till it glowed red. Then he settled back in the rocker, looking beyond us.

"I shared a tent with Lew Enright down on the Rappahannock," he said. (Yes, it was going to be the same story. I watched Dick, sitting forward in the swing to catch every word.) "Some of the heroes had deserted by that time. Fredericksburg finished 'em." He spoke with a scorn undimmed by half a century. "Morale? Bah! There wa'n't any—after Fredericksburg. They were damned sick of the whole thing. They'd ruther have gone home for the spring plowin' and let Jeff Davis run his show any way he'd a mind to. I tell you, it took old Fightin' Joe to whup 'em back into shape that winter. Nobody else could have done it. Nobody but Joe Hooker. . . ." He wouldn't relinquish the luxury of hero worship even after all that time, even after all that had happened.

Then he spoke more briskly. He seemed to have forgotten, for the moment, that the story could have no ending, or only a bitter one. His voice held a note of braggadocio. He was proud of what he told. And I was thinking about Dick waiting there in the swing, like someone about to receive a revelation. I was thinking that sometimes the old man told his yarns better than at other times. I felt rather as if he were a precocious child that I was showing off.

"Three days and a half it took us to cover the forty-five miles, and we crossed two rivers a-doing it. The Rapidan was clear up to our armpits, where we forded. Been raining like all get out for two weeks. The mud squashed up around your legs, so it didn't make much difference whether you were in the river or out of it. It was dark as a pocket that night, at the Rapidan, and they'd built bonfires all along the banks to light us acrost.

"Come daylight, we covered the last five-six miles, mostly through the wilderness. Men and horses and pack trains crashing through the mud and the scrubbly underbrush. And there was Chancellorsville just up the Turnpike Road a piece. And there was Lee's army, off to one side, and Joe Hooker with fifty-four thousand of us, on his left flank, and Stoneman with as many more again, on his rear. They were tearing up the railroad, to cut off the rebel retreat toward Richmond. Because they were bound to retreat. 'Twas a dead sure thing, any way you looked at it. Why, we had 'em outnumbered two to one or better. You never saw so many men in your life. Nor so many cannon and guns and mule trains totin' ammunition. There was even cattle—cattle enough on the hoof for a five-day meat ration for the whole kit and caboodle."

I knew what Dick must be thinking: Strange that he can remember all these details, but he doesn't know what happened yesterday, or this morning. . . .

"Well, sir, on the thirtieth, Joe Hooker sent orders to withdraw into the woods. We hadn't seen hide nor hair of the rebels. So our bunch dug in just off the Turnpike, fellin' logs and tearin' up rail fences for breastworks, with ditches behind 'em. And we pitched camp with pretty nigh all the comforts of home.

"Then, on the second of May, say an hour before sundown, I was on picket duty at the edge of our camp, and Lew Enright next to me, picketing likewise. 'Twas a fine, clear evening, and ever'body in high spirits. When I looked over my shoulder, I could see the guns at stack like shocks of wheat and the tents in nice, orderly rows, and the men gathered round the fires, cooking the evening ration. I was hungry as a bear, after hackin' away at that infernal underbrush all day, and anxious to be relieved. Somebody started singing Sweet Alice, I remember. It made me kind of homesick, and I got to thinking about Sally Drummond, and about Ma and the rest, and wondering how long it'd be before I saw them again.

"I could see Enright every few minutes, kind of slouching on his big bay mare, walkin' her slow back and forth among the trees. It was so peaceful there, with a bird piping up now and then, and somehow it made you think of home. I mind how I called out to Enright once. 'Don't you worry, bub,' I says. 'We'll be dancin' with the gals in Richmond this time next week.' "

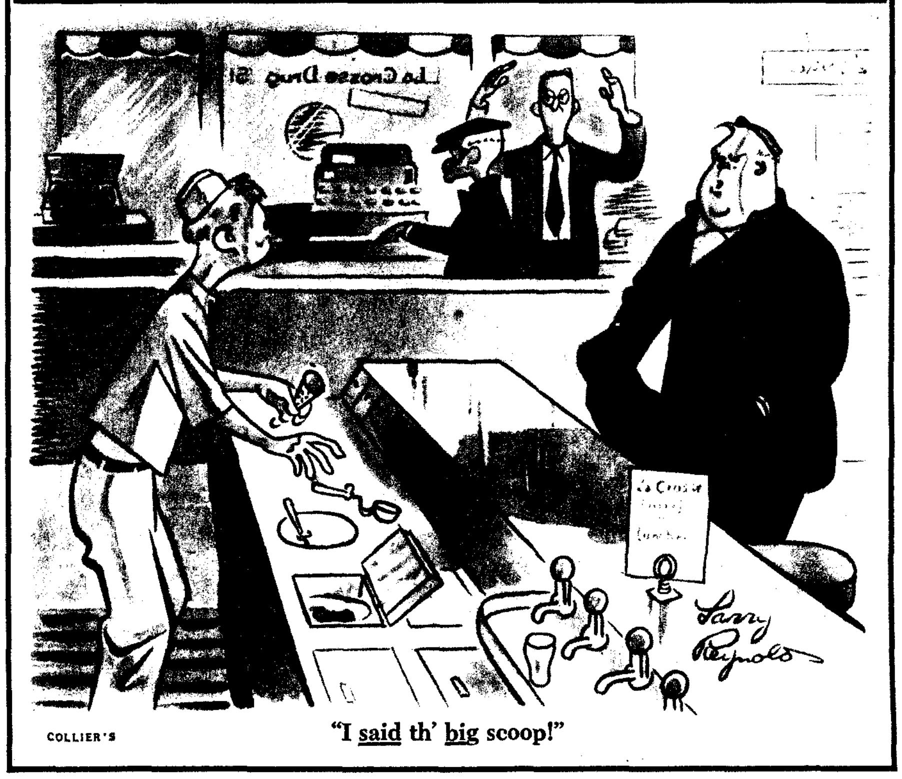
His thin laugh sounded without resonance, like the ring of cracked china. Dick smiled, and I was pleased because the old man was remembering so much.

"Then it seemed to me I heard a bugle, faint and far-off and nigh smothered by the trees. But I wasn't sure—" He lifted his head sharply, as if he were still straining his ears to hear.

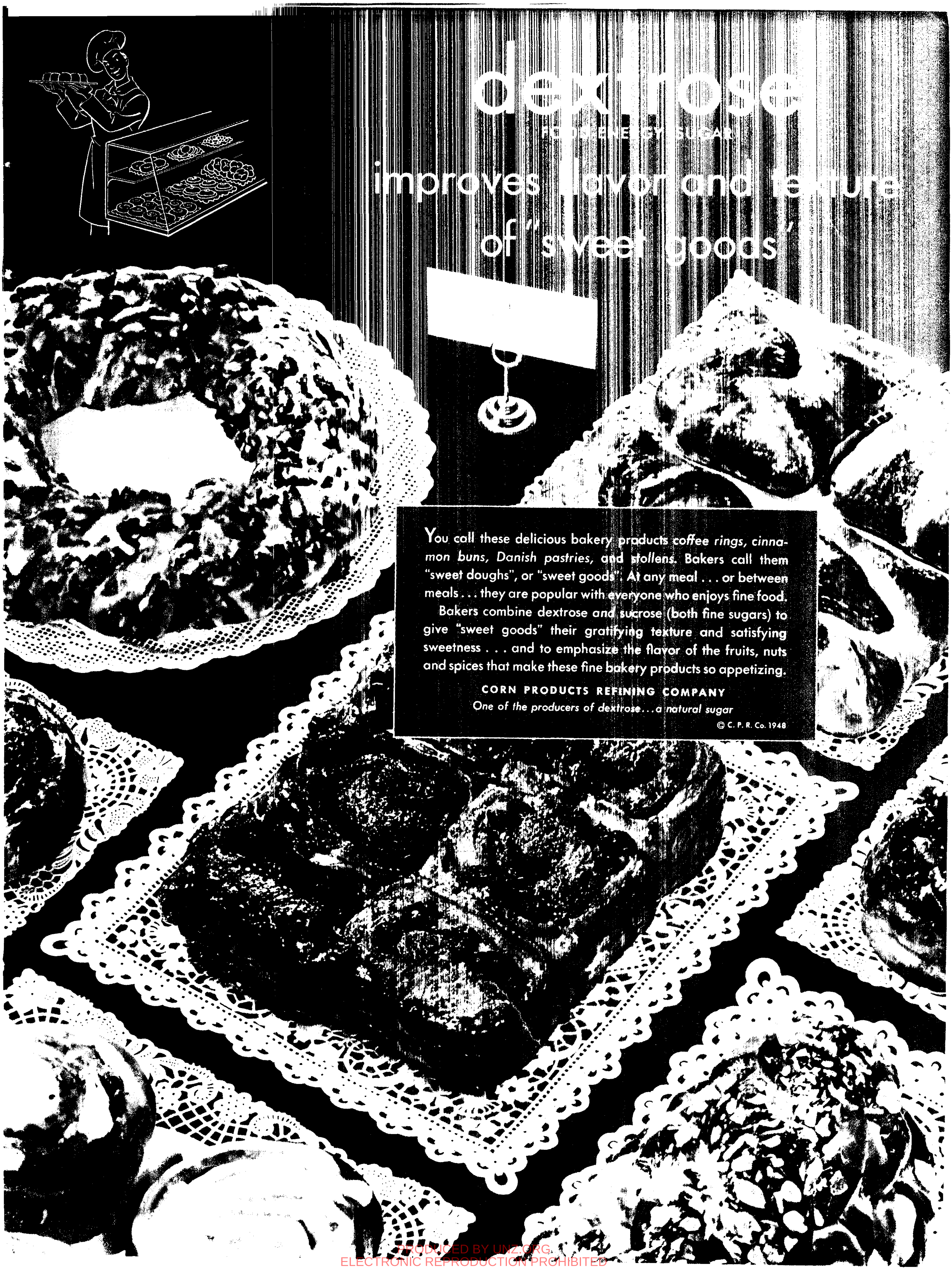
I SLUMPED down on the porch railing and lighted a cigarette. It was the same story, all right. I knew just where it would end—with the Southrons coming through the woods hell-for-leather. I didn't even need to listen. I knew almost by heart the words that would lead, from there, to that inconclusive ending. I could settle down, with the bees humming drowsily in the vines behind my head, and see the whole thing without actually listening. As a child, I had felt it to be strangely dramatic, and it still seemed so. I saw the horses ambling there on the edge of the clearing, with the two blue bodies standing high in relief—and the fires and the moving figures about the fires, like a backdrop come to life behind them. And I heard Grandfather (who was not Grandfather, of course, but a young private named Jude Lathrop)—heard him call out clearly: *"Lew!* Hear anything? Off yonder?"

The bay mare was checked in her leisurely walk. We three, sitting there behind the honeysuckle, could see Enright jerked erect, listening intently. "Not a

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I said th' big scoop!"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sound," he called back. "You must be hearin' things."

It was only a few minutes later that the wood creatures began to appear: foxes scurrying through the brush, with their bellies close to the ground—wild turkeys flapping their big wings—even a pair of deer that leaped past Jude's horse, almost touching its flank, and tore straight through the camp, their eyes wild and panicky. Laughter broke out around the fires. It didn't occur to any of them what it might mean. A rabbit streaked across the space, and some wit sang out, "Damn my eyes, if 'tain't a rebel deserter!"

Then, while they were still laughing, there was the sharp crash of musketry down among the trees, and Jude yelled, "Godamighty! They're comin' through the woods!" The whole forest seemed to move at once, to come alive before his eyes. His horse jumped and stiffened as a bullet whined past his ear.

"Reckon you never heard the rebel yell," said the old man, looking over at Dick. "Well, and you don't want to, either— We could see 'em comin' up through the trees. Infantry. Looked like a million of 'em. Whoopin' like demons out of hell. And singin' 'Old Joe Hooker, won't you *come* out the wilderness—*Come* out the wilderness— *Come* out the wilderness!' I tell you, it made me mad."

AND that's all, I was thinking, and I looked at Dick, wondering what he'd make of it. This is where the film got broken. There's nothing more to follow. They're frozen, arrested at this point: the blue flags, and the dust-colored, bedraggled figures, halted in the very act of moving forward through the mottled light and long shadows; the stillness splintered, rent apart by the blood-chilling scream, and left broken, never mended. Just that one volley—the multiple crack and sizzle of bullets, the answering voice of guns on the Pike—and always that song that made him mad, a song rising fantastically from the throats of men, ragged, dirty, half starved—rising and hanging forever in the frozen air.

"Our skirmish line was broken open like an eggshell," Grandfather was saying. "They were coming right through. I saw Lew Enright's mare stumble and fall on her knees, and Enright jumped clear of her just before she rolled over. I remember how she stretched out her neck and let out that scream that horses give, then rolled over with blood spattering her withers.

"I fired once, blind, then pulled my horse round. That camp was like nothing I ever saw, before or since. Our brigade was tryin' to form in some kind of order, but it wa'n't much use. 'Twas like a big kettle, with men and animals and guns all boiling and whirling together, till you couldn't tell one from t'other. And the campfires still blazin' in the midst of the confusion, and some o' the men chokin' on the last mouthful of supper. It struck me funny, somehow—I got out of the line of fire as quick as I could, dodging behind trees, and there was a scramble for rifles, and we stood and fired another volley—those that had anything to fire *with.* I could see them piling the wounded into ambulances, off to one side, but it had all happened in the wink of an eye, it seemed like. And we fell back and fired again—but they still came on—"

He stopped abruptly, and I looked at Dick's intent face, thinking, "This will be the end. But it's something. At least they fired a couple of times into those oncoming ranks. At least they're not caught forever, in a web of sun and shadow, with that song half finished."

But there was more.

"After the third volley, there was nothing for it but to fall back. We did it as orderly as we could, what with the ambulances plunging ahead of us, and the cattle and mules stampeding and gettin' in the way, and the rebels' enfilade fire rakin' us acrost the whole time. Only thing I remember clear, out of the hullabaloo, is Lew Enright, lying on the ground, kind of twisted, with his face toward the sky. But it was no use taking him back to the ambulances, because he was dead.

"In the end, we had to leave one of our guns and most of our wounded there in the woods, and get back to the road a-running. Run a few steps, turn and fire."

His voice had altered suddenly. He spoke more slowly, with a gathering uncertainty, as if he were dragging this memory from some deep place where it had lain buried a long time. And all the while, I was wondering what queer change had taken place in the quality of the old man's perversity, that he should decide to see it through to the end for the first time within the memory of two generations. At the moment, I thought it must be because Dick was there, but I knew later that Dick hadn't anything to do with it. Neither of us, listening there in the hot, humming silence, had anything to do with it. It was something entirely inside himself.

"You could see the Turnpike," he was saying—"back through the trees, and the whole road was moving, looked like. 'Twas just about dusk, then. I noticed the shine of the wagon wheels and the brass on the cannon. And, when you got closer, the sight along that road was a thing you'd never forget: men and horses and mules rushing and clanking along—the men cursing (or praying, maybe) and the beasts' eyes red and their teeth showing with fright—and wagons and gun carriages banging and jolting and going off the road—and the white smoke hanging over all, like a hot fog. And all the other noises seemed drowned in the infernal roar of the artillery, which was bringing up the rear to cover the retreat.

"I remember seeing a couple of blacks on horseback, scroochin' low on the horses' necks, mingling with the crowd. And a clerk of some kind or other, tearing along hell-to-split, with a face like tallow, and papers spillin' out of his saddlebag. The officers and a few cavalry were skirting the edges of the column, aiming to keep the retreat in some kind of order, but 'twa'n't much use. 'Twas more of a race than a battle, by that time."

His voice had grown slower and slower, like a clock about to run down. While he talked, he had shrunk lower in his chair, as if the memory of that rout were almost unendurable, even now. Then a strange thing happened. He pulled himself suddenly erect, with his shoulders squared and his hands gripping the arms of the rocker so hard that the blue veins stood up in high relief under the transparent tissue of skin. And there he sat, very straight on the edge of the chair, with something in his face that I'd never seen there before. His eyes seemed to come to life, in the deep caverns of the sockets, and you felt that what he saw was some point in space and time, immediate to him, but far removed from Dick and me. Then his voice came out clear and strong:

"But we kep' right on their heels, haryin' 'em every foot o' the way. And after a bit, the moon come up, and there was the flare of burning houses all along the sky—and, by God, they were *still* retreating!"

I was sitting bolt upright now, and so was Dick. He couldn't keep still any longer. He even forgot to be polite.

"Wait!" he almost shouted. "Wait. *Who* was retreating?"

The old man's eyes came back to Dick's face for an instant, with a flicker of impatience. Then he looked away again, quietly and with immense dignity, not to be hurried. His chin went up proudly. The words rang out with conviction, with triumph: *"Lee's army. Down the road to Richmond."*

MY FEET made a clopping sound on the porch, as I slid off the railing. I forgot about what Dick must be thinking. I seemed to see the old green history book with its dog-eared pages, and that paragraph that had made it clear at last why the old man wouldn't talk about the disaster and the shame of Chancellorsville, the defeat of his hero, Hooker. Nor of his personal humiliation—that clattering, bleeding trip to Richmond, and the insults along the way. Now I could only stare at him, aghast. He had never lied about anything before, to my knowledge. What had happened in the depths of that tired and aching memory?

For a long moment, oblivious to us, he sat gazing serenely into his past—that past on which he had labored more than fifty years, to rebuild it in a braver pattern. Dick and I exchanged looks. Perhaps we were a little frightened. We, too, in the end, would need to forge the truth into shapes of valor, wherever valor was absent. For an instant of perception, our brash youth was rebuked, looking forward as well as back. We both turned to the old man, and, as we looked at him, he settled gently back in the rocker, the fragile eyelids drooped, and the mouth fell slightly open. He looked like a tired and happy child.

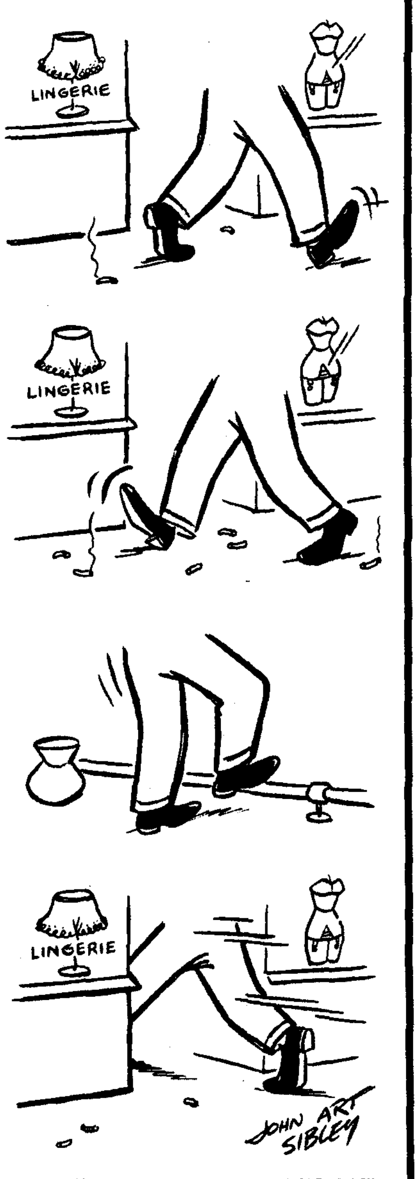
Dick said in a whisper, "He's gone to sleep."

But he never woke up. It had taken him fifty years and more to turn back the ragged invaders of Chancellorsville, to stop the insolent song, to restore his hero to a high place. Now it was done. The myth was complete, and anger gave way to peace. He could rest now. He'd won that battle at last—he and Joe Hooker.

THE END

FEET FIRST

Newlywed Shopper



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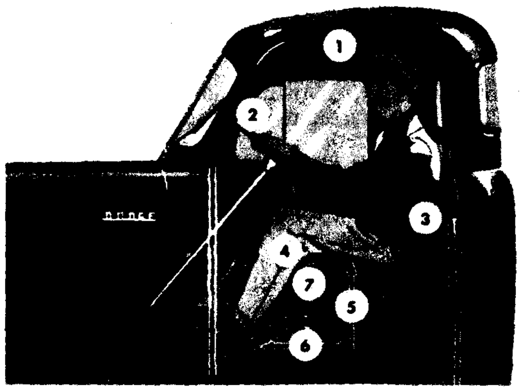
Wheelbase	152 in.	161 in.	158 in.	159 in.	161 in.
Cab-to-Axle—to take 12-foot body	84 in.	84 in.	84.06 in.	84 in.	84 in.
Wide-Tread Front Axles (shorter turning—more stability)	62 in.	56 in.	60.03 in.	58⅜ in.	56 in.
Modern "Cross-Type" Steering	Yes	No	No	No	No
Turning Diameter * —Left	50½ ft.	61½ ft.	60½ ft.	54½ ft.	66½ ft.
—Right	50½ ft.	61½ ft.	54½ ft.	54½ ft.	66½ ft.
Maximum Horsepower	109	93	100	93	100
Total Spring Length (Front and Rear "Cushioned Ride") †	194 in.	171⅝ in.	162 in.	176 in.	182 in.
Cab Seat Width (Measure of Roominess) ‡	57¼ in.	52¼ in.	51½ in.	47½ in.	52¼ in.
Windshield Glass Area ▲	901 sq. in.	713 sq. in.	638 sq. in.	545 sq. in.	713 sq. in.
Vent Wings plus Rear Quarter Windows	Yes	No	No	No	No

* To outside of tire (curb clearance.) Computed from data based on tests or computations obtained from usually reliable sources. † All four springs. ‡ Measured from production models. ▲ Computed from width and depth measurements; no allowance for contours.



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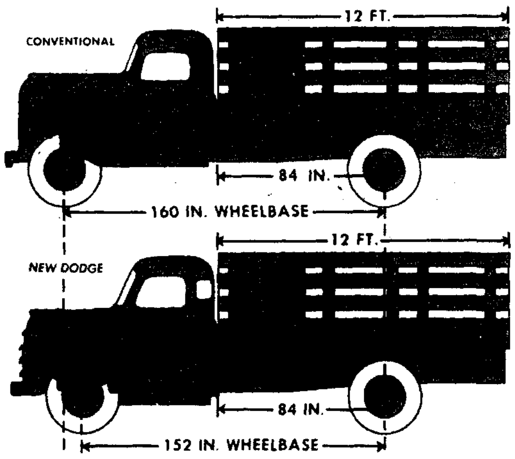

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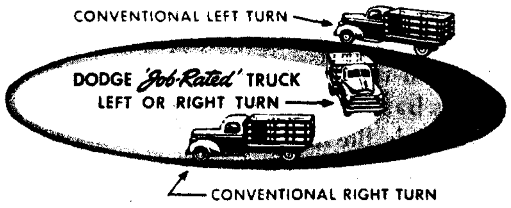

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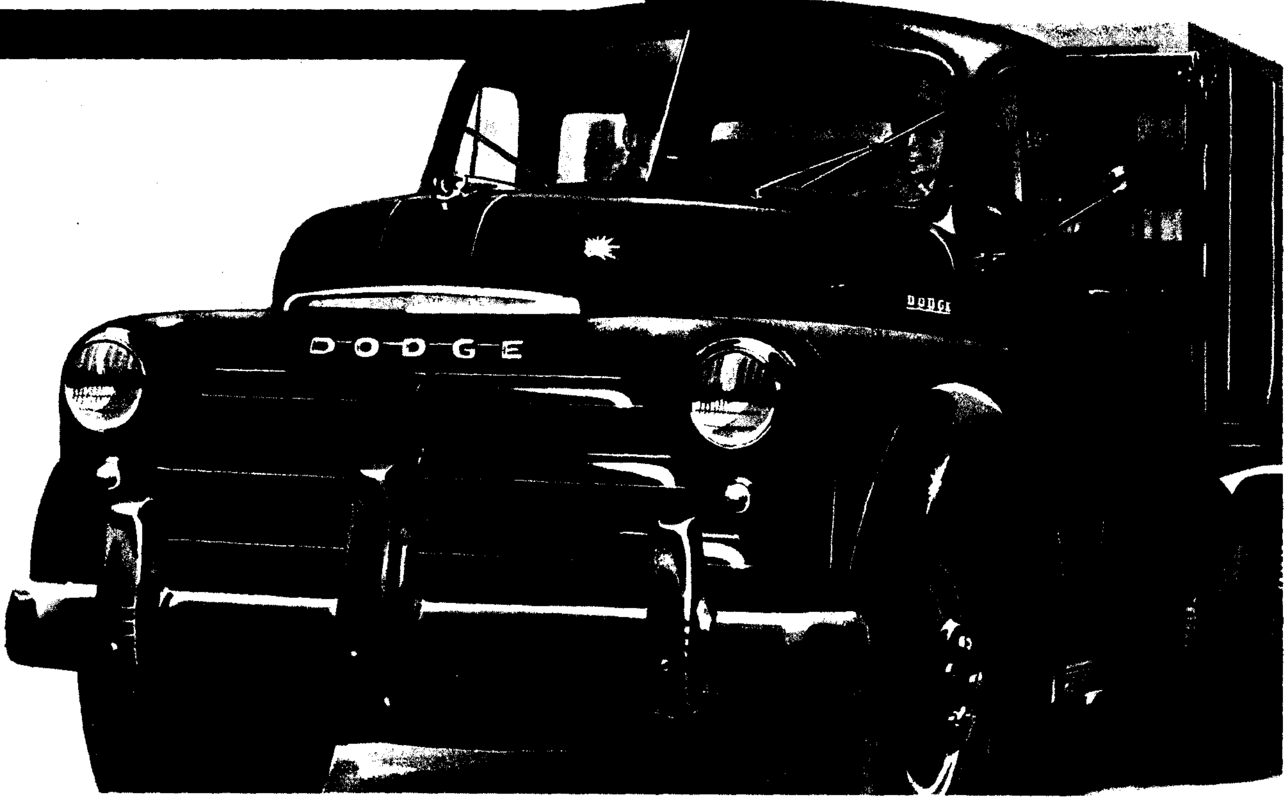
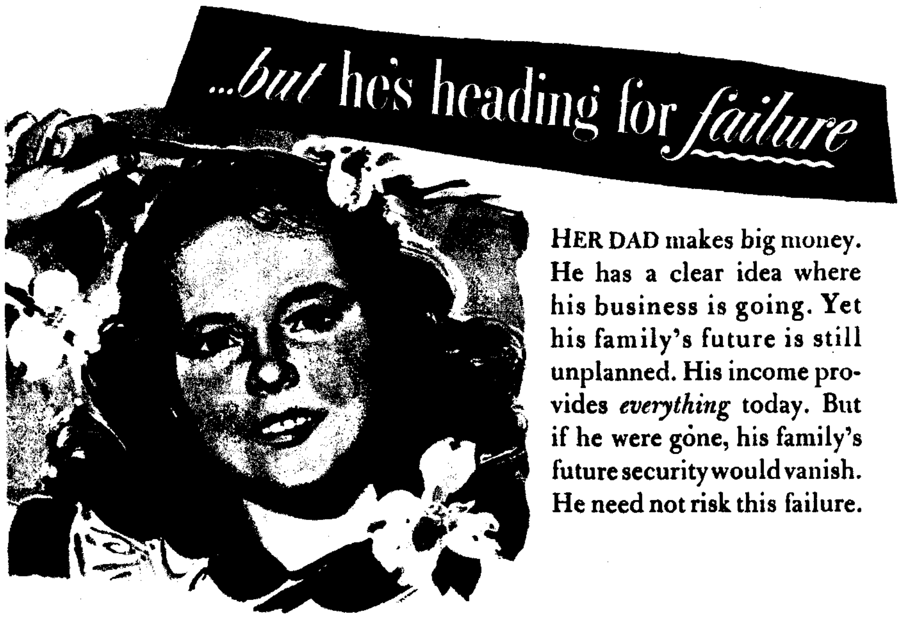


HER DAD'S A BIG BUSINESS MAN...


...but he's heading for failure

HER DAD makes big money. He has a clear idea where his business is going. Yet his family's future is still unplanned. His income provides *everything* today. But if he were gone, his family's future security would vanish. He need not risk this failure.

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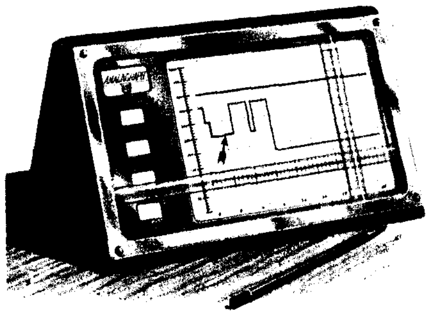

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GOD'S UNDERGROUND IN RUSSIA

Continued from page 21

privacy was after they had gone to bed, and in Russia that is very late.

I always waited until midnight to make my preparations. Then I would spread out a copy of Pravda so that I could cover the materials of the Mass and lean protectively over them across my bed in case of interruption. The wine I carried in a bottle marked "Iodine." The hosts were concealed among my aspirins.

One night, when I had been in Moscow a week, there was a knock on my door as I was ready to begin. I flung myself along the length of the bed and cried, "Come in."

It was a woman captain in the NKVD (known first as the O.G.P.U. and now as the MVD) who had a room across the hall. She seemed surprised to find me clothed and with a candle burning. She herself was dressed for the night. I knew her. Her husband, another secret police officer, was away for a few days.

"I'm lonely," she said. "I thought perhaps you were lonely, too."

I cast about for a subject that would stop her flirtatious approach. Most people like to talk about their own childhood. So I said, "I have wanted to talk to you. Sit down. Tell me about your childhood, Comrade. Where is your father?"

"My father's dead," she said sharply. "He was a doctor."

"Where?" I persisted.

"Moscow . . . Kiev . . . other places. And once, when I was a child. . . ."

The device had worked. She began to tell me her memories of her father, whom she had adored. As she spoke of his kindness, and his sacrifices for his patients, her mood softened. She mentioned the possibility of an afterlife for such a man.

For two hours I told this girl the basic truths of Christianity. When she left at four o'clock I proceeded with my Mass, and said a prayer for her.

The next night she returned and I gave her a second instruction. At the end she said her husband would be back the following day. Might she bring him to talk with me?

"Of course," I said.

After another week she brought a second couple to me, and then a third. Before I left Moscow I had baptized seven members of the dreaded NKVD.

Ilyena Knew the Kremlin Gossip

I could not stay, but the seed that was planted then has flourished. How such groups spread I learned from a woman named Ilyena. Her address had been given to me by her brother, one of the Comrades at the front. He was not a Christian and neither, I supposed, was she. He had said to me, "If you get to Moscow, look up Ilyena. She has plenty of beaux among the party big shots. She can tell you the gossip of the Kremlin before it's taken place."

Ilyena was a widow, living in an apartment that was the most prosperous-looking I had seen in Russia. We sat on pretty, well-cushioned chairs and drank tea from fine French china. While she was in the kitchen for a moment her ten-year-old daughter asked me gravely about a Balkan army medal I had on. It had the shape of a Greek cross. I wore it simply because I found it carried a certain prestige value.

"Christos," murmured the child.

"What do you know of *Christos?"* I asked. As I spoke Ilyena returned. Setting down the tea she turned to me.

"It is so hard to know what to do in Russia today," she said. "My child may suffer because I have made her a Christian, but I have spared her the alternative—life in the bleak universe I knew."

Then she told me her story. When she was a university student she had been president of the Comsomol. Utterly loyal to the party, she believed, too, in the pursuit of truth. But in her second year there were things that began to trouble her and she went to see a party official.

"You tell us," she said, "that material comfort for the masses is the goal of our state. Yet we have nothing but misery. You tell us the Soviet exists for the contentment of the workers, yet the workers are never safe and may disappear without warning. These people have never offended the regime. How can you pretend they are counterrevolutionists? I am puzzled, Comrade Secretary. Tell me. I want to know."

Faith in Marxism Is Shaken

The official evaded her questions. Ilyena was disturbed, and the more she observed, the graver grew her doubts of Marxism. Finally, she went to talk to a friend and was surprised to find the second girl had come to the same conclusion. Her friend introduced her to a priest. He talked to her and loaned her many books to read, and she became a Christian. Still, she kept up her friendships with party leaders.

"Some of them will see the fallacy of the Marxian doctrine we have been taught," she said. "I want them to have someone there to help them when they do!"

When I last heard she had brought fourteen others to Christianity.

The story of Vova is more startling. He was a young soldier I met near Leningrad. I had known him for several weeks before he abruptly decided to tell me his story.

As a schoolboy he had been a member of the Militant Atheist League cell in his Communist youth organization. When he was sixteen he began to have doubts. One of his friends, who worked as a bellboy in a hotel used by foreigners, brought Vova and a group of his friends a number of magazines that had been printed in the West. Some of these contained articles on religion and philosophy.

One night a friend gave Vova a bundle of papers covered with writing in longhand. It was a rough copy of the Gospel According to Saint Luke. Vova read it and passed it on to other Comrades and, inside their Militant Atheists' League cell, this group formed a core of secret Christians.

Just at that time the government was organizing new collective farms. Vova and company applied for and received a license for a piece of land and building materials. In the structure they put up with their own hands they organized an underground monastery; for two years they led a monastic life of prayer and work. The end came quickly when the secret police discovered their Bible. Vova and one other managed to escape by night, but the rest were imprisoned.

"There are other secret monasteries in Russia," he told me. "Some time ago the government raided and closed two of them, condemning the monks to join the 15,000,000 men and women in the concentration camps."

At the seventeenth convening of the Bolshevik Congress a resolution was passed admitting the Soviets "have not yet pierced the ideological front of the church. This shows a misunderstanding of the fact that the religious ideal is one of the principal obstacles to the social transformation of the country, and that religion and Socialism are incompatible."

Izvestia complained of the lack of "active atheism among even the Comsomols, workers, Red Army. Their tolerance of religious obscurantism is unpardonable."

Emil Varoslavsky, chief of the Militant Atheists' League, admitted in his book defending atheism that "two thirds of the village and one third of the urban populations believe in God."

By 1940 the MAL confessed failure. Pravda reported this. In an emergency congress the vice-president of the League admitted that only ten of the organization's clubs showed any vigor. Members were dropping out, and in some villages teachers were opening classes with prayers. The scandalized meeting heard that in some towns Communist party members had been tried for hanging icons in their homes, that children in Semenov had been caught circulating hand-written prayers, that in a Leningrad factory, workers were found reading the Bible aloud during lunch hour.

Such overt practices of religion have been more dangerous to Christians at some times than at others. There have been three separate periods of intensive persecution. Today with another "toleration" period apparently coming to an end, with the party faithful being reminded that atheism is their duty, it seems likely that the religious underground is stronger than ever before.

My best sources estimated that the youth groups (sometimes called "Christsomol") had as many members as the official Communist youth groups, the "Comsomol." This would mean that some 2,000,000 children are secretly instructing one another in Christianity. The estimates of adult believers, which vary from one third to four tenths of the population, would involve between 67 and 80 millions. Perhaps half of these are reached by the underground militants—the traveling priests, the wandering minstrels and other men who smuggle the faith to them.

An Underground Priest's Story

Through Vova, I met one of the "traveling priests." This priest told me that their numbers run to thousands and that the 5,665 registered priests are probably less numerous than the men, like himself, who work underground. I talked to him in the cellar storeroom of a large apartment house. We sat on upturned packing boxes, our gloomy corner lighted by a single candle's wick.

The old man, who had a noble, serene face, told me he had been underground for fifteen years—an "unregistered" priest who passed as a hardware salesman. He concealed his Mass kit among his samples and carried his censer in his pack.

This underground hero had wandered over much of Russia, administering the sacraments to villagers whose churches had been destroyed. As I listened to him describe one of his narrow escapes a light knock came at the door. We were joined by a friend whom he introduced as another Orthodox priest, and who could hardly have been twenty-five years old.

"How did you receive your training?" I asked him in astonishment.

He smiled. "A few years ago torture would not have made me answer that," he said. "But since our secret has been discovered by the secret police there is no point in my not telling you. I am a graduate of the Moscow cellar seminary. It was destroyed when the police found it."

The seminary, an Orthodox theological school under Archbishop Batholomey, was run in connection with an unregistered church. Courses in theology and Scripture were actually taught in a cellar, to young men in the dead of night. Some of the graduates became traveling salesmen. In the towns they visited they made friends of young people, organizing soccer teams and singing groups. Then when they had won the youngsters' confidence they taught them the truth about God.

Administer Sacraments Secretly

The secret priests continue to work in God's underground, hidden from the eyes of the MVD by a score of different disguises, baptizing and marrying, hearing confessions and giving Holy Communion to the Orthodox believers.

But priests are not the only men who work this way. In a village near Samara I was taken to hear a traveling singer. On the side of a lake a great bonfire had been built. Here the troubadour played an accordion while peasants chanted the choruses of his songs. As one of them began, my Christian friends nudged me. The singer seemed to be telling a simple love story of the old, prerevolution days. But I soon caught the notes of the Russian Church's Easter hymn, "Christos Boskrese." An old man's voice took it up and soon the whole crowd was singing with him.

Minstrels like this keep the religious songs alive where churches are few.

There was no church at all in the town where I met Fiodr and his wife.

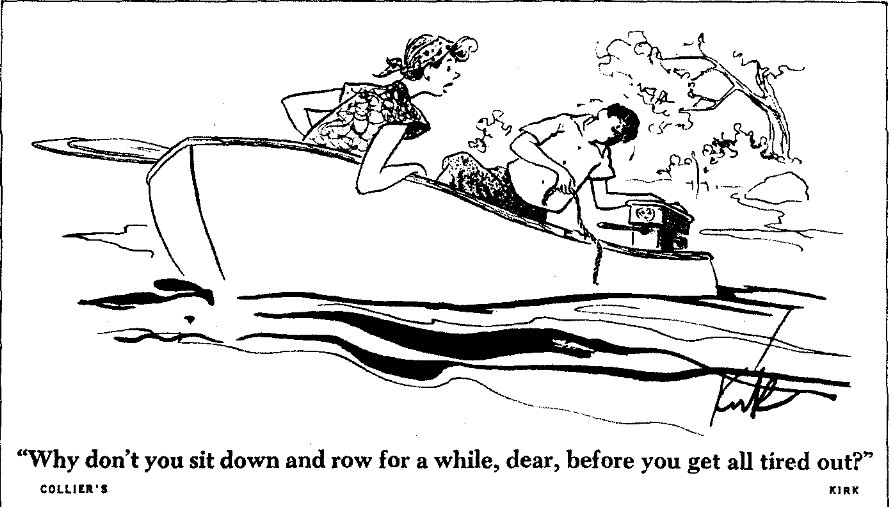
"We are post-office Christians," he told me.

In towns where churches no longer existed there were "post-office" Christians, like Fiodr and his wife.

When Fiodr's grandfather died religious funerals had been forbidden and, in any case, no priest was near enough to conduct the services. So Fiodr's grandmother smuggled a message to one of the surviving priests in Samara asking him to consecrate a little earth so she might scatter it on her husband's grave. That was the beginning. From then on, other things were sent to the priest—wedding rings and water for baptisms.

There are not many communities where religion is admitted so openly. More often Christians guard their secret as carefully as do Vanya and Elka. But in the cold war that is keeping the world tense, we who are outside Russia must never confuse the Russian people with the tiny minority who are Communists. I discovered there are millions who have kept the faith alive and millions more who are eager to learn of it.

THE END



"Why don't you sit down and row for a while, dear, before you get all tired out?"

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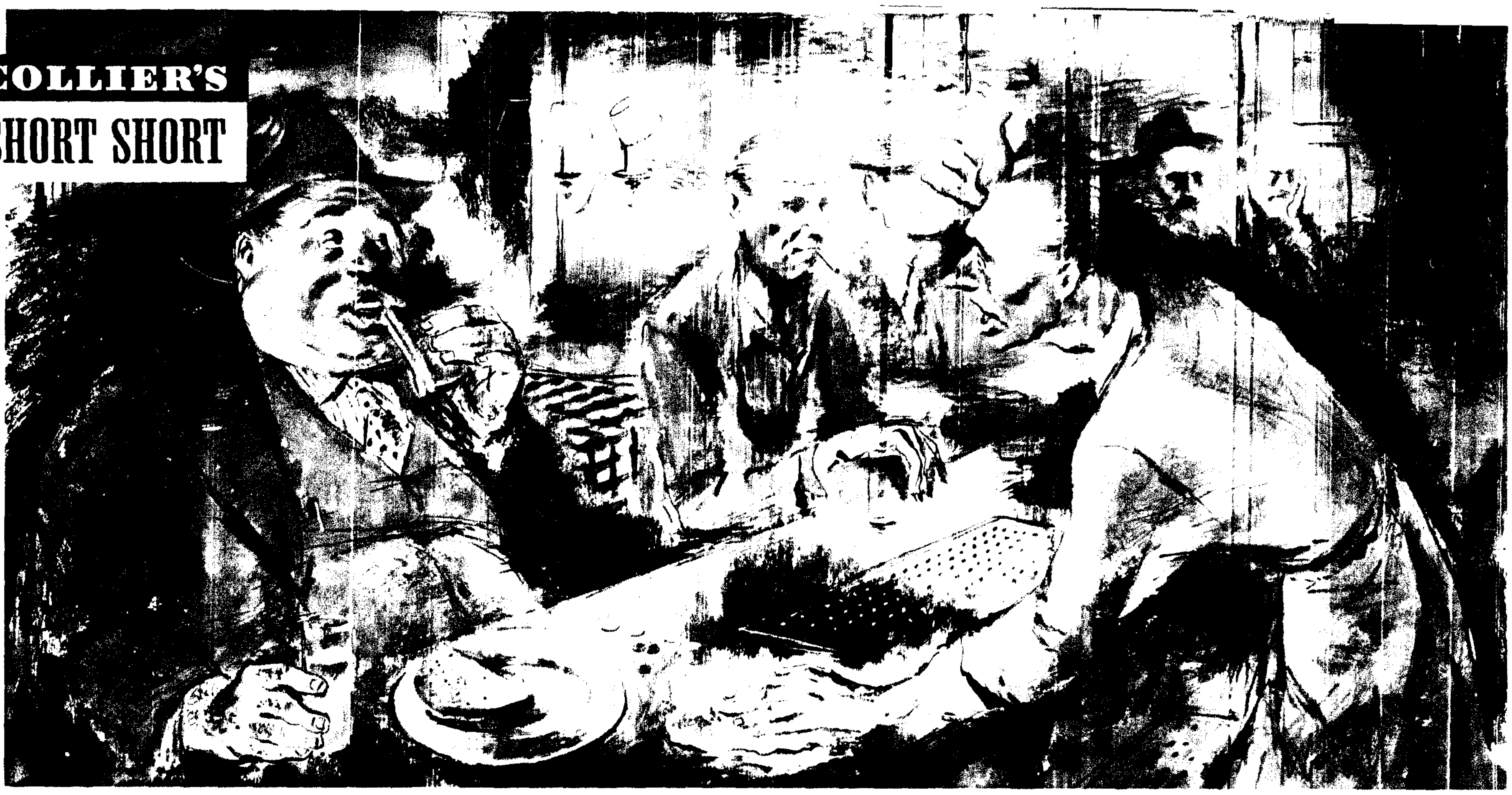
COLLIER'S

SHORT SHORT



HAM ON CHEESE ON RYE

BY FREDERIC SINCLAIR

BEFORE he went to the washroom the fat man picked up his change off the bar. When he came back, the bartender said, "You shouldn't have picked up your change like that."

"It's my change." The fat man wasn't sore. He was just challenging.

The bartender wasn't sore, either. He was just aggrieved. "They think you think they might have swiped it." His nod took in everybody standing at the small bar.

The fat man looked down the bar. There were six of them. Oldish men. They were all staring at themselves in the back-bar mirror. Some were tall. Some were short.

"Did they tell you that?"

"Of course not. I know, though. It's just etiquette."

"But it's my change. Why shouldn't I pick it up? You just don't leave dough laying around."

The bartender said, "You want another beer, Mister?"

So the fat man bought another beer. He paid for it with a quarter. The bartender rang up the sale and placed fifteen cents on the bar in front of the fat man.

"Say," the fat man said, "don't they ever buy a drink?"

"Who?"

"Them." The fat man dipped his head at the other customers. "I been here an hour and they haven't spent a dime yet."

"How do you think they got them beers in front of them? They're just slow drinkers."

"Yeah," said the fat man.

He drank his beer. A clock ticked. None of the customers spoke. They hardly moved. They just looked in the mirror. The fat man bought another beer. The cash register hummed; the dime clinked in.

After a while, the fat man said, "You serve food?"

"Yeah. Ham sandwich. Cheese sandwich. Or both."

"Oh." The fat man gave it thought. "Fix me up a ham on cheese on rye."

The bartender eyed the fat man's nickel. "Ham on cheese on rye costs thirty cents."

"Okay," said the fat man. "And some mustard."

"Thirty-five cents."

"You charge for the mustard!"

"Look, Mister," said the bartender. "I don't get mustard for free."

The fat man took his hat off, rubbed his bald head and put his hat back on. "Yeah," he said. "Fix me a ham on cheese on rye. No mustard."

"No mustard!"

"No. No mustard."

A customer coughed. The fat man looked down the bar. Everybody was looking in the mirror. The fat man picked up his nickel from the bar. He put the nickel in his pocket. He stared at the bartender. Then he went to the washroom again.

When he came back the bartender was waiting. He held a ham on cheese on rye on a dish. "Thirty cents," he said.

The fat man said, "I'll have another beer."

Putting the plate and sandwich on the back bar, the bartender refilled the fat man's glass. "Forty cents," he said.

The fat man brought out the nickel and some pennies. He dropped them on the bar and dug for his wallet. He pulled out a dollar and dropped that on the bar, too.

It was picked up almost immediately. The bartender placed sixty cents change on the bar in front of the fat man. Then he reached back and picked up the plate and sandwich and slid it on the bar.

"Thank you," said the fat man.

"Any time," said the bartender. He wiped the bar. "You just added insult to injury," he said. "Picking up your change again like you did when you went to the washroom just now. A lousy nickel!"

The fat man was silent.

"It's guys like you that gives places like this a bad name," the bartender said. "Don't you think they got any feelings?"

"Who?"

"Them." The bartender nodded down the bar at the customers. The fat man inspected them again. They were all in profile. In front of each was a glass. The glasses had progressive rings of old foam. Each glass was nearly empty.

"No," said the fat man. "I don't think they've got any feelings."

"Well, they have," said the bartender. "Just like you and me."

"And you think they think I think they'd swipe my change if I left it on the bar when I ain't here?"

"It's a fact."

"H'mm," said the fat man. He took another bite out of one half of the sandwich and chewed thoughtfully.

"Flat, ain't it, without mustard?" said the bartender.

"It's not bad," the fat man said. "The beer helps." He picked at a tooth with his little finger. "Got a toothpick?" he asked.

"A toothpick!" said the bartender.

"Yeah, I want to pick a tooth."

THE bartender looked dubious but he moved down the bar and disappeared. He returned some minutes later. He placed a paring knife in front of the fat man. "Here," he said.

The fat man looked at the knife. "What's that for?"

"We ain't got no toothpicks. So whittle one." The bartender indicated a bar ash tray with an inverted box of wooden matches. "Make your own."

"Skip it," said the fat man. "Give me a glass."

"Of beer?"

"No. An empty glass. I want to get a drink of water," the fat man said.

"Water!" said the bartender aghast. "You wanna drink water? Here!"

The fat man pursed his lips. "I want a glass so I can get a glass of water and rinse out my mouth," he explained. "I got something in my tooth."

The bartender shook his head and got a wet glass from under the bar. Then he took the paring knife and went into the kitchen.

Holding the glass, the fat man reached toward his change. A customer coughed. The fat man took his hand off the bar. He pondered. He dug at a tooth with his tongue. Finally, he left the bar. He left his sixty-five cents and three pennies on the bar.

When he came back, the bartender was just returning from the kitchen. They met at the bar. "Get it out?" asked the bartender.

The fat man shook his head. "Give me another beer," he said.

The bartender served him another beer. "That'll be ten cents."

The fat man gestured at the bar. "Take it out of the change," he said.

The bartender looked at the bar. "What change?"

"My change." The fat man stopped drinking his beer and looked down at the bar. There were three pennies there. That was all.

"Hey!" said the fat man. "My change is gone. Sixty-five cents. I left it there when I went to the washroom."

"*You* left it there?"

"Yeah. Right there. On the bar. Now it's gone."

The bartender placed both hands flat on the bar. "Look, Mister," he said; "you've always picked up your change."

"Yeah, but—"

"Even a lousy nickel!"

"Yeah, I know, but—"

"And now you say change *you* left on the bar is gone." The bartender leaned forward. "What is this?"

The fat man peered under the plate which contained the uneaten half of the ham on cheese on rye. No change.

"Well?" said the bartender.

The fat man breathed hard. He sought for and found his wallet. "All I've got is a five." His voice was tight.

"I can change it."

The cash register hummed. The bartender counted four one-dollar bills and ninety cents in change out on the bar in front of the fat man.

A customer coughed.

Another customer, the one nearest the fat man, said, "I'll have a beer. Give my friends a beer, too." He dribbled sixty cents on the bar. "Have one yourself," he said to the bartender. "A short one." He dropped another nickel on the bar.

"Thanks, boys," said the bartender. He bobbed under the bar for glasses. "Well, whaddyaknow!" he said. He handed something to the fat man. "Here you are, Mister."

It was a toothpick. "On the house," the bartender said.

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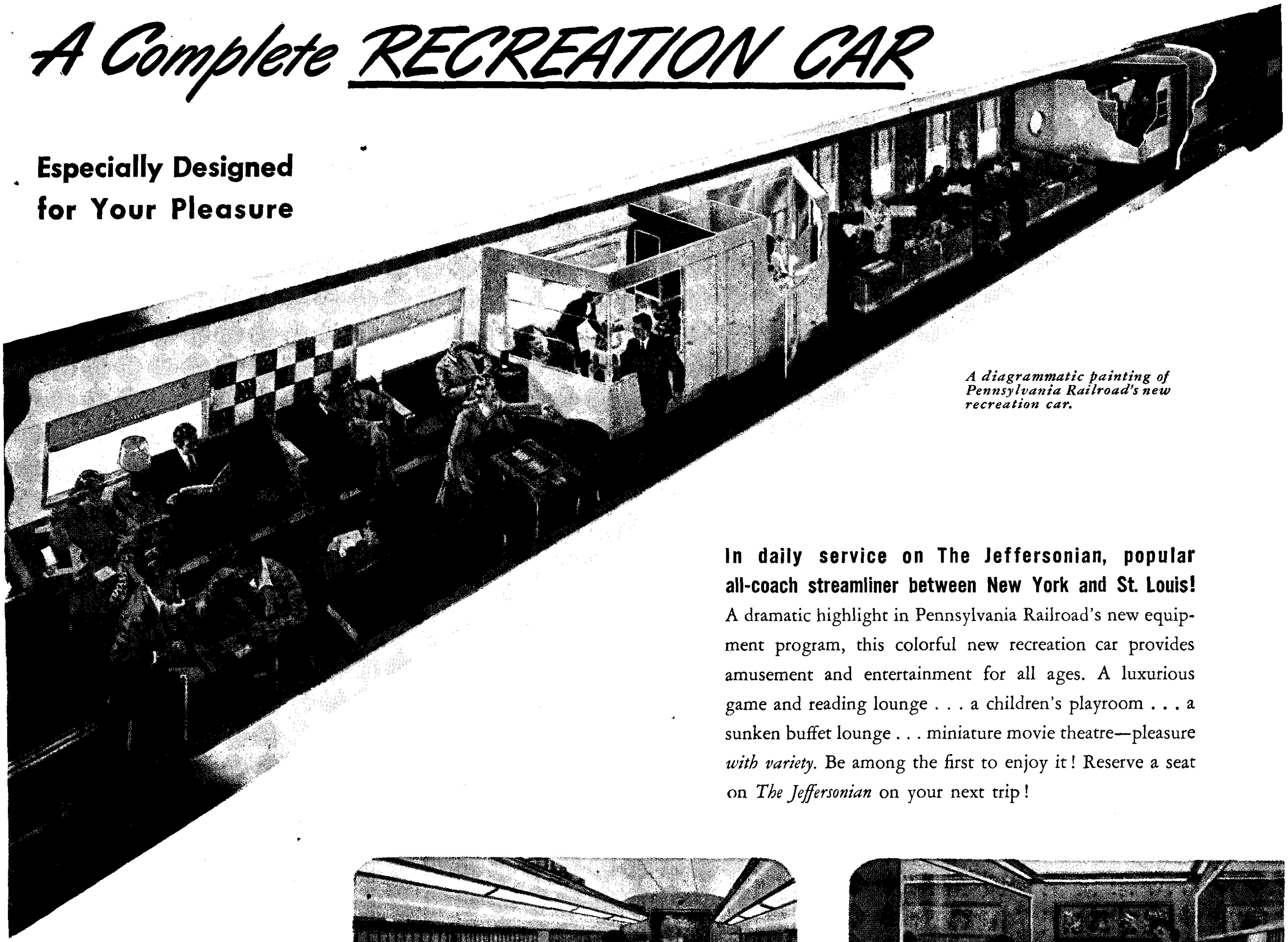

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SHAKESPEARE SHOULD DROP DEAD

Continued from page 27

interesting. Now, if you consider the great writer Charles Dickens, 1812 to 1870, whose books I am happy to say I have read nearly all of, then it's something else again."

"Gee!" says Mabel.

"Talkin' of that," I says, "whose writings have long formed the basis of education in China?"

"Joey," Mabel says, "stop interrupting."

"What's going on here?" Raphael says.

"Confucius," I says. "The one whose writings have long formed the basis of education in China. Confucius."

"So what?" Mabel says.

"I just thought you'd like to know."

"So now we know, so let Raphael finish what he's saying."

I SIT back and give Raphael a little more time. I can see I got him worried. He keeps looking at me. After a while he stops to catch his breath, and Mabel says, "Ain't it wonderful what this man knows, Joey? What an intellect!"

Raphael gets pink in the face, he's so happy about his intellect.

I says, "He's not bad for an amateur. It reminds me of a guy askin' me the other day, 'What is the Holy City of the Hindus, Joe?' he says."

"What?" Mabel says.

"I answer him right off. Benares."

"Where's that?" Sherman says.

"What difference?" I says, "You goin' there?"

"It seems to me, Joey," Mabel says, "that you're suddenly in possession of a lot of education, which I know for a fact you didn't have up to last week."

"I been studyin' up a little," I says.

"You're studyin', Joey? And you learned all this already?" She suddenly looks happy. "Gee!" she says.

Raphael says, "I don't see anything so remarkable about it. Anybody can answer questions he asks himself, especially when he makes them so easy even he can answer them."

"Oh, yeah?" I says. "I suppose you know how far are we from the sun."

"Gee, that's a tough one, all right," Mabel says. "Do you know, Joey?"

"Sure I know."

"Well," Raphael says, gettin' pinker in the face, "everybody knows it's a long way to the sun, but if you think the exact distance is so important, with people starving in Europe, then you might as well tell us."

"Ninety-three million miles," I says.

"Gee!" says Mabel.

"I can't get over it," Sherman says.

Mabel says, "You don't have to be so smart about it, neither, Sherman, a kid who can't even pass in Seven B and needs a tutor to help him, if we can afford it."

I'm feelin' pretty good around this time. "Well, well," I says, "so the little genius is gettin' left back, is that it? I always thought Sherman is a regular Einstein in school."

"Look who's talkin' about Einstein," Sherman says, "as if you even know who he was."

"Yeah?" I says. "If you're so smart, what's the world's greatest cotton port?"

"New Orleans," he says.

The little stinker is right.

"We had it in geography last week," he says.

"Ha, ha," Raphael says, "look at what Joe is showing off with. Stuff even a kid in school knows better than he does."

Mabel doesn't say anything. She is looking at me with a funny look I know from way back. It's the way a cat looks at a canary, only more friendly. It don't give me a friendly feeling.

"Joey," she says, "that gives me a wonderful idea."

"Now wait a minute," I says.

"If you know all about what Sherman is learning in school, like what's the biggest cotton port New Orleans, then you can help him with his homework and we don't have to pay for a tutor."

Right from the beginning, I know it's a losing fight. I tell her I'm too busy. She don't believe me. I tell her I ain't feelin' up to it. She gives me an aspirin.

"How about Raphael helpin' Sherman?" I says.

"Joey!" she says. She's shocked. "I couldn't ask Raphael to do a thing like that! Anyway, Raphael and I got a date to go someplace tonight, so you can start right in."

"Aw, now, Mabel," I says.

She pulls me over to one side and whispers, "You don't want Raphael to think you don't know enough to teach a kid in Seven B, do you? Go ahead."

What can I do? It's only round two, and I'm on the ropes. Mabel and Raphael put on their things and go out. I start in teaching Sherman.

It ain't easy. I'm a long time out of Seven B and anyways it wasn't one of my good years. The only way I can even keep up with Sherman is to rent a set of schoolbooks from a kid lives next door to me who is also in Seven B. The kid soaks me two bits a night rent. A shmoe and his dough are soon parted.

That ain't the worse part of it. Every night I'm at Mabel's house with Sherman, and Mabel is out someplace with Raphael Pottley every night. My head is busting from thinking so much about Sherman's homework. And my heart ain't in much better shape.

This goes on for two weeks, and it's got me down. I'm losin' weight. I'm losin' my girl. Finally, I can see there's only one way left. I throw myself on her mercy.

THIS one night, I'm workin' late at her house after Sherman's in bed, on a composition he needs for English. About eleven o'clock I hear Mabel come in and say good night to Raphael at the door. When she walks in the parlor it makes me feel sad. She looks as pretty as a cherry sundae, with the red hair and all.

"Hello, baby," I says.

"Hello, Joey," she says.

There's a pause. I says, "It don't feel like old times. Does it, baby?"

She gets a gentle look on her face. "Gee, you look terrible, Joey, like what the cat dragged in."

"I feel terrible," I says. "I miss you."

"Gee, Joey," she says, "I don't want to be mean to you, or nothin'."

"How do you think I feel?" I says. "The girl I been goin' with for seven years suddenly starts goin' out with another guy."

"Eight years," she says.

"Okay, eight years," I says, "only where do you go every night while I'm writin' compositions for English?"

"Where do we go?" she says. "To quiz programs. Where do you think?"

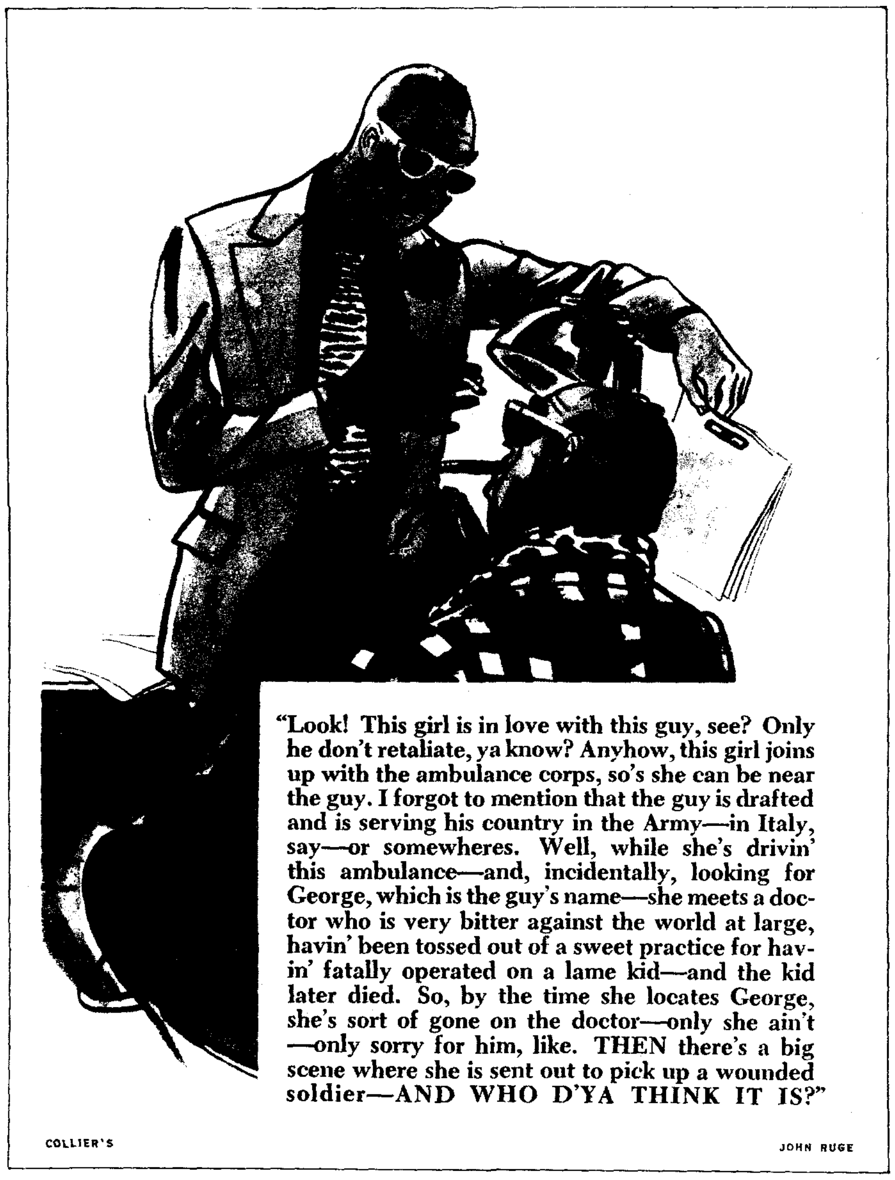
"Quiz programs?" I says. "On the radio?"

"Where else?" she says. "As soon as I can get Raphael picked for a contestant, we're gonna make a lot of money. Gee, what a brain on that guy!"

"You mean you and him are gonna make money together," I says, "like a couple?"

"Well," she says, "he ain't said nothin' yet, but a girl can tell."

It's worse than I thought. I says, "How



"Look! This girl is in love with this guy, see? Only he don't retaliate, ya know? Anyhow, this girl joins up with the ambulance corps, so's she can be near the guy. I forgot to mention that the guy is drafted and is serving his country in the Army—in Italy, say—or somewheres. Well, while she's drivin' this ambulance—and, incidentally, looking for George, which is the guy's name—she meets a doctor who is very bitter against the world at large, havin' been tossed out of a sweet practice for havin' fatally operated on a lame kid—and the kid later died. So, by the time she locates George, she's sort of gone on the doctor—only she ain't—only sorry for him, like. THEN there's a big scene where she is sent out to pick up a wounded soldier—AND WHO D'YA THINK IT IS?"

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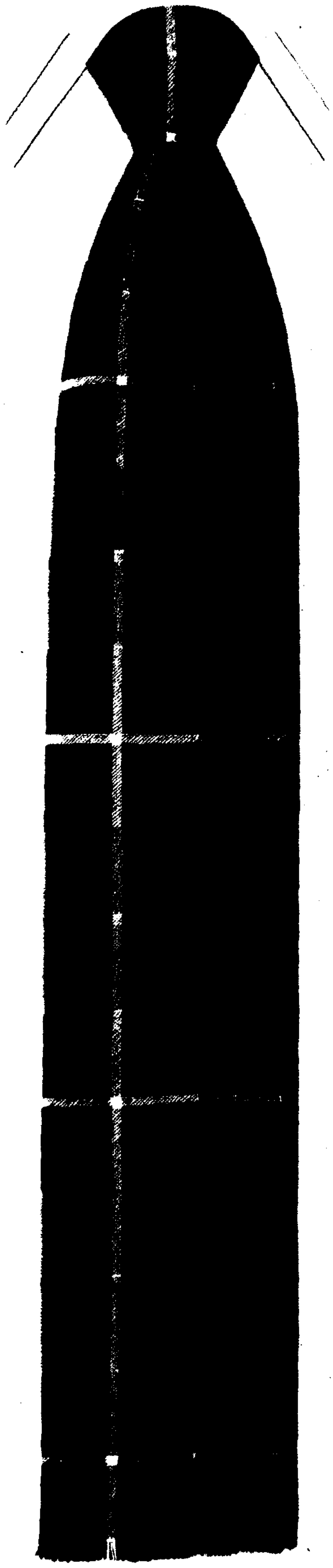

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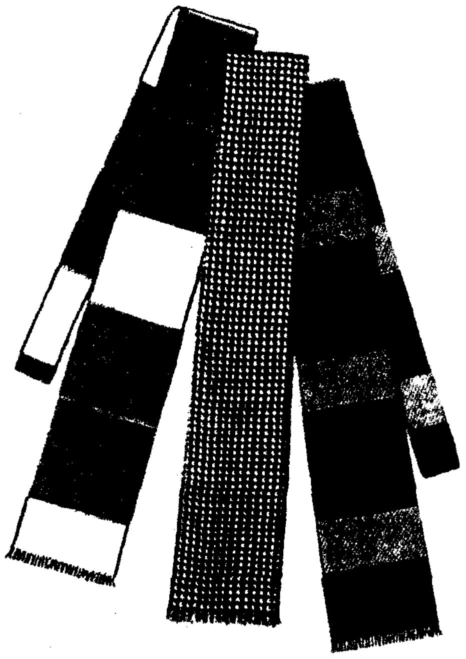

Wembley*

Wears... and Wears
...and Wears

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
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about you and me, baby? You gotta give me a chance."

"You had eight years," she says. I got no answer for that one. It's a crisis. But I can see from her expression she's thinkin'. It gives me hope.

"Joey," she says, very thoughtful, "I bet you hafta know a lot of things to teach Sherman, don't you?"

"Sure," I says. "I'm no dope, if that's what you mean."

She thinks some more. Suddenly she gets a bright look on her face. I hold my breath.

"A battle of the brains," she says. "For *a de luxe refrigerator and me in the bargain!*"

"What?"

"I made up my mind," she says. She smiles at me. "You can come to the quiz shows also, Joey."

"Thanks," I says, "only what did you say about—"

"I'll get you and Raphael both on a quiz show, see, and whoever wins the intellectual battle of wits wins my hand in matrimony also. What do you say?"

"Matrimony?" I says. It's goin' too fast.

She gives me a look as hard as a two-day old bagel.

"Nobody is forcing you," she says.

You see how she works it? Nobody *is forcing me,* but no matter which way I turn I'm as dead as a strip act in a nudist camp. If I win, I lose, and not vice versa, neither. You gotta hand it to the women. If you don't, they take it, anyways.

MABEL and me and Raphael start goin' to quiz programs every night. I feel like a pig goin' to the slaughterhouse. Raphael is happy about the whole thing. Every night we're at a different program. Every night Raphael keeps score on how he would do, if they would only pick him. After two weeks he figures he woulda won a trip to Hollywood, twenty pairs of nylon stockings, a thousand, seven hundred and eighty-three dollars in cash and two free weddings. I just sit there and sweat. Thirty-two dollars I woulda won altogether on a baseball question, and I woulda give that back on the sixty-four-dollar one.

Then one night, as sure as death from taxes, we're sittin' at a program they call "You Better Be Right—Or Else!" Before I even know what's happenin', a guy with a big smile and wavy hair comes over to where we're sittin', points to me and Raphael, and I'm sittin' on the stage with the lights shinin' in my eyes. Raphael is on one side of me. Mabel is on the other side. She ain't a contestant, but she's more excited than anybody.

She whispers to me, "This is the big moment, Joey. Confidentially, I'm rootin' for you."

This shoulda made me feel good, ex*cept I don't feel nothin'.* A guy comes over and asks me my name. I can hardly remember what it is.

"You're not nervous, are you, Mr. Sparton?" the radio guy says. "Ha, ha."

"Ha, ha," I says.

"Ha, ha," he says, and walks away. It's a *jolly-type program. Everybody is* laughin'. Except me. The program starts. It's the beginnin' of the end.

I only got a foggy memory of what happens that night on the stage. I remember most of the time the master of ceremonies is laughin' his head off and the people in the audience are screamin'. I sit there thinkin' that any minute I'm gonna make a dope outta myself from coast to coast, including Canada, and lose my girl into the bargain.

I sneak a look at Raphael. He's got a funny green look on his face. The next minute the master of ceremonies points to him, and Raphael walks up to the microphone.

"Ha, ha," the master of ceremonies says. "Here is your question, Mr. Pottley. Who fiddled while Rome burned?"

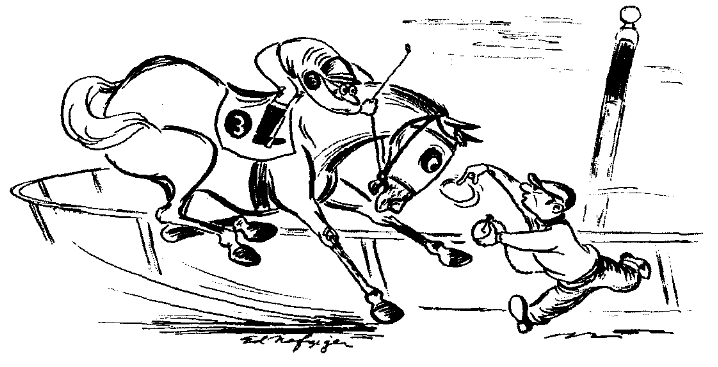
This sounds like an easy one for Raphael, who is a music specialist. Everybody waits. Raphael don't say nothin'. He just looks a little greener.

"Ten seconds, Mr. Pottley," the M.C. says. "Tell me, do you get down on your *knee* when you *row* a boat? Ha, ha."

I look at Raphael. His eyes are poppin' out. He's shakin' all over. He is as green as a lime. The genius can't open his mouth from stage fright!

A buzzer buzzes. The M.C says, "The answer is Nero! You weren't right, Mr. Pottley. And now—Or Else!"

Everybody starts screamin'. I can



ED NOFZIGER

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—Lewis P. Towns, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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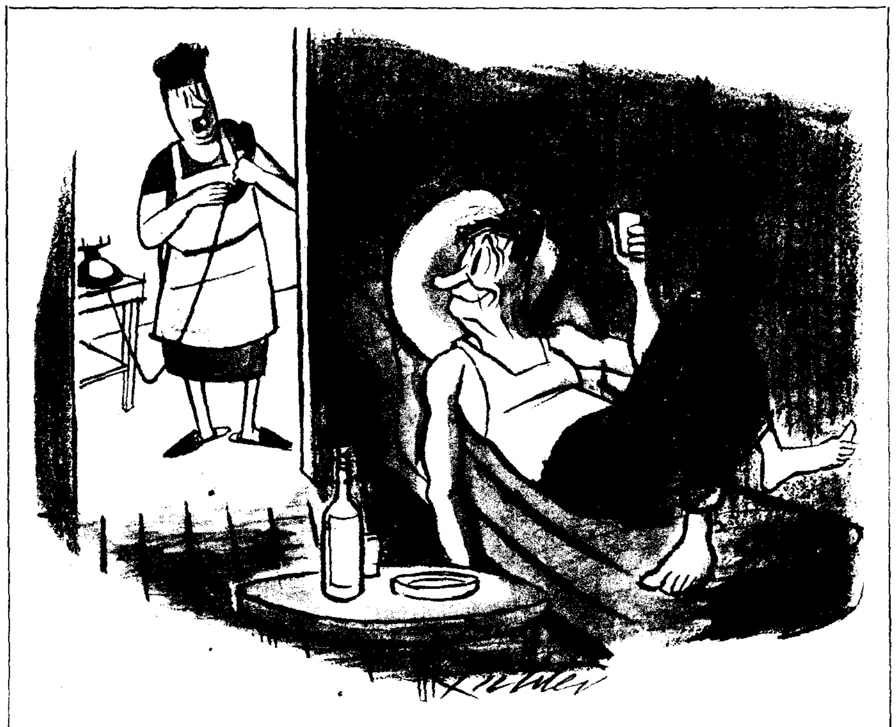


"—You don't want to run for President, do you, Joe?"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

hardly look. I hear the M.C. tellin' Raphael he is supposed to be a railroad train carryin' the mail, and he's got to get through a storm. They turn a shower on him and shove a piece of coal in his mouth. Then they tell him to sing, Casey Jones. The place is in an uproar.

Somebody hits Raphael on the head and hollers, "Low bridge!" The people laugh. They light a fire under him and holler, "Hotbox!" The people scream.

There are only two serious people in the whole place. Mabel is one. She says, "What a humiliation, honest!" I'm the other one. I'm next.

The M.C. says, "Thank you for being a fine sport, Mr. Pottley." He gives him a free razor blade that the sponsor is selling, and Raphael goes off the stage, dripping wet and staggering. It's the last we see of him.

The next thing I know I'm up at the microphone, opposite this guy who is grinnin' at me with his big teeth. "Well, well, Mr. Sparton," he says. "I'm afraid we've got a tough one for you."

"Wonderful," I says.

"You Better Be Right . . . Or Else!" he says.

The people laugh like crazy. I just stand there. It's the finish.

"All right," the M.C. says, "here it is. What is the Holy City of the Hindus? That's a tough one, all right. What is the Holy City of . . ."

"The Holy City of the Hindus?" I says. I got a funny stranglin' feeling, like I can't breathe. "Is that what you said? Wait a minute! Hold it!" I'm thinking so hard I can't see straight. The Holy City of the Hindus. It's right out of my quiz book! "Benares!" I holler. "Benares! The Holy City of the Hindus! I win, Mabel! I win!"

What a wonderful feeling! In front of a million people, I get the correct answer. The next minute something hits me in the face. A custard pie. A guy walks up and pours a pail of cold water over my head. Another guy kicks me in the pants.

"Hey!" I says. "What goes on here? I got the right answer!"

"You're correct, Mr. Sparton," the M.C. says, "but you pronounced it wrong. Ha, ha! Here is your five dollars. You're a fine sport."

I'm haulin' off to let this joker have one right where he's grinnin', but Mabel comes up and takes me by the arm and leads me off the stage. Even dripping wet, I feel good. Coast to coast, I'm right. Benares.

"It's only the beginning, Joey," Mabel says. "We're gonna make a fortune as soon as you learn how to pronounce things right."

"I made five bucks, didn't I?" I says.

She looks shy and gets red in the face. "That ain't all," she says.

In the excitement, I forgot about the rest.

"Congratulations, Joey," she says. "We're engaged to be married."

I can't think of nothin' appropriate to say for the occasion. I take her home and say good night. She tells me to sleep good so I'll be ready for the next quiz program. I tell her I hope she sleeps good, also. I don't sleep at all that night.

I GUESS I would be a married man today, and still goin' to quiz shows, if I was depending on knowledge exclusively. The next night, when I walk into Mabel's, I can't see no way out. I'm sewed up like a patch quilt.

"Well," I says, "what's the program tonight?"

"The program," she says, "is no program." She don't look like a blushing bride, but her face is pink.

"Is something wrong?" I says. "Ain't we goin' to another quiz show?"

"No," she says. "Joey, I hate to say this, after practically promisin' to join the winner in happy matrimony, but you're gonna have to smarten up a little if you want to marry me eventually."

"Eventually?" I says. It's a pretty word.

"Eventually means later on, Joey," she says.

"I know," I says.

"I was never so humiliated in my whole life," she says. "That means ashamed, Joey."

"I know," I says.

"You know, you know!" she hollers. "With what you know, intellectual genius, Sherman only got left back in school, with your composition!"

"Oh," I says.

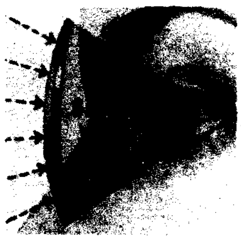
"A composition!" she says. "'Why the Brooklyn Dodgers Will Win the World Series for 1948.'"

"What's the matter with that?" I says. "It's the truth, ain't it?"

She looks at me a long time. Finally she says, "Joey, you're still a nice guy, and I like you. But when Sherman said that about you being a dope, I'm sorry I even corrected him. Honest."

Still, it's like Shakespeare and Mabel says. All is well that ends well. With knowledge, I'm in trouble and married, practically. Without it, I'm single and happy. Right? So what's the odds on knowledge? You see what I mean?

THE END



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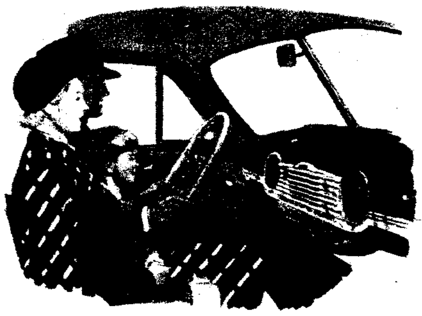

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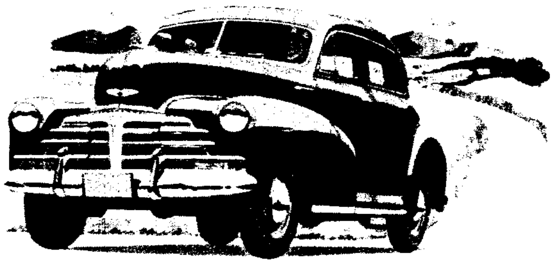

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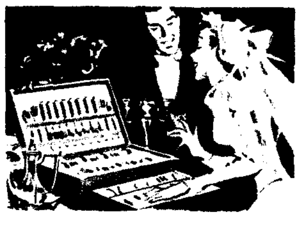

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RICH GIRL, POOR MAN

Continued from page 19

is intelligent, and not to rock on his heels would be very greatly to his discredit. Tell me more."

"We sang while he worked on my car."

"This," said Tío Tomás dryly, "is undoubtedly the grand passion that is said to come once to every man and woman, which is nonsense. He cannot afford you and if he has the proper masculine pride he will not admit it while his mother lives and the expense of her care keeps pace with his income. So you will see him only on the infrequent occasions when you bring your car to him to be serviced. I will, however, investigate him briefly on Monday and if he impresses me I will consider the case further."

ON MONDAY morning Tío Tomás drove his car into Follansbee's shop and told Jud Kirk to tune it. Jud asked him to move over; then he got behind the wheel and drove the car around several blocks and returned to the shop. "I cannot feel, see or hear anything to indicate that it requires tuning, sir," he said. "Sometime, when you have a real job to be done I'll be pleased to skin you to death, but unfortunately this is Monday and every Monday I start the week with a firm resolve to be honest." He took a swift look at the license in its leather case strapped to the steering column and added, "Thank you, Mr. Graydon."

Tío Tomás telephoned Chloe Mae and in Spanish informed her that Judson C. Kirk would do; that she could live fifty years with him and never get a fight out of him, although all the while he would be manhandling her and making her like it. "I'll investigate his background," he concluded, "and if it stands up I'll hobble him for you."

"I can supply it, Tío Tomás. Before we parted on Saturday he had his mother telephone me and invite me to dinner. It's a marvel I wasn't killed in the rush to get there. While Jud was cooking dinner his mother told me all about the Kirk family. When Jud was twelve years old his father, a naval officer, took a submarine down and never came up, so Mrs. Kirk returned to her premarriage job teaching English in junior college. Jud took up some of the slack in the income by carrying two newspaper routes for fifty dollars a month. Somehow he managed to study electrical engineering at Stanford, but when he left, in 1938, there weren't many jobs, so he applied for flight training in the Marine Corps. This, apparently, was the only fun he ever had. After he got his wings he put in a year of active service with the regular establishment, and returned to civil life just as his mother's health failed. Of course he couldn't leave her for a distant job and he couldn't afford to miss any paydays, so they came down here and he went to work for Jim Follansbee. His mother is lovely and I think she liked me. She told me Jud has never had a girl. Isn't that beautiful?"

"It's horrible, but understandable. He probably had a well-deserved reputation for being as poor as a peon. Well, you concentrate on getting invited there a few more times while I'm setting my trap."

"Trap?"

"I'll tell you about it when it's been sprung and I look inside for the victim," Tío Tomás promised. . . .

A month passed, during which no invitations to Jud's house were forthcoming. However, Jud telephoned her at the bank to say that his mother was confined to bed, which was why Chloe Mae had not been asked to come over.

A week later Mr. Howlett, the cashier, brought Judson C. Kirk to the note teller's window and introduced him to Chloe Mae. "I think I know Mr. Kirk," she said. "You fixed my car once, didn't you?"

"Your face seems vaguely familiar," Jud admitted, smiling.

Mr. Howlett said gallantly, "That's hardly a compliment to Miss Coltrane. Young men usually retain a very vivid picture of her." Then to Chloe Mae: "Mr. Pugsley has authorized an open credit of twenty-five hundred dollars to Mr. Kirk, at six per cent."

Chloe Mae filled in a note form, Judson C. Kirk signed it and Mr. Howlett initialed it, then glanced at the wall clock. "Three o'clock. My business day—and career—are now over. Goodby, Miss Coltrane, and good luck to you. Good luck to you also, Mr. Kirk. You'll have it if you meet the monthly amortization payments on that note. Slip up on them and you'll discover the P in Pugsley is different from the P in philanthropist." He shook hands and left them.

"Fired?" Jud queried.

"Resigned. He's marrying a lady with millions."

"I trust she's charming?"

WHEN IS A WOLF

If he's handsome, debonair,
With lazy smile and knowing stare,
The chance is
Girls respond to his glances.

But if he's rather unattractive
When he's amorously active,
He's apt
To be called "wolf" and slapped.

—Dorothy B. Griswold

"She's twelve years his senior, and has a mustache."

"I guess that's the hardest way to earn money—marry it."

"Maybe he needs a sense of security. And she *is* taking him to Florida, where she plans to buy a motor cruiser and spend long idyllic days with him game fishing. But poor Mr. Howlett gets seasick at sight of a high tide."

"A man who marries for money deserves little miseries."

"Don't you suppose it's possible, Mr. Kirk, for a man to love a woman despite her wealth? If you loved a girl who wasn't too awful to look at, or unintelligent, would you refuse to propose to her merely because she had money?"

"I would. Love, in time, can die and be decently interred, but loss of self-respect and independence will ride a man all his days. I'd be expected to be a drone. And no matter how charming such a girl might be I'd always remember she held the whip hand over me and, in a moment of anger, might remind me of my dependence upon her bounty."

"Why, Mr. Kirk, I had no suspicion you were so narrow-minded. You'd penalize the poor girl because of her wealth. Suppose she was willing to give it to charity, and accept whatever livelihood you had to offer her?"

"I wouldn't know, because I'd never get around to asking her."

"I hope you develop into a crusty old bachelor."

"I know you'll never develop into a crusty old spinster."

"I don't know, Mr. Kirk. All the men I meet here seem to be fuddy-duddies—ancient and married." She sighed.

He grinned, and Chloe Mae had an impulse to leap through the window and embrace him. "Your latest fuddy-duddy would like to invite you to a movie occasionally, just to indulge a yearning to hold your hand—" He laid his hand before her; it was impregnated with graphite—"but what self-respecting girl would hold a mitt like that?"

"Only a super-fuddy-duddy would forget that it's dark in movie houses."

"By the way," he smiled, "I am now in business for myself. This bank took over the business of a fine auto-repair shop on Moreno Avenue near Lime Street. Busy corner—ideal for a gas station; shop only five years old and equipment in pretty good shape. I will be pleased to give you superservice." He turned to go. "Well, I'll be seeing you once a month."

"You can mail your check."

"I know, but every little while—say once a month, I like to give myself a present." He winked.

When the bank closed Chloe Mae went up to the office of Tío Tomás. "Have you sprung your trap?" she asked.

"I have," said Tío Tomás. "The bank had to close in on a man who owned a repair shop, so—"

"—So you high-pressured this little deal for Judson C. Kirk. He takes over on the strength of his invisible assets of ability, industry and willingness to accept responsibility. You told Mr. Pugsley Jud should have some working capital." Her eyes shone. "Thank you, Tío Tomás."

Judson C. Kirk was now securely hobbled to the bank of Santa Ana by debt and had a business of his own to fight for.

THAT night Jud's mother passed away. Chloe Mae sent flowers and was the only person, except Jud, to attend the funeral, for the Kirks were strangers in the city. As the two left the cemetery on foot Jud took Chloe Mae's hand and said gently, "You're a working girl—you shouldn't have sent that expensive flower pall."

"The flowers were from my garden." There was a silence.

"Do you know John H. Graydon?"

"Yes, he's the general counsel for the National Bank and chairman of the board. He met you once and liked your way of doing business, so when this foreclosure bobbed up it occurred to him you were just the man to take it over."

"It's a wonderful bargain, and the knowledge that I was headed up the road made Mother's last hours happy."

Jud dismissed the limousine furnished by the mortician and rode home with Chloe Mae in her jalopy. After dropping him off she hurried away, her eyes brimming with tears at the thought of Jud cooking his lonely meal that night.

That was on Thursday. On Sunday morning the Japanese bombed the United States Fleet at Pearl Harbor and half an hour after the first bulletin came over the radio Tío Tomás called on Chloe Mae. He said nothing—just opened his arms to her and held her while she emptied her full heart. There was no need for words. Jud Kirk, who had never had time for play, would now have no time for love. All their scheming had come to naught.

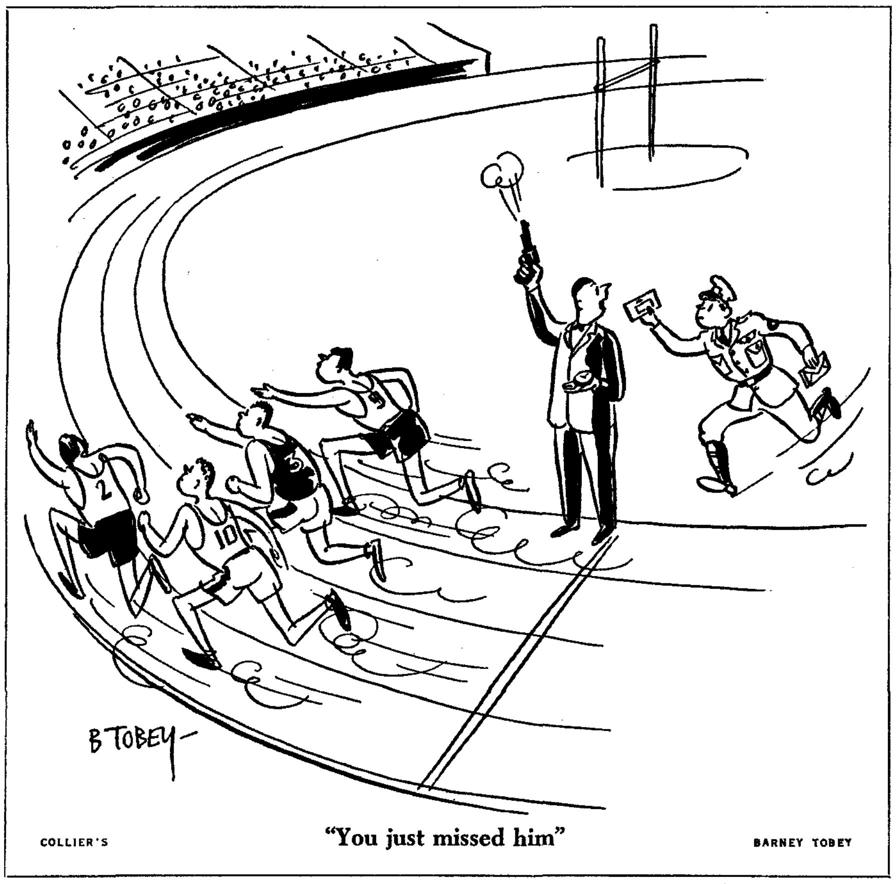
On Monday a *For Sale* banner appeared over the front of Jud's shop. On Friday, Jud appeared in John H. Graydon's office, handed the latter his last will and testament and a sealed envelope, bearing the notation: *To be sent in the event of my death;* the envelope was addressed to Miss Chloe Mae Coltrane. Jud explained to Tío Tomás that he had already received his warning order from the Marine Corps. He had to designate a person to be notified in the event of his death or injury, and he asked if Tío Tomás would act as his next of kin. If the bad news were to come, would Tío Tomás be good enough to break it gently to Miss Coltrane?

Jud was amazed when Tío Tomás at parting, embraced him, kissed him on each cheek and murmured: *"Vaya usted con Dios."*

On Saturday morning Jud appeared before Chloe Mae's window in uniform. "I'm taking off at ten o'clock tonight for Miami—where I'll take a refresher course in flying—and I was wondering if you'd care to drive me in, dine with me and see me off."

"Pick you up at your house at four," Chloe Mae promised—and did. Jud had paid his December rent, the landlord had bought the furniture and all Jud had to do was lock the door and mail the key to the landlord.

Chloe Mae suggested a quiet, out-of-the-way restaurant; she hoped Jud would avail himself of this last opportunity to break down and tell her how he felt about her. But when they arrived at the airport he was still shrouded in the gloom that had enveloped him since they had left Santa Ana. Chloe Mae was very close to tears of frustration while she waited in



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PIN BALL

the car for Jud to pick up his ticket and check his baggage. The plane would not take off for twenty minutes, so he rejoined her and she drove over into the parking area and turned off the lights.

And then Jud said, "Would you mind kissing me goodby?"

"So you want something to remember me by?" Her voice was a whisper.

"No, I don't need that. I love you and am never going to love anybody else. I fell in love with you that morning you came to the shop . . ."

"Jud—" she reached up and caressed his hair, his cheek.

He found her hand and her fingers moved over the calluses on his palm. "In the circumstances—taking off for a war that may last years and from which I stand a good chance of not coming back—I thought it might be kindest not to tell you. In a weak moment I might be selfish and ask you to wait for me. . . ."

Chloe Mae caught her breath and pulled his head down to hers. "Oh, my dear prim, precious darling. Kiss me . . . hold me. We don't have to be engaged. And if when you come back you don't want to marry me, just telephone and say so; such things happen. There won't be any tears, I promise. Now hold me, darling, hold me. . . ."

ONE day in June, 1945, the bad news came. Jud had been shot down in flames at sea and was presumed lost. The following Sunday Tío Tomás brought Jud's will and the letter over to Chloe Mae; Jud had made her his sole heir and what with his insurance, and his account at the bank, it amounted to quite a lot of money. In the letter he told her of his love and said that since she would one day marry he hoped she would keep the money in a personal account, and use it in the event of any personal emergency.

He concluded with a line that caused Tío Tomás to clear his throat noisily and nod a hasty goodby. *I loved you, Chloe. It would take me a lifetime to prove to you how much. Now, it seems, I won't have the chance. Please realize that knowing you was the finest thing that ever happened to me. Goodby, darling, and may God bless you . . .*

A week after V-J Day Chloe Mae read in the paper that Jud had been found in a POW camp on Honshu. A Japanese submarine had picked him up off Okinawa as he floated around in his one-man life raft.

For Chloe Mae, the days that followed were filled with a bursting sweetness, an ecstatic impatience that seemed almost to tear her very heart out.

Then Jud wrote her from the naval hospital in Honolulu; he said nothing about any injuries and his letter was brief and stiff. Chloe Mae sensed that she had lost him long before the night he called up from the naval hospital at Mare Island Navy Yard. There was no joy in his voice.

"Hello, Chloe Mae," he said soberly. "I made it, after all."

"Jud! Are you—are you all right?"

"Well, I'm all in one piece—but some of the pieces aren't standard any more." And then, in a rush to get the dreadful job over, he said, "I've decided to leave Cupid in escrow."

Chloe Mae was too shocked to speak.

"It—it would be an outrage to permit a girl like you to be tied to a guy who will always evoke pity and disgust."

"That sounds honest," said Chloe Mae after a moment, "and I can understand it. Thank you, Jud, for sparing me the sad task of jilting you. You're much too fine a man to marry a wife with one and three-quarter legs."

"What?"

"Ran through a red light, and a truck hit me. I've resigned from the bank—mine was mostly a stand-up job, you know. Goodby, darling. I wish you all the happiness you deserve. I'll never know and never love a finer man." And she hung up. "Go noble on me, will you," she murmured to the telephone receiver. "Now figure that one out."

Jud took his time figuring it out—all of five minutes, before he was back on the line again. "Listen," he said, his throat tight with emotion, "I'll be retired for disability presently. I'm coming down to see you. You have the right of inspection and rejection—and while I look awful to myself I might not look so awful to you. My income will support us both. When my retirement orders come I'll hitch a ride to El Toro Field and you hire a car with a driver and meet me there. I'll phone the hour of my arrival. Listen, just in case, come armed with a blood test. I'll have one too, and if it's a go—"

"If it's a go I'll attend to the details," Chloe Mae promised. . . .

She met him at El Toro Field and watched him limp painfully out to the car, open it and thrust his right hand in. It had been burned from finger tips to mid-forearm and was mottled and red. The fingers were smaller than they should have been; the hand looked spidery. The right side of his face had been burned from below the ear to the corner of his lip. Chloe May spoke no word to him but pinched his scarred cheek and smiled. "It will bleach out, and a good plastic surgeon can do wonders," she said—"although I doubt if he can rescue your silly mug to whiskers. You've been brooding over being burned, haven't you? There's been room for nothing else in your mind. Well, get it into your head that I am not interested in your exhibits A, B and C. I fell in love with a man and he's intact, so step in, boob, and kiss me."

The chauffeur parked in front of the county courthouse and brought the marriage-license clerk down to the car. When he had issued the license, they were married by a roly-poly little priest named Father Monteverde. Chloe Mae had the ring—her grandmother's.

AS THEY left the courthouse, she said, "Do you recall sounding off to me once about not marrying a girl with millions, no matter how much you loved her? In fact, you wouldn't even ask her?"

"Yes, I remember that."

"Well, you've been trapped like a sick old coyote. I own the Coltrane Building and sixty-eight per cent of the National Bank and ninety-six thousand acres of the Santa Ana Valley—mostly in beans; only ten thousand in citrus. My great-grandfather married a Spanish grant in 1841, so if I'm guilty of being a Bean Queen it's his fault."

Jud shook his head incredulously. "You made that repair-shop bargain possible for me?"

"Yes, and when you had to sell I bought your equity. You see, Jud, if you love a man you want to make him happy. Love is service. You and I are going to be married again tonight in the ancestral chapel down on the Castro grant and there'll be a wedding supper to end all wedding suppers. Tío Tomás will give the bride away and at the supper he'll be toastmaster and will read your will and that letter that wasn't to be opened during your lifetime. You must realize, darling, that I, too, want people to know you married me for love, not money."

"I never suspected—"

"Of course you didn't. You never got your head out from under a truck or a car long enough to listen to local gossip; fortunately, the morning I met you I was driving my gardener's old jalopy, because my own car was laid up. So that, combined with the fact that I worked in a bank—when you control a bank you ought to learn something about it—convinced you I was a working girl."

Jud reached over, drew the auto robe from her and gave both her calves a resounding slap.

"Oh, that," Chloe Mae said calmly. "That about my accident was an out-and-out lie. You were going to go noble on me, and in order not to lose you I had to outnoble you. All I had to do was appeal to man's noblest quality—the protective instinct."

After thinking this over about five minutes, Jud said, "I'm an ape."

Chloe Mae's hand slid into his—the calluses were gone. "It's all right, Jud," she said—"because you're my ape."

THE END

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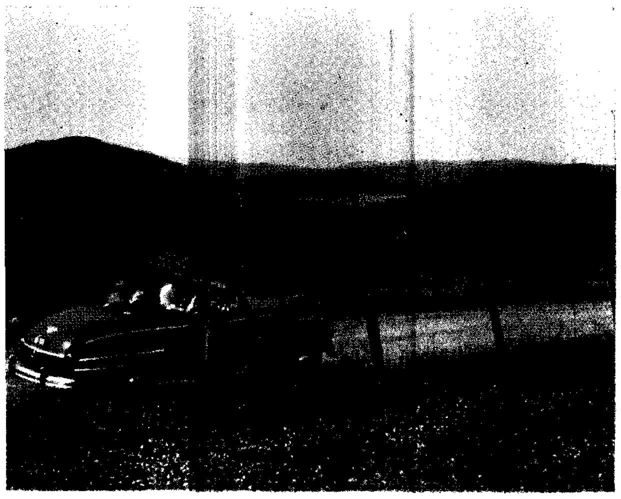

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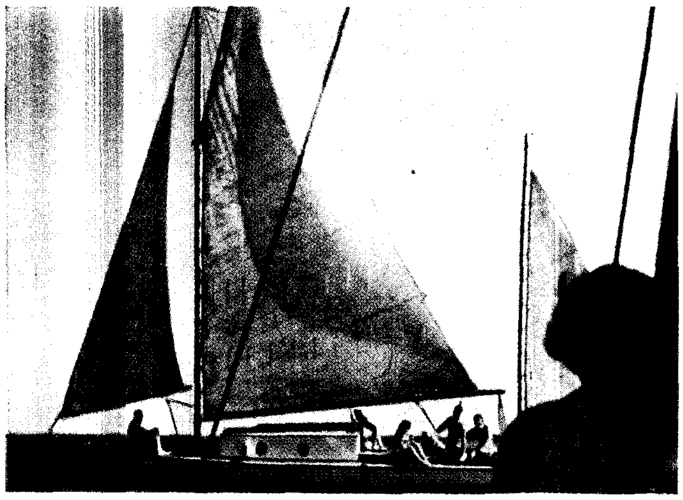

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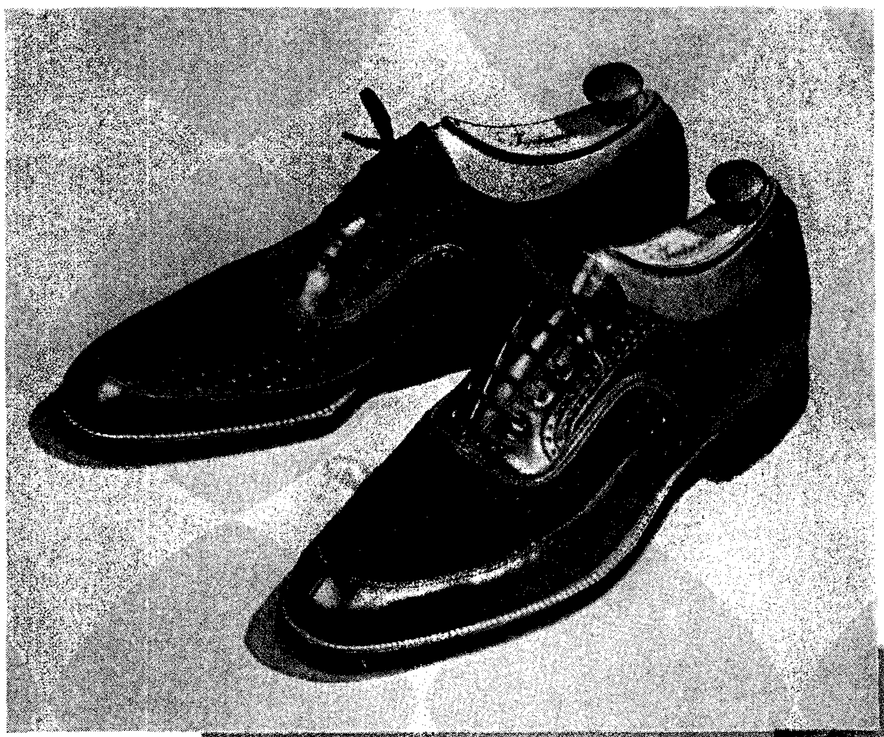

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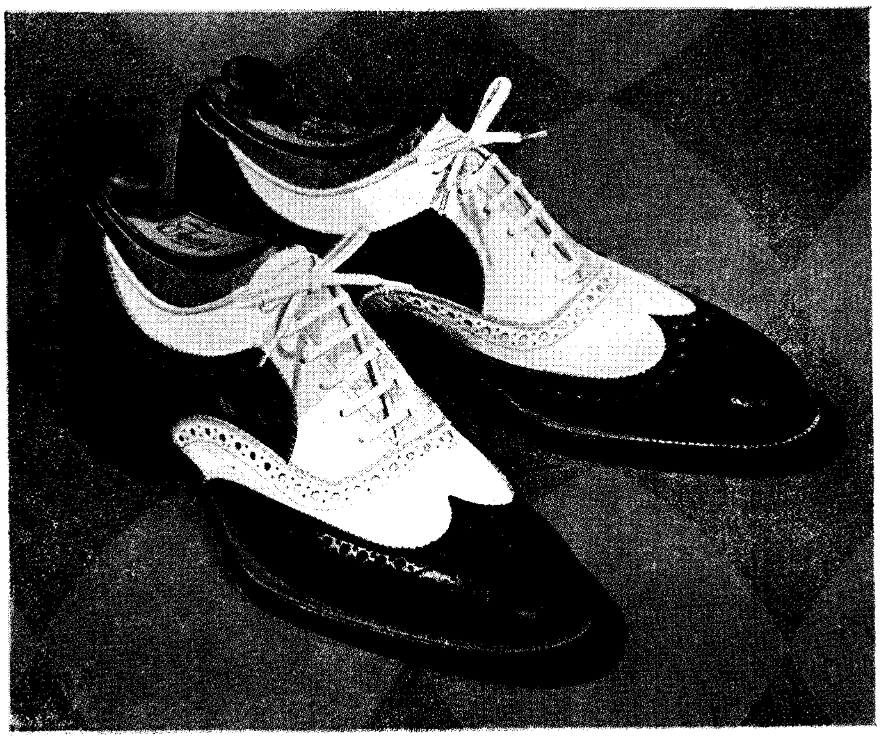

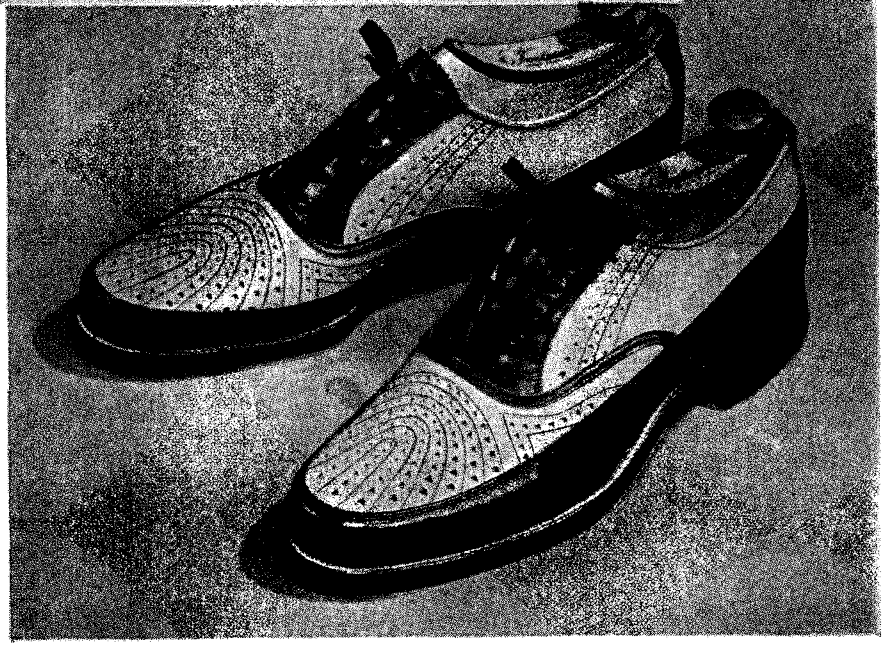

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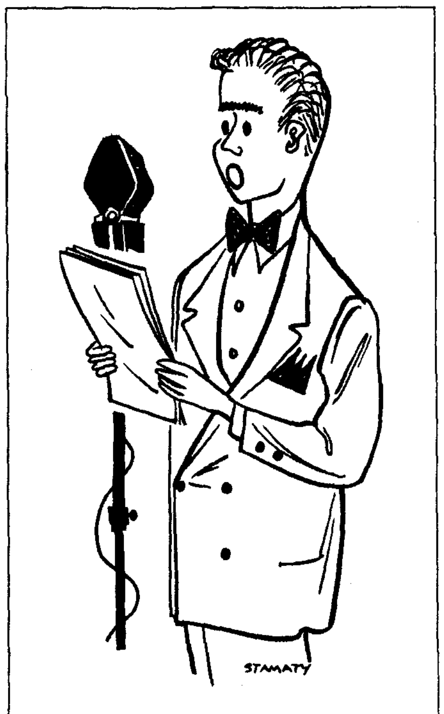
THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 15

practically at the moment your head touches the pillow and you don't wake up until at least eight hours later." Roosevelt laughed and eliminated the reference.

Roosevelt educated Hopkins in the military facts of life and so did General Marshall for whom Hopkins had profound respect and whose appointment as Chief of Staff he had strongly recommended.

One evening—it was August 15, 1940, when the Battle of Britain was beginning—Roosevelt and Hopkins were talking in the study at the White House and Roosevelt, who was particularly interested in the possibilities of amphibious warfare, drew a map of the East Coast of the United States, locating the coastal defenses and explaining that they actually could defend less than one and one half per cent of our coast line. Roosevelt pointed out that an enemy could land an expeditionary force at any one of innumerable points on our shores and therefore, if we were involved in war, it would be highly desirable for us to land on the enemy shores first—as for instance, the northwest coast of Africa. Roosevelt was interested in North Africa as a strategic area more than two years before the American and British forces under General Eisenhower landed there.



"We wish to thank both political parties for relinquishing enough time for part of our regular programs"

COLLIER'S STANLEY STAMATY

Hopkins first met Roosevelt in the boom days of 1928 when the future President was running for governor of New York. Hopkins was then a relatively obscure social worker, with no particular knowledge of or interest in the world of politics. But Al Smith was his idol and he was thrilled to meet the crippled man who had made the famous "Happy Warrior" nominating speech. For Roosevelt, however, this meeting was just another handshake in a busy campaign.

In 1931, when the depression was deepening, Hopkins went into the New York State relief agency. In 1933 he was called to Washington by the new President to be Administrator of Federal Emergency Relief. Roosevelt later wrote of him:

The task he faced was stupendous. Little was known at Washington about the efficiency of the various state and local relief organizations throughout the country. There were no such organizations in some of the states and in many of the counties. There were no immediately available reliable statistics either about relief needs or relief expenditures.

Action had to be immediate. It was immediate.

The day after Hopkins went to work for the federal government the Washington Post printed a somewhat mournful headline, "Money Flies," and stated, "The half-billion dollars for direct relief of states won't last a month if Harry L. Hopkins, new relief administrator, maintains the pace he set yesterday in disbursing more than $5,000,000 during his first two hours in office."

Hopkins was off. He sat down at his desk and started flashing out telegrams even before the men had arrived to move the desk out of the hallway into his office. He said, "I'm not going to last six months here, so I'll do as I please." He had been told by Roosevelt that his job was to get relief to people who needed it and to have no truck with politicians. He said, "I don't like it when people finagle around the back door."

Confident of Roosevelt's support, he continued for a long time on the principle that relief was entirely nonpartisan. For those were days of soaring altruism. In the first, triumphant sweep of the New Deal, it was possible to afford the luxury of being nonpolitical—but Hopkins learned better (or perhaps one should say "worse") later on when the opposition began to recover its dissipated strength, and elections became less easy to win.

His Job Made Him Many Enemies

In his five and a half years as Relief Administrator, Hopkins was responsible for spending some nine billion dollars of the taxpayers' money and came to be regarded as the Chief Apostle of the New Deal and the most cordially hated by its enemies. He was none too popular inside the Administration itself. His feuding with Harold Ickes provided plenty of material for the Washington columnists. James A. Farley and John Nance Garner considered him a radical crackpot who was continually attempting to push Roosevelt to the left.

During the campaign of 1936, when Roosevelt ran for a second term, Hopkins and W.P.A. provided the principal targets for Republican attacks. There were wholesale charges of graft and corruption. Hopkins cracked back at his critics with his exceedingly sharp tongue until, in the final weeks before election, Farley muzzled him on the theory that every time Hopkins opened his mouth he embarrassed Roosevelt politically.

If Hopkins and his free-handed spending activities provided an important issue in that election, he felt that the overwhelming victory won by Roosevelt constituted a form of vindication. And, despite the hostility that he had provoked with so many people, or perhaps because of it, he had come closer and closer to Roosevelt himself. Hopkins' qualities of quickness on the trigger and fearlessness in battle appealed to Roosevelt, particularly in view of the fact that added to them was the quality of absolute, unquestioned, unswerving loyalty. Hopkins became obviously the Number One favorite in the White House—which made him all the more unpopular elsewhere.

It was probably inevitable that Hopkins should begin to cherish his own political ambitions. The two-term tradition was so strong that it was assumed by everyone, Roosevelt included, that there would be a new Democratic candidate in

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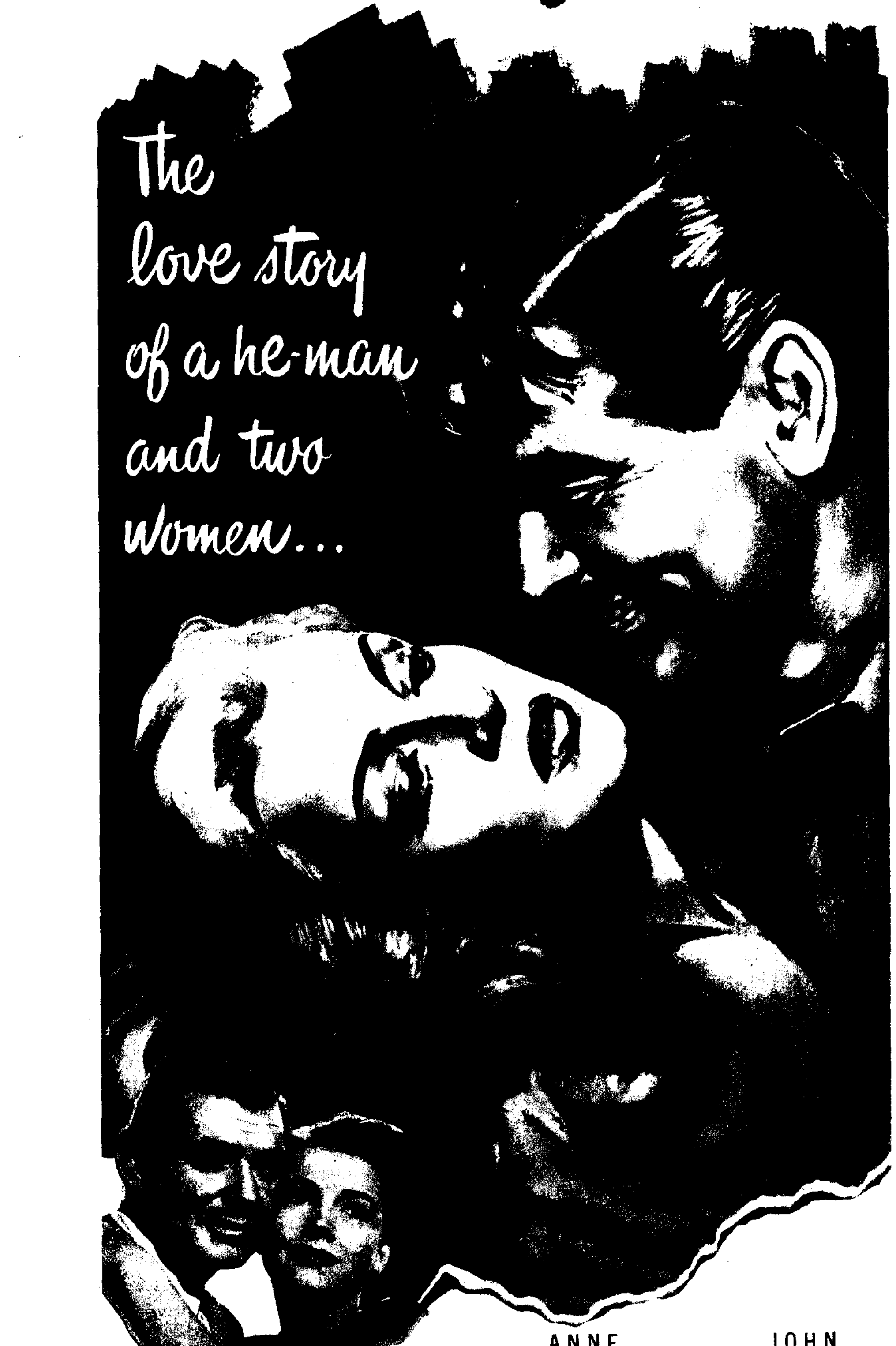
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1940. The Presidential bees began to buzz in a great many bonnets. Among those mentioned as possibilities were Farley, Garner, Ickes, Cordell Hull, Robert Jackson, Henry Wallace, Paul McNutt, Frank Murphy and many others. Ickes has said that in Administration circles in those days, "You couldn't throw a brick in any direction without hitting a candidate." Hopkins was certainly one of them—and the only one that I know of who subsequently admitted that he worked and schemed for years to further his own interests.

I cannot pretend to know just when Roosevelt first considered Hopkins as a possible successor, but it is quite clear that after 1936 he began to toy with the idea, to say the very least. (To say the very most, the President eventually acted as an unofficial but extremely competent campaign manager for Hopkins.)

Tragedy Threatens a Career

The summer of 1937 produced a tragic interruption in Hopkins' career and almost put an end to it. He knew that his wife was dying of cancer and he suspected that he too was suffering from this disease which had killed his father. After Mrs. Hopkins died, Hopkins went to the Mayo Clinic where a large part of his stomach was removed. The analysis showed that he did have cancer. It never recurred, but the operation produced nutritional maladjustments which made him prey to various weird diseases for the rest of his life.

He returned to Washington after an absence of some six months. Roosevelt took over the supervision of Hopkins' health and attempted to control his habits. He started to build him up in more ways than one. If Hopkins had not previously been told that he was Roosevelt's candidate for 1940, he was unquestionably told so now. There are notes of an extraordinary private conversation in the White House in the spring of 1938.

I gather from these notes that Roosevelt did not entirely rule out the possibility that he might seek a third term. He seems to have left a very slight margin of doubt about it in the event of war. But he spoke of his own "personal disinclination" and the strong opposition of Mrs. Roosevelt to a third term. He told Hopkins that there were financial reasons for his wish to return to private life—that his mother was digging into capital to keep the place at Hyde Park going. (I cannot decipher the financial figures that Hopkins jotted down in this connection.)

Coming down to individuals, Roosevelt stated his opposition to these men as candidates: Cordell Hull, Henry Wallace, Harold Ickes, Paul McNutt, Frank Murphy (then governor of Michigan) and George Earle (then governor of Pennsylvania). The only apparent reasons noted were that Ickes was too combative and Hull too old.

Roosevelt mentioned Robert M. La Follette. The note on this was "fine—later—Secretary of State soon"—which is particularly interesting in view of the fact that La Follette subsequently became violently opposed to Roosevelt over the issue of isolationism.

Roosevelt considered Farley "clearly the most dangerous" of the candidates. Roosevelt objected to Farley on two main counts: his opposition to the New Deal and his attitude toward foreign affairs.

Then the President came to Hopkins himself, dwelling first on the liabilities. There was the fact that he had been divorced by his first wife; but Grover Cleveland had survived a much more damaging scandal on his record, and the second Hopkins marriage, tragically ended, had been a conspicuously happy one. On the question of Hopkins' health, Roosevelt was aware that the Mayo Clinic doctors had said the odds were two to one against a recurrence of cancer, but he was also aware that the Presidency is a killing job.

Having considered these liabilities, Roosevelt expressed the belief that Hopkins would be elected and would do the best job as President of any of those then in the running. He then discussed strategy, saying that he would appoint Hopkins Secretary of Commerce and Louis Johnson Secretary of War. He felt that Hopkins should "keep back a little," stating that although his own aspirations for the 1932 nomination had started in 1930, he had not begun to work actively for it until the autumn of 1931.

This conversation ended, Hopkins noted, with an expression by Roosevelt of "assurance and hopes."

Some months after this conversation Jim Farley wrote in a private memorandum that "Roosevelt is a very strong character, and he might insist on naming his successor." (The word "might" was a strange one for Farley to use, knowing Roosevelt.) It was Farley's guess that the President favored "Harry Hopkins, Robert Jackson or Frank Murphy, in the order named."

Hopkins told a few friends, all under oaths of strictest secrecy, that Roosevelt had definitely given him the green light and the campaign was on. Among these was John Kingsbury, who had given Hopkins his first real job in welfare work when he came to New York as a young graduate of Grinnell. Kingsbury criticized the strategic plan to have Hopkins re-establish his voting residence in Iowa, which would enable him to go before the Democratic convention as a homespun cornhusker from the Middle West. Kingsbury advised against this, first, on the practical ground that Hopkins could not win the Iowa delegation which would go to Wallace and, second, because the project was patently phony and would surely be exposed as such.

Bernard M. Baruch advised Hopkins that he should go into the Cabinet as Secretary of War rather than Commerce. Baruch was acutely conscious of the storm warnings heard from abroad in that year. I do not know whether Hopkins was given any choice in the matter; some of his friends believe that he was, but the only notes I have seen suggest otherwise. It is my guess that Roosevelt himself believed that Hopkins would be better off in the Commerce Department as it would help him to establish some respectability for himself among the more conservative elements, and particularly the business community, where he needed it most.

Carefully Planned Publicity

There is no question that Roosevelt did all he could—and that was a very great deal—to publicize Hopkins. When the President was photographed at a baseball park or on the back platform of a train or on a fishing cruise, he had Hopkins at his elbow. This was not by accident.

In September, 1938, at the time of the Munich crisis, when the storm clouds were heavy over Europe, Hopkins was on the train with Roosevelt in Minnesota listening to a broadcast of a speech by Adolf Hitler in Nuremberg. Roosevelt, who understood German, knew the true meaning of these hysterical threats. He sent Hopkins to the West Coast to make a secret survey of the capacity of the aircraft factories to build warplanes. Years later, Hopkins wrote:

The President was sure then that we were going to get into war and he believed that air power would win it.

About this time the President made his startling statement that we should have 8,000 planes and everybody in the Army and Navy and all the newspapers in the country jumped on him.

It was not quite "everybody." There were some officers in the War Department who were quick to appreciate the importance of this, and one of them was the new Deputy Chief of Staff, George C. Marshall. When Hopkins returned from the West Coast he met Marshall for the first time and the two men formed a warm and lasting friendship. This was the beginning of Hopkins' education in military matters. In the first World War he had been rejected by the Army and Navy for physical disability and had served with the Red Cross in New Orleans and Atlanta.

Roosevelt appointed Hopkins Secretary of Commerce on Christmas Eve, 1938. He thought this was the end of his career as Relief Administrator and spender of billions. He could not, of course, foresee the part that he would play two years later with the start of Lend-Lease.

Because of his desire to identify himself as an Iowan, Hopkins selected Des Moines as the scene of his first major speech as Secretary of Commerce. When he appeared there, at the Des Moines Economic Club, he was accompanied by W. Averell Harriman who acted as a sort of chaperon or guarantor of respectability. The political overtones and undertones of this Des Moines speech were so obvious to any trained observer that Farley referred to it as "Hopkins' Acceptance Speech."

After his return to Washington, he wrote to his brother, Lewis:

I had a very delightful trip to Iowa. I can't think of any place in the country in which I would rather spend my declining years than that little college town, and now that I am approaching fifty I might as well get ready for it.

Hopkins could be excused from the charge of arrant hypocrisy in those remarks only on the ground that he was a sick man. What he called "a touch of the flu" developed into a complexity of nutritional diseases which laid him low and, a few months later, nearly killed him. During the next year and a half before his resignation as Secretary of Commerce he spent no more than thirty days off and on at his office. Near-fatal illness drained him of all personal ambition and converted him into the selfless individual who rendered such great service to the President during the war years.

At the end of March, 1939, Hopkins went to Warm Springs with the President. He wrote a description of this visit in which he said:

The President wakes up about eight-thirty—breakfasts in bed—reads the morning papers and if left alone will spend a half hour or so reading a detective story. I would go in about nine-thirty—usually much talk of European affairs—Kennedy and Bullitt, our ambassadors in London and Paris, would telephone—Hull and Welles from the State Department, so we had the latest news of Hitler's moves in the international checkerboard. His secretaries and aides would come in at ten-thirty with mail, schedule of appointments—gossip of the Foundation—light chit-chat for half an hour when the President dressed before going to the pool for his daily treatment at eleven. He may keep an appointment before eleven—gets in his little car—drives by the press cottage for an interview—this takes about twenty minutes—after the pool he will drive by the golf links—home for lunch at one.

The service incidentally is as bad as the food. There are thousands of men in America who get infinitely better care than the President—this in spite of the fact that he is crippled. I would fire them all.

He will sleep a bit after lunch—and at three drive over the countryside with a guest—visit his farm—look at the new tree plantings—back around four thirty for an hour's dictation. Then relax till dinner at seven. The ceremonial cocktail with the President doing the honors—gin and grapefruit juice is his current favorite—and a vile drink it is! He makes a first rate "old-fashioned" and a fair Martini—which he should stick to—but his low and uncultivated taste in liquors leads him woefully astray. Missy Le Hand and I will not be bullied into drinking his concoction which leads him to take three instead of his usual quota of two.

Birthday Greetings from F. D. R.

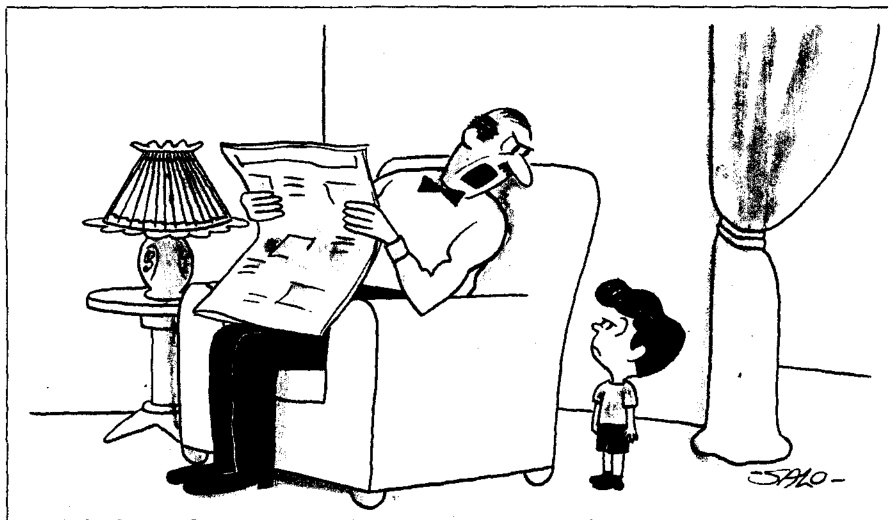
Late in the summer of 1939, Hopkins returned to the Mayo Clinic. Roosevelt wrote to him:

Your birthday had come and gone and although I had it very much on my mind to send you a ribald radio, things began to pop in Europe and I let the day pass by. This is to send you my congratulations and every kind of good wish for many happy returns of the day.

Roosevelt told friends at that time, "The doctors have given Harry up for dead." Hopkins himself believed he could not live more than a few weeks. But Roosevelt did not abandon hope for his friend. He turned the problem of life-saving over to Dr. Ross T. McIntire and the U.S. Navy. Hopkins was moved to Washington to become a guinea pig for all manner of biochemical experiments; it was a tremendous ordeal, but it was ultimately successful in prolonging a few weeks' margin of life into six years of memorable accomplishment.

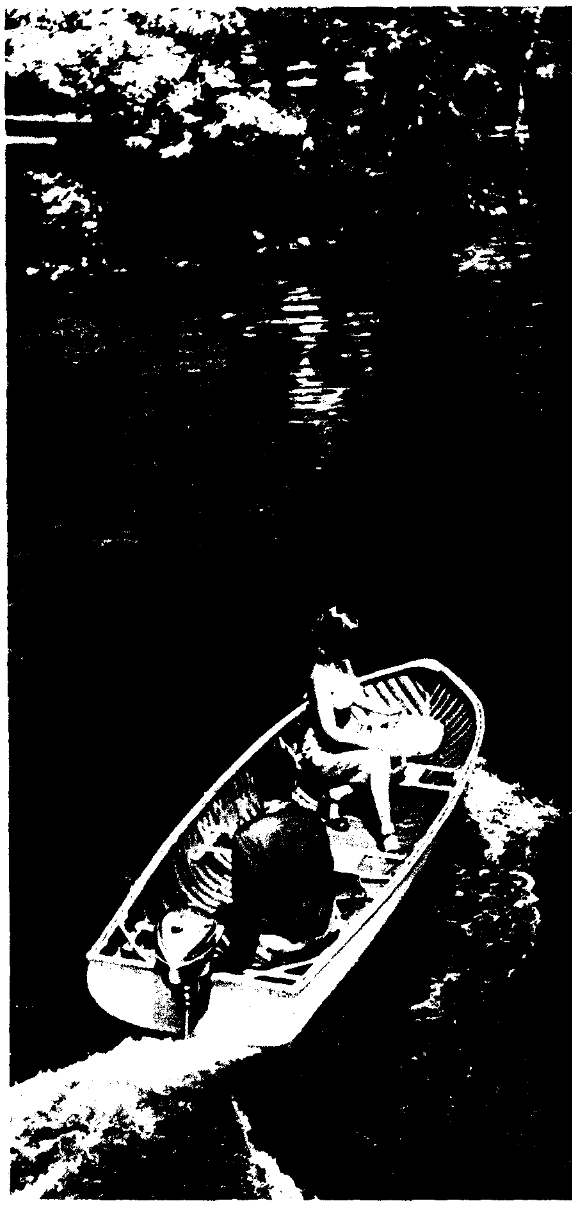
But his lofty political ambitions had ended forever—a development which produced a great improvement in his character and which makes the task of a friendly biographer more agreeable from here on out. In the war years when, with no more authority than Roosevelt's personal confidence in him, he achieved tremendous power in the shaping of historic events, he became and remained one of the most incorruptible of men.

(Next week: The Year of Decision)



"If I knew the answer to that, you wouldn't understand if I told you!"

COLLIER'S SALO



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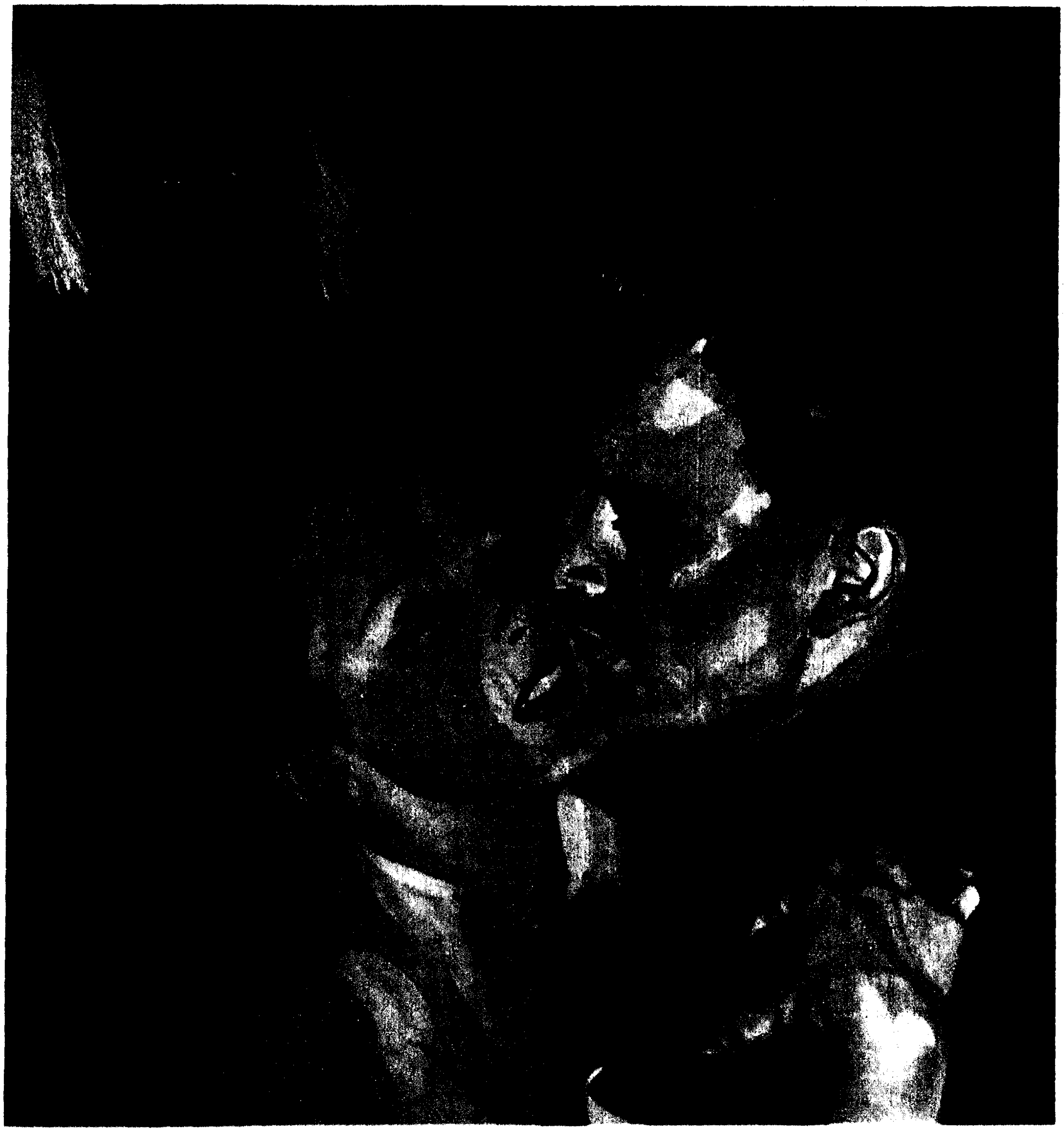
SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

BY SAX ROHMER

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A SINISTER CONSPIRACY



This was a different woman he held in his arms—a woman who had disguised herself, the hidden, the secret Camille

The Story:

SIR DENIS NAYLAND SMITH, famous detective, is in New York helping the F.B.I. to keep the secret of a terrifying new weapon from falling into the hands of foreign agents—or into the hands of FU MANCHU, international criminal. The weapon, a giant disintegrator, is not yet completed, but its inventor, DR. MORRIS CRAIG, has almost finished work on the final design.

MICHAEL FROBISHER, Craig's financial backer, complains that he is being followed by Orientals. His wife, MRS. MICHAEL FROBISHER, is taking treatment from the celebrated Viennese psychiatrist, PROFESSOR HOFFMEYER, unaware that the "professor" is really Dr. Fu Manchu in disguise.

Through hypnotic control over Mrs. Frobisher, Dr. Fu Manchu reaches beautiful CAMILLE NAVARRE, Morris Craig's secretary.

Fu Manchu hypnotizes Camille Navarre and commands her to lure Craig, whom she loves, away from his office for the night.

Before releasing Camille, Fu Manchu completes preparations for his raid on the laboratory by sending a zombi, M'GOYNA, to overpower REGAN, one of Craig's assistants.

M'goyna drags Regan into the laboratory, shuts the steel door, and waits for the arrival of Fu Manchu.

Meanwhile Craig and Nayland Smith return from dinner and enter the office adjoining the laboratory, unaware that Regan is a helpless prisoner a few feet away.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

IV

MORRIS CRAIG came back, under convoy from Nayland Smith's quiet restaurant. Standing before the private door he said: "Come up if you like, Smith. But I have a demon night ahead of me. I *must* be through by tomorrow. Thanks for a truly edible dinner. Most acceptable to my British constitution."

Smith gave him a grim look.

"Have I succeeded in making it quite clear to you, Craig, that the danger is now, tonight, and for the next twenty-four hours?"

"Perfectly clear. Already, I have symptoms of indigestion. But I'm going to get the job finished if I work on into the gray dawn, because I am bidden to spend the week end with the big chief in Connecticut."

Nayland Smith hesitated for a moment; then he grasped Craig firmly by the arm.

"I won't make myself a nuisance," he said. "But I want to see you right back on the job before I leave you. The fact is—I have a queer, uneasy feeling tonight. We can't neglect any precaution."

And so they went up to the office together, and found it just as they had left it. Craig hung up hat and coat, grinning at Smith, who was lighting his pipe.

"Don't mind me. Carry on as if you were in your own home. I'll carry on as if I were in mine."

He crossed to unlock the safe.

"Wait a minute," said Smith sharply. "I'm going to make myself a nuisance after all."

Craig turned. "How come?"

"The duplicate key is in my topcoat down in the car. You will have to let me out."

"Blessings and peace!" murmured Craig. "But I promise not to go beyond the street door. Before we start, better let Regan know I'm back."

He called the laboratory and waited.

"H'm. Silence. He can't have gone to sleep . . . Try again."

And then they heard Regan's voice, oddly strained.

"Laboratory . . . Regan here."

"That's all right, Regan. Just wanted to say I'm back. Everything in order?"

"Yes . . . everything."

Craig glanced at Nayland Smith.

"Sounded very cross, didn't he?"

"Don't wonder. Is *he* expected to work all night, too?"

"No. Shaw relieves him at twelve," Craig explained.

"Come on, then. I won't detain you any longer."

They went out.

THE faint sound made by the elevator had just died away, when there came the muffled thud of two shots. . . . The laboratory door was flung open and Regan hurled himself down the steps. He held an automatic in his hand as he raced toward the lobby.

"Dr. Craig! Help! . . . *Dr. Craig!*"

Making a series of bounds incredible in a creature ordinarily so slow and clumsy of movement, M'goyna followed. His teeth were exposed like the fangs of a wild animal. He uttered a snarl of rage.

Regan twisted around and fired again.

But M'goyna dashed the weapon from Regan's grasp and swept him into a bear hug. Power of speech was crushed out of his body. He gave one gasping, despairing cry, and was silent. M'goyna lifted him onto a huge

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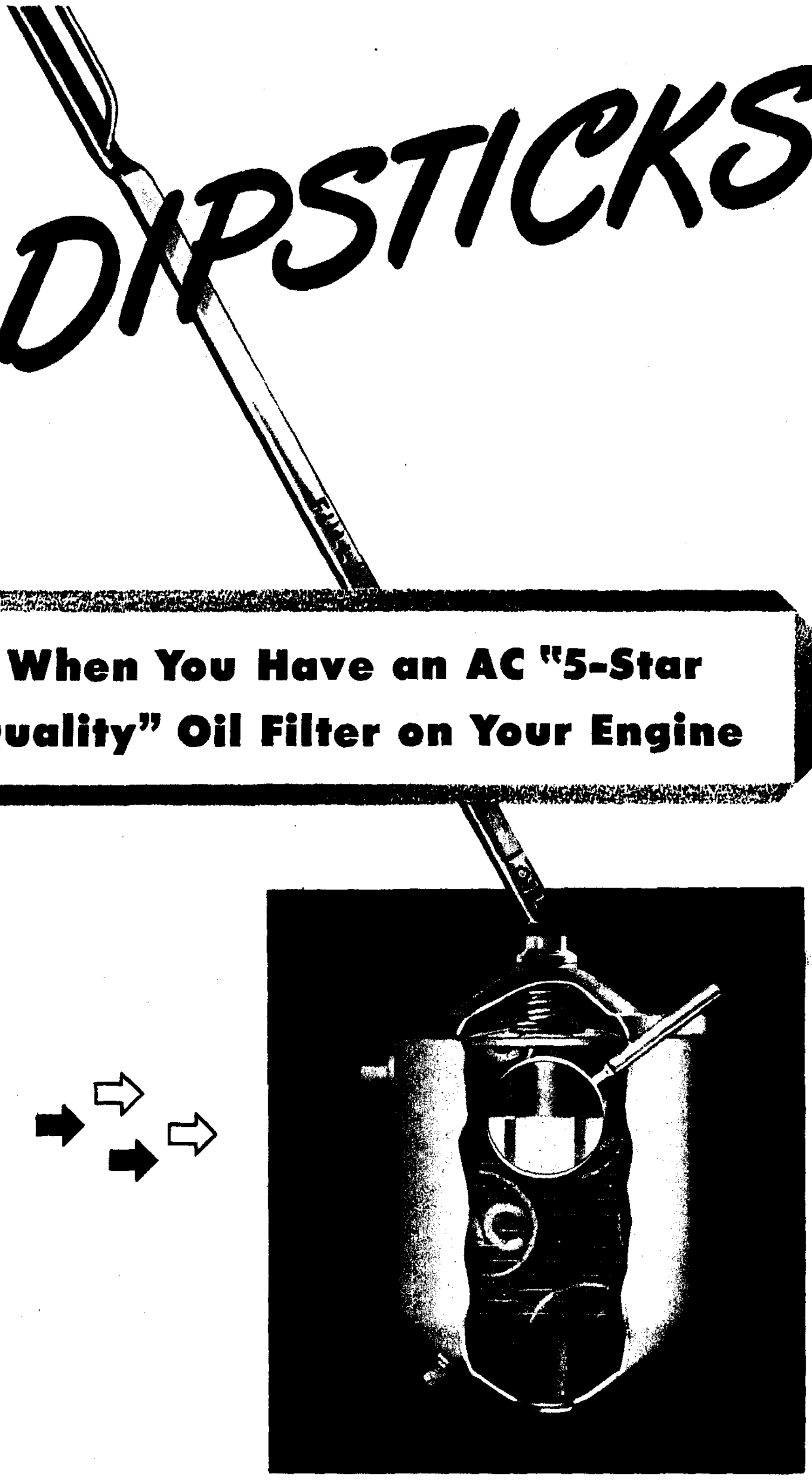

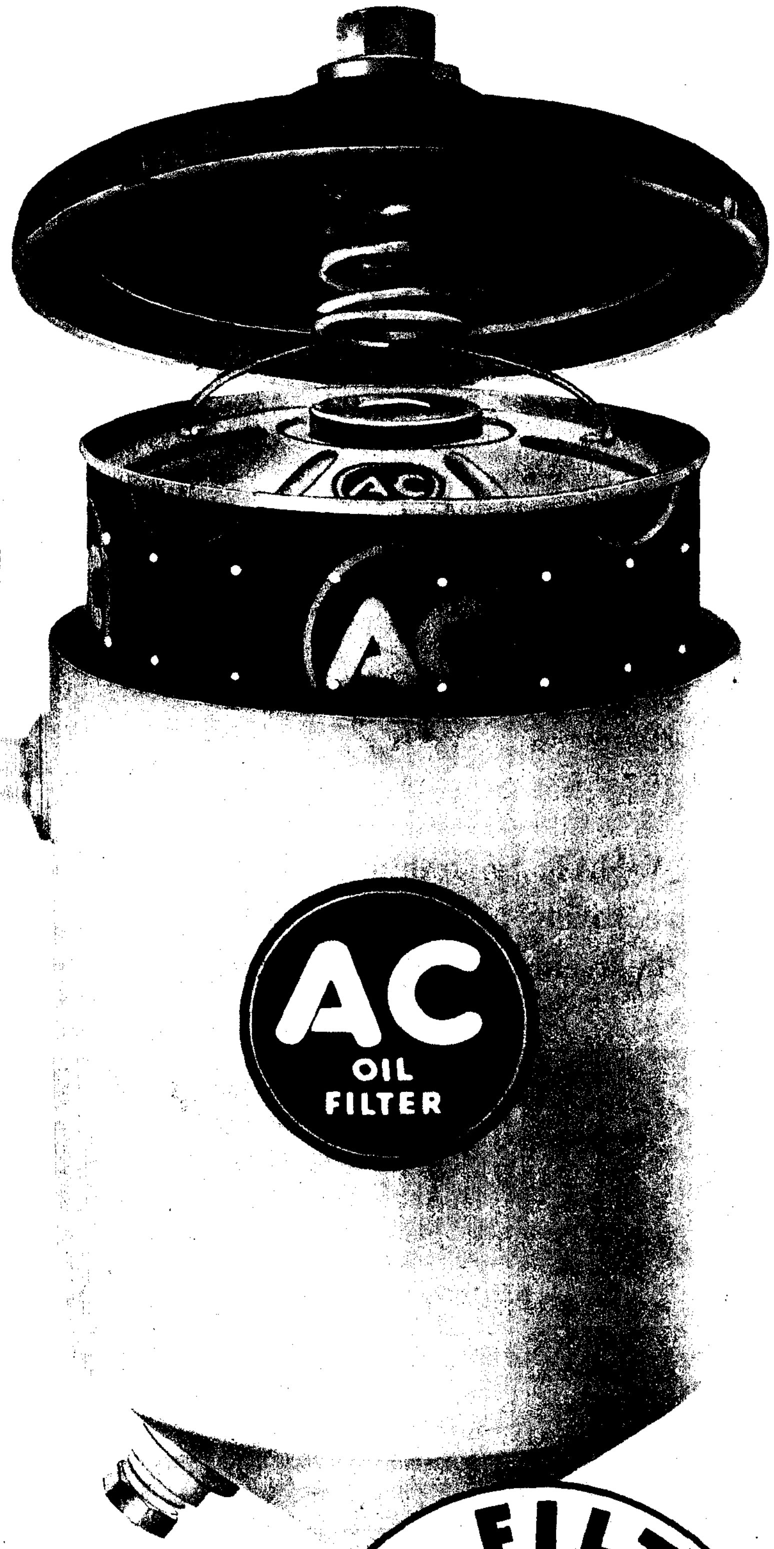

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shoulder and carried him back up the steps.

Only a groan came from the laboratory when the semiman ran down again to recover Regan's pistol.

He coughed as he reclosed the steel door . . .

The office remained empty for another two minutes. Then Craig returned, swinging his keys on their chain. He went straight to the safe, paused—and stood sniffing. He had detected a faint but unaccountable smell. He glanced all about him, until suddenly the boyish smile replaced a puzzled frown.

"Smith's pipe!" he muttered.

Dismissing the matter, as he always brushed aside anything which interfered with the job in hand, he had soon unlocked the safe and set up his materials. He was so deeply absorbed in his work that when Camille came in, he failed to notice even *her* presence.

SHE stood in the doorway for a moment, staring vaguely about the office. Then she looked down at her handbag, and finally up at the clock above the desk. Not until she began to cross to her own room did Craig know she was there.

He spun around.

"Shades of evening! Don't play bogeyman with me. My nerves are not what they were."

Camille did not smile. She glanced at him and then at the clock. She was not wearing her black-rimmed glasses, but her hair was tightly pinned back as usual.

"I—I am sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry about. How's Professor What's-his-name? Full of beans and ballyhoo?"

"I—really don't know."

She moved away in the direction of her open door. Her manner was so strange that he could no longer ignore it. Insomnia, he knew, could play havoc with the nervous system. And Camille was behaving like one walking in her sleep. But he spoke lightly.

"What's the prescription? Palm Beach, or a round trip on the Queen Elizabeth?"

Camille paused, but didn't look back.

"I'm afraid—I have forgotten," she replied and went into her room.

Craig scratched his chin, looking at her closed door. Certainly, something was quite wrong. Could he have offended her? Or was she really ill?

He took a crushed packet of cigarettes from his pocket, smoothed one into roughly cylindrical form and lighted it, all the while staring at that closed door.

Very slowly he returned to his work. But an image of Camille, wide-eyed, nervous, persistently intruded. He recalled that she had been in such a mood once before; and that he had made her go home. On the former occasion, too, she had been out but gave no account of where she had gone.

Something resembling a physical chill crept around his heart.

There was a man in her life. And the man must have let her down . . .

Craig picked up a pad of paper and wrote a note. He was surprised and angry to find his hand shaking. He had to know the truth. But he would give her time. With a little tact, perhaps Camille could be induced to tell him.

He had never kissed her fingers, much less her lips, yet the thought of her in another man's arms drove him mad. He remembered that he had recently considered her place in the scheme of things, and had decided to dismiss such considerations until his work was completed.

He pressed the button to call her.

She moved so quietly that he sensed, rather than knew, when she stood behind him. He tore off the top sheet and held it over his shoulder.

"Just type this out for me, d'you mind? It's a note for Regan. He can't read my writing."

"Of course, Dr. Craig."

Her soft voice soothed him, as always. He had just a glimpse of her delicate fingers as she took the page.

Then she was gone again.

Craig crushed out his cigarette in an ash tray and sat staring at the complicated formula pinned to his drawing board. Of course, it probably meant something—something very important. It might even mean, as Nayland Smith seemed to think, a new era in the troubled history of man.

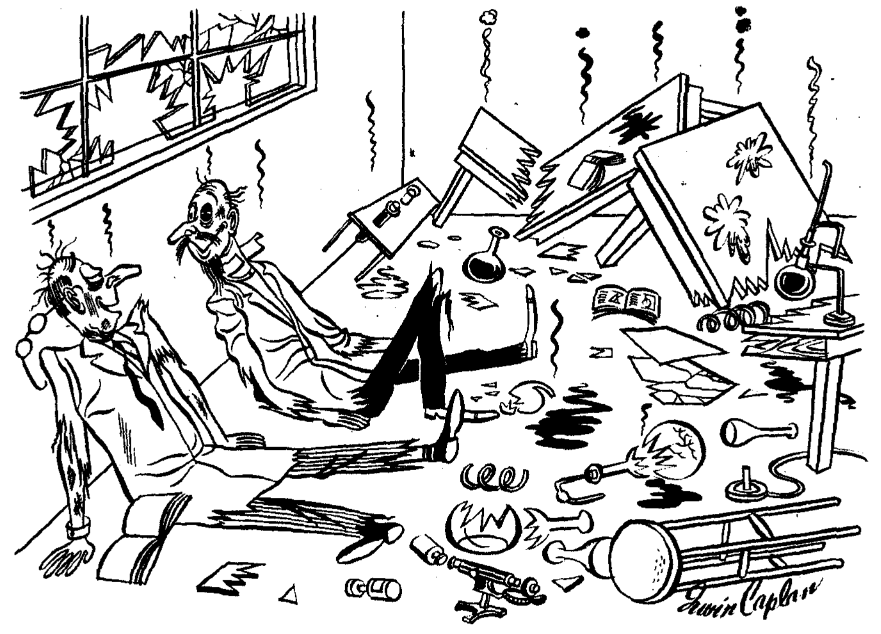
But why should he care *what* it meant if he must lose Camille?

Very soon her door opened and Camille came out. She carried a typed page and duplicates. The penciled note was clipped to them. Craig didn't look up when she laid them beside the drawing board, and turned to go. At the same moment, she glanced up at the clock. Nine fifteen . . .

Could Morris Craig have seen, he would have witnessed an eerie thing.

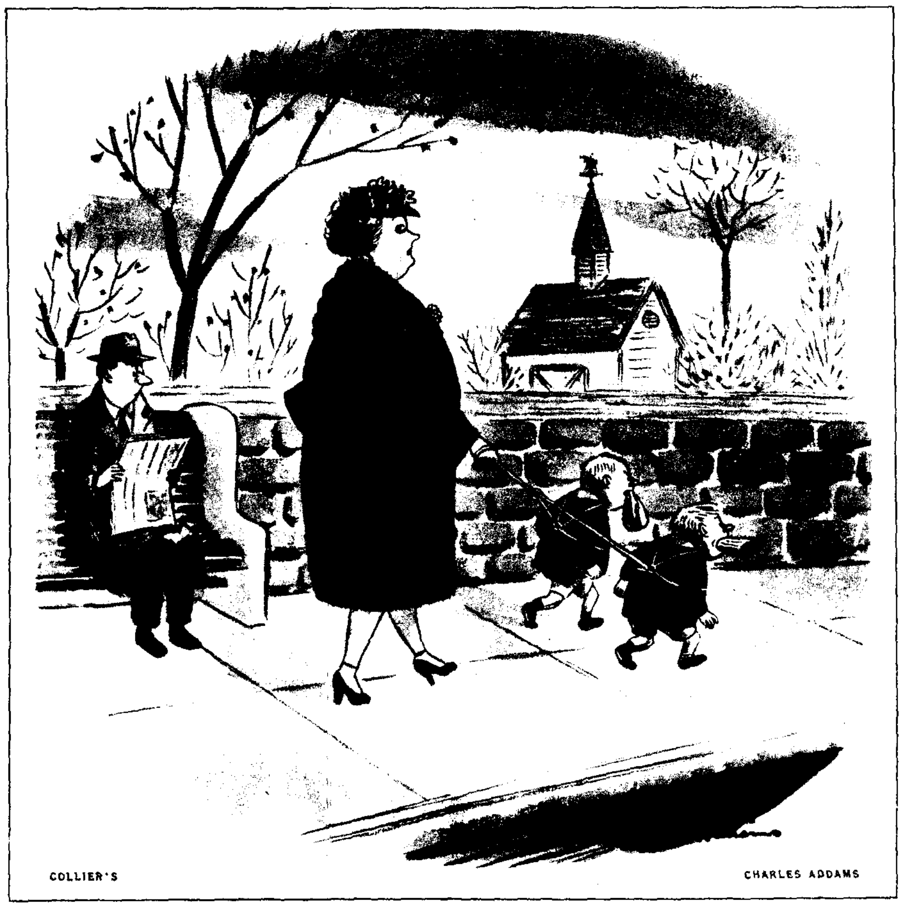
Camille's vacant expression became effaced—instantly and magically. She clenched her hands, fixing her eyes upward, upon the clock. For a moment she stood so, as if listening intently. Then she relaxed, and looking down, rested her left hand on the desk beside Craig. She spoke, slowly.

"I am sorry—if I have made any mistakes. Please tell me if this is correct. There was one word—" She raised her hands, and deliberately released her hair, so that it swept down, a fiery torrent,



"Congratulations, Professor. It works fine in the laboratory. Let us hope it proves as practical in the home"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN


COLLIER'S
CHARLES ADDAMS

brushing Craig's cheek as he pretended to read the message.

Craig twisted about and looked up into her eyes. Meeting his glance, she straightened and began to rearrange her hair.

He stood up.

"No—don't! Don't do that."

Camille, hands still lifted, paused, watching him. They were very close.

"Your hair is so wonderful." He seized her wrists to restrain her. "It's a crime to hide it."

"I am glad you think so," she said.

He was holding her hands now. "Camille, you're lovely!"

His heart seemed to falter when he saw that tiny curl of Camille's lip—like the stirring of a rose petal—heralding a smile. It was a new smile, a smile he had never seen before. She raised her lashes and looked into his eyes . . . He took her in his arms. . . .

When he released her he whispered, "Camille, how *very* lovely you are!"

"Morris!"

He kissed her again.

"You darling! I've been waiting for this moment ever since you first walked into the office."

"Have you?"

THIS was a different woman he held in his arms—a woman who had disguised herself; this was the hidden, the secret Camille—seductive and wildly desirable.

"Yes. Did you know?"

"Perhaps I did," she whispered.

Presently, she disengaged herself and stood back, smiling provocatively.

"Camille—"

"Shall I take the message to Mr. Regan?"

Morris Craig inhaled deeply and turned away. He was delirious with happiness, knew it, yet resented it. Camille had swept solid earth from beneath his feet. He was in the grip of a power which he couldn't analyze, a power not reducible to equations, inexpressible in a diagram.

"D'you know," he said, glancing aside at her, "I think it might be a good idea if you did."

She detached the note and walked across to the laboratory steps. "Will you open the door for me?"

Craig pulled out the bunch of keys and went to join her. She stood with one foot on the first step, her frock defining the lines of her slim body, reflected light touching rich waves of her hair to an incredible glory. Over her shoulder she watched him.

He took the paper from her hand and tore it up.

"Never mind. Work is out of the question now."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"You adorable little witch, you're not sorry at all!"

"I'm afraid," said Camille, demurely, and her soft voice reminded him again of the notes of a harp. "I have spoiled your plans for the evening."

"To the devil with plans! I can't work now—and neither can you."

He put his arm around her waist and dragged her from the steps.

"We're young only once." He pulled her close. "At least, so far as we know. So I say let's be young together."

He kissed her again—and again . . .

"Morris!"

"I could positively eat you alive!"

"But your work—"

"Work is for slaves. Love is for freemen. Where shall we go?"

"Anywhere you like, if you really mean it."

"It doesn't matter. There are lots of spots. I feel that I want to go somewhere different, where I can get used to the idea that there *is* a you, and that I have found you . . . I'm talking rot! Better let Regan know he's in sole charge again." He moved toward the steel door. At the foot of the steps he hesitated. No need to go in. It would be difficult to prevent Regan from drawing inferences. Shrewd fellow, Regan. Craig returned to his desk and called the laboratory.

As if from far away a reply came: "Regan here."

Craig cleared his throat, guiltily.

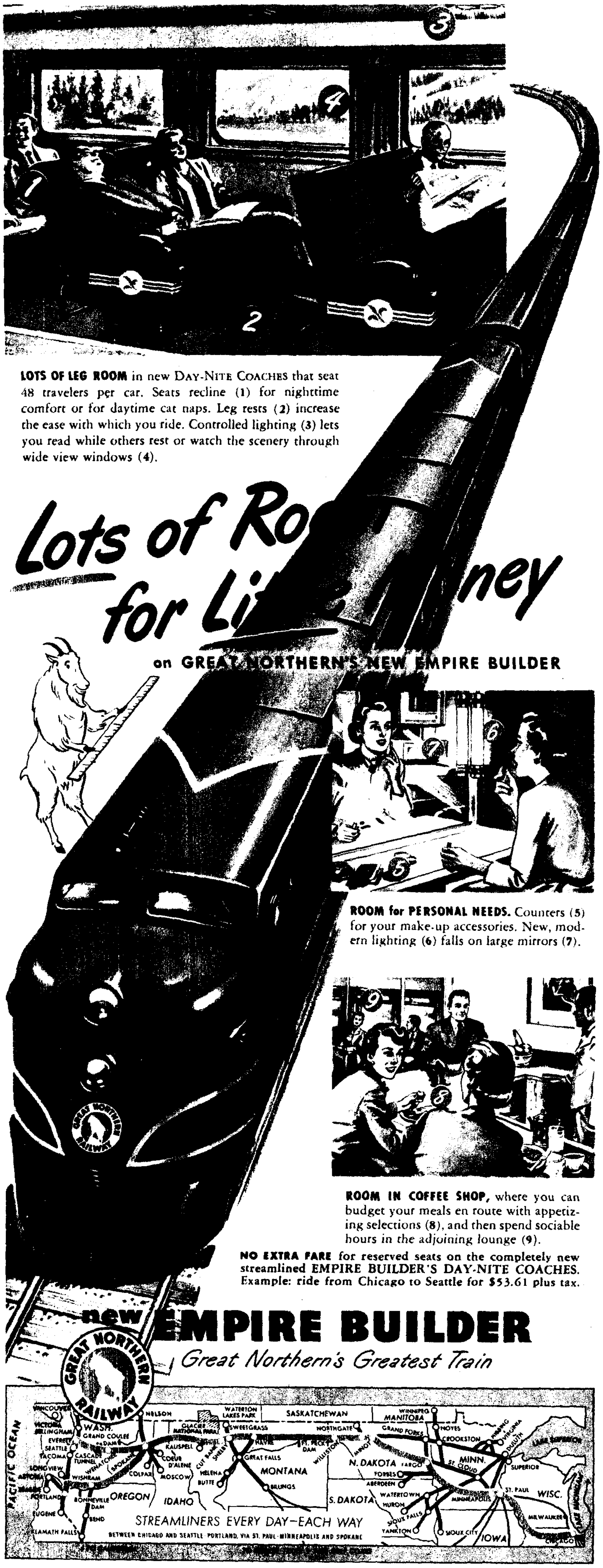
"Listen, Regan. I shan't be staying late tonight after all. Pushing off. Anything I should attend to before Shaw comes on duty?"

There was a silent interval. Camille was standing behind Craig, a hand at her cheek, staring at him in a dazed way.

"Can you hear, Regan? I say, do you want to see me before I leave?"

Then came the halting words. "No . . . Doctor . . . there's nothing . . . to see you about . . ."

Craig thought the sentence was punc-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tured by a stifled cough. A moment later he had Camille in his arms again.

"Camille, I've never been really alive before—"

But she was pressing her hands frantically against him, straining back, wild-eyed, trying to break away from his caresses. He released her. She stared up at the clock, then back to Craig.

"My God! Morris! Dr. Craig—"

"What is it, Camille?" Craig asked. "What is it?"

He stepped forward, but she shrank away.

"I don't know. I'm frightened. When —when did I come in? What have I been doing?"

His deep concern, the intense sincerity of his manner, seemed to reach her. When, gently, he held her and looked into her eyes, she lowered her head until it lay upon his shoulder, intoxicating him with her nearness.

"Camille," he whispered, tenderly. "Tell me—what is it?"

"I don't know. I don't know what has happened. Please—please take care of me."

"Do you mean you have made a mistake? It was an impulse? You are sorry for it?"

"Sorry for what?" she murmured against his shoulder.

"For letting me make love to you."

"No, I'm not sorry if—if I did that."

He kissed her hair, very lightly, just brushing it with his lips.

"Darling! Whatever came over you? What frightened you?"

Camille looked up at him from under her long lashes.

"I don't know." She lowered her eyes. "How long have I been here?"

"How long—? What in Heaven's name d'you mean, Camille? Are you terribly unhappy? I don't understand."

"No. I am not unhappy. But—everything is so strange."

"Strange? In what way?"

THE phone rang in Camille's office. She started, then stepped back, a sudden, alert look in her eyes.

"Don't trouble, Camille. I'll answer."

"No, no. It's quite all right."

Camille crossed to her room, and took up the phone. She knew it to be unavoidable that she should do this, but had no idea why. Some ten seconds later she had returned to the half world controlled by the voice of Dr. Fu Manchu . . .

When she came out of her room again, she was smiling radiantly.

"My mother is all right. She was very ill, but now she is all right."

Even as he took her in his arms, Craig was thinking that there seemed to be an epidemic of sick mothers, but he dismissed the thought as cynical and unworthy. And when she gave him her lips he forgot everything else. The world was full of roses.

They were ready to set out before he fully came to his senses. Camille had combed her hair in a way which did justice to its beauty.

She was an extremely attractive woman.

He stood in the lobby, his arm around her waist, preparing to open the elevator door, when sanity returned. Perhaps it was the sight of his keys which brought this about.

"I *have* got it badly!" he exclaimed. "Can you imagine—I was pushing off, and leaving the detail of the transmuter valve out on my desk!" He turned and ran back.

SOMEWHERE in Chinatown a girl was singing. Chinese music is not everybody's box of candy, but she had at least one enthusiastic listener. She sang in an apartment adjoining the shop of Huan Tsung, and the industrious shopman, who called himself Lao Tai, wrote down, in a kind of shorthand, all that she sang. From time to time he put a page of this writing into the little cupboard behind him and pressed a button.

The F.B.I. man on duty in a room across the street caught fragments of this wailing as they were carried to him on a slight breeze; he wondered how anyone could endure such stuff.

But upstairs, in the quiet, silk-lined room, old Huan Tsung scanned page after page, destroying each one in the charcoal fire; and presently the globe beside his couch awoke to life, and the face of Dr. Fu Manchu challenged him from its mysterious depths.

"The latest report is to hand, Excellency."

"Repeat it."

Huan Tsung leaned back against cushions and closed his wrinkled eyelids.

"I have installed the 'bazaar' system. My house is watched and my telephone is tapped. News is brought to Mai Cha and she sings the news to Lao Tai."

"Spare me these details. The report."

"Dr. Craig and Camille Navarre left the Huston Building, according to Excellency's plan, at nine thirty-seven. One of the two detectives posted at the private entrance followed them. The other remains. No report yet to hand as to where Craig and the woman have gone."

"Nayland Smith?"

"Nothing later than former report. Raymond Harkness still acting as liaison officer in this area."

The green eyes were not focused upon Huan Tsung. A physician might have suspected the pin-point pupils to indicate that Dr. Fu Manchu had been seeking inspiration in the black smoke. But presently he spoke, incisive and masterful as ever:

"Mount a diversion at four minutes to ten o'clock. Note the time. My entrance must be masked. Whoever is on duty—remove. But no assassinations. I may be there for an hour or more. Cover my retirement. My security is your charge."

Light in the crystal died.

AT a few minutes before ten o'clock, a man was standing at a bus stop twenty paces from the private entrance to the Huston laboratory. No bus that had pulled up there during the past hour had seemed to be the bus he was waiting for; and now he waited alone. An uncanny quietude descends upon these office areas after dusk. During the day they remind one of some vast anthill. Big-business ants, conscious of their fat dividends, neat little secretary ants, conscious of their slim ankles, run to and fro, to and fro, in the restless, formless, meaningless dance of Manhattan.

When a boy pedaling a delivery bike came out of a street beside the Huston Building, it is possible that the driver of a covered truck proceeding swiftly along the avenue failed to note the light. However this may have been, he collided with the boy, who was hurled from his bicycle. The truckman pulled up with an ear-torturing screech of brakes. The boy—apparently unhurt—jumped to his feet and put up a barrage of abuse embellished with some of the most staggering invective which the man waiting for a bus had ever heard.

The truckman, a tough-looking bruiser, jumped from his seat, lifted the blasphemous but justly indignant youth by the collar of his jacket and proceeded to punish him brutally.

This was too much for the man at the bus stop. He ran to the rescue. The boy was now howling curses in a voice audible for several blocks. Spectators appeared—as they do—from nowhere. In a matter of seconds the rescuer, the rescued, and the attacker were hemmed in by an excited group.

And at just this moment, two figures alighted from the rear of the temporarily deserted truck, walked quietly to the private door of the Huston Building, opened it and went in. Later, Raymond Harkness would have something to say to the man waiting for a bus—whose name was Detective Officer Beaker.

Huan Tsung had mounted a diversion . . .

THE telephone in Camille's room was buzzing persistently—had been buzzing for a long time.

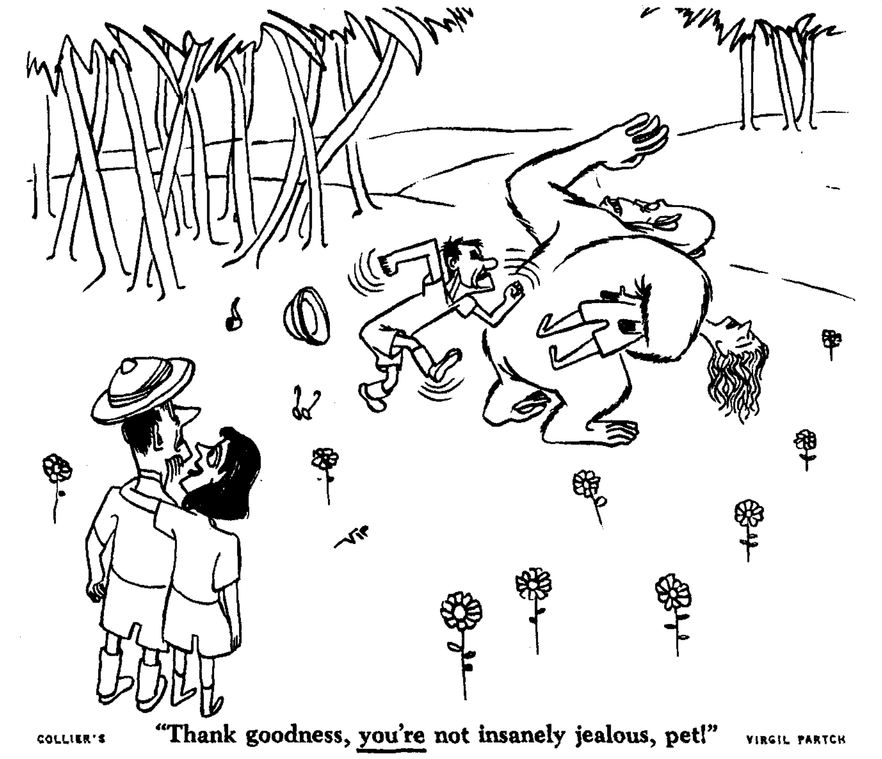
Craig had left the desk light burning, but most of the office lay in shadow, so that when someone switched on a flash lamp in the lobby, a widening, fading blade of light swept across the parquet floor. Then the door was fully opened.

Koenig stepped in, looking cautiously about him. He carried a heavy leather case, which he set down by the safe.

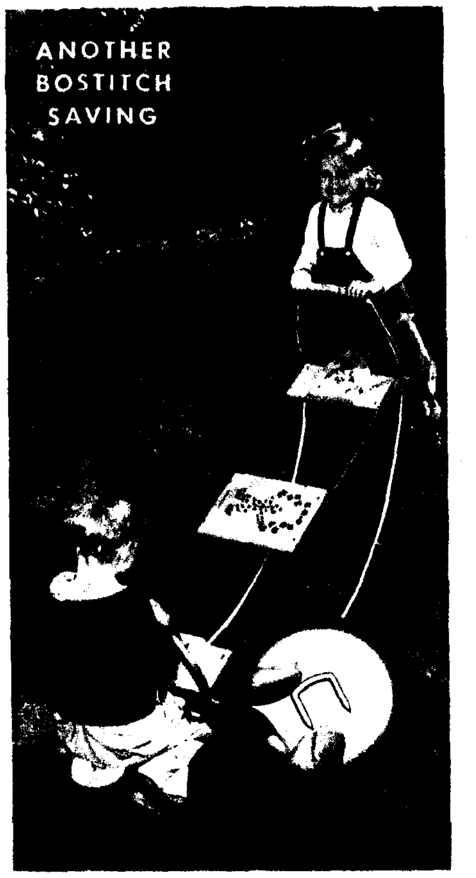
As he stood upright again, a tall figure draped in a black topcoat, the fur collar turned up, came in silently and joined him. Dr. Fu Manchu wore the tinted Hoffmeyer glasses, gloves, and carried a black hat. He looked in the direction of that persistent buzzing.

"Miss Navarre's office," said Koenig, uneasily.

Dr. Fu Manchu indicated the safe, merely extending a gloved hand. Koenig nodded, knelt and opened the leather case. Taking out a bunch of keys, he busied himself with the lock, working by flashlight. Presently, he paused



COLLIER'S "Thank goodness, you're not insanely jealous, pet!" VIRGIL PARTCH



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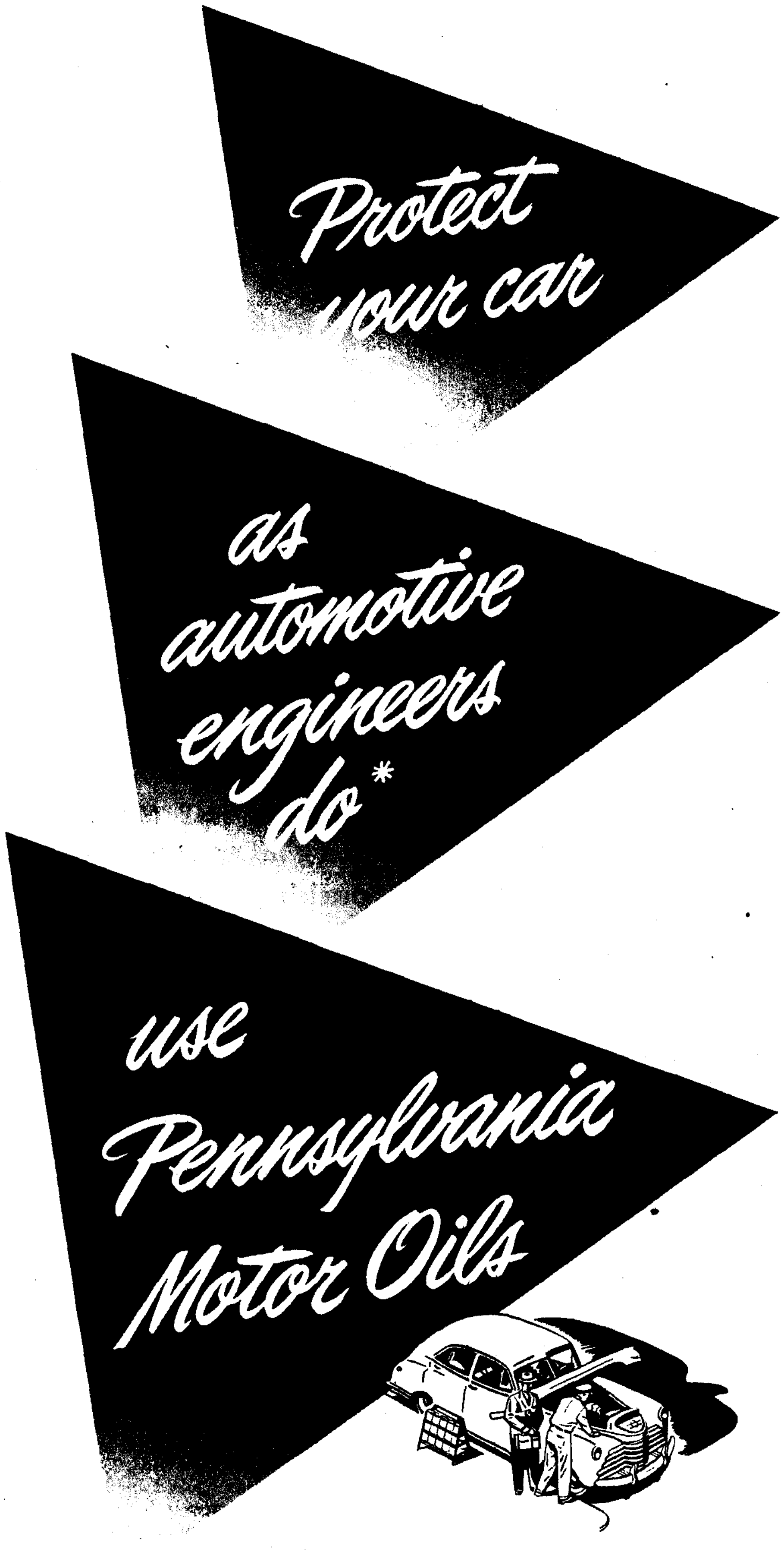

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and turned. "Combination has been changed."

The tall figure standing behind him remained motionless. The buzzing in Camille's room ceased.

"You came prepared for such a possibility?"

"Yes—but it may take a long time now."

"You have nearly two hours. But no more."

The clock over Craig's desk struck its single note . . . ten o'clock.

Dr. Fu Manchu crossed and walked up the three steps. He beat upon the steel door.

"M'goyna!"

The door swung open. M'goyna's huge frame showed silhouetted against a quivering green background.

Dr. Fu Manchu entered the laboratory.

AT HALF past eleven, the man waiting for a bus was relieved by another detective. The avenue now was completely deserted.

"Hello, Holland," he said. "You're certainly welcome to this job!"

"What are we supposed to be doing anyway?"

"Search me! Stop anybody going in, I suppose. We had orders to tail Dr. Craig if ever *he* came out, and Stoddart went after him two hours ago when he took his secretary off to play whoopee. A redhead straight from heaven."

"Nothing else happened?"

"Bit of a scrap about ten o'clock. Big heel driving a truck knocked a boy off his bike. Nothing else . . . Good night."

"Good night."

Holland lighted a cigarette, looking left and right along the avenue, and wondering what had originally attracted him to police work. Holland followed Beaker's retreating figure with his eyes for several blocks. He settled down to a monotony broken only by an occasional bus halting at the near-by stop. The night was unseasonably warm.

At a quarter to twelve, a remarkable incident occurred.

It had been preceded by another curious occurrence, invisible to Holland, however. A red light had been flashed several times from the high parapet of the Huston Building, immediately outside Craig's office . . .

Bearing down upon Holland from the other end of the block was a hatless young man in evening dress, who screamed as he ran.

"You won't get me! You devils! You won't get me!"

In spite of the emptiness of the streets, these outcries had some effect. Two men were following, but maintaining a discreet distance from the screaming man. Keeping up that extraordinary pace, he drew nearer to Holland.

"Out of my way! They're after me!"

Holland sized up the situation. The runner was of medium build, and dark. Clearly, Holland decided, he's drunk, and a guy in that state is doubly strong. But I guess I'll have to hold him. He may do damage.

An experienced manhandler, Holland came forward. But the runner kept on.

"Out of my way!" he screamed. "I'll kill you if you try to stop me!"

Holland stooped for a tackle, saw the gleam of a weapon, and side-stepped in a flash.

"They won't get me!" yelled the demented man, and went racing around the corner.

Had the missing Sam been present, he would have recognized the lunatic as that Jed Laurillard who had once talked to him in a bar. In fact, this disciple had been given a particularly difficult assignment, one certain to land him in jail, as a chance to redeem his former mistake. He had, furthermore, been given a shot of hashish to lend color to the performance.

Holland clapped a whistle to his lips, and blew a shrill blast. Drawing his own automatic, he went tearing around the corner after the still screaming madman . . .

During a general mix-up which took place there, a big sedan drew in before the private door of the Huston Building. Three men came out and entered the car. One of them carried a heavy roll of office carpet on his shoulder.

Huan Tsung had successfully covered the retirement of Dr. Fu Manchu.

MARTIN SHAW stepped from a taxi, paid the driver and unbuttoned his topcoat to find his key. Someone was walking rapidly toward him—the only figure in sight. It was midnight.

Holland, while still some distance away, recognized the chief technician and moderated his pace. The screaming alcoholic had just been removed in charge of two patrolmen, and would, no doubt, receive his appropriate medicine in the morning. By the time Holland reached the door, Shaw had already gone in and was on his way up.

Shaw half expected that Dr. Craig would be still at work, and even when he didn't see him at his desk, was prepared to find him in the laboratory. Then he noted that the drawing board was missing and the safe locked. Evidently, Craig had gone.

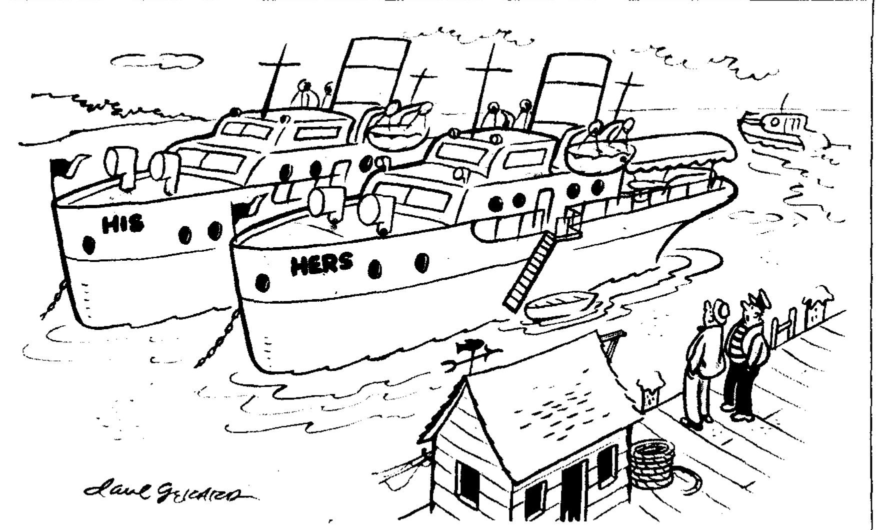
Whoever took the next duty—from four to eight—usually slept on a couch in the office. But Regan seemed to have made no preparations.

Shaw went up the three steps and unlocked the steel door.

"Here we are, Regan!" he called in his breezy way. "Come out of it, man!"

There was no reply. Everything seemed to be in order. But where was Regan?

Then, pinned to the logbook lying on the table, Shaw saw a sheet of ruled pa-



COLLIER'S "They belong to a rather wealthy couple" DAVE GERARD

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per. He crossed and bent over it. A message, written shakily in Regan's hand, appeared there. It said:

Mr. Shaw: Had a slight accident. Compelled to go for medical treatment. Don't be alarmed. Will report at 4 A.M. *for duty.*

J. J. Regan

"Slight accident?" Shaw muttered.

He looked around. What could have happened? There was nothing wrong with any of the experimental plant. He quickly satisfied himself on that score. So unlike Regan not to have timed the message. He wondered how long he had been gone. The last entry in the log was timed eleven fifteen.

He was hanging his coat up when he noticed the bloodstains.

They were very small—just specks on white woodwork. But, stooping, he came to the conclusion that others had been wiped from the tiled floor below.

Regan, then, must have cut himself in some way, been unable to stanch the bleeding and gone to find a surgeon. Shaw decided that he had better notify Dr. Craig. The laboratory phone was an extension from the secretary's office. He reopened the door, went down the steps and dialed from Camille's room.

There was no answer to his call.

Shaw growled, but accepted the fact philosophically. He would repeat the call later. He went back to his working bench in the laboratory and was soon absorbed in adjusting an intricate piece of mechanism in course of construction there.

He called Craig's number again at one o'clock, but there was no reply. He tried Regan's, with a similar result. Perhaps the injury was more serious than Regan had supposed. He might have been detained for hospital treatment.

Shaw tried both numbers again at two and then at three o'clock. No answers.

He began to feel seriously worried about Regan; nor could he entirely understand the absence of Craig. He knew how determined Craig had been to complete the valve detail that night, he knew he was spending the week end away; and he felt sure that Craig wasn't the man to waste precious hours in night spots.

FOR once, Shaw misjudged Craig. At almost exactly three o'clock, that is, while Shaw was vainly calling his number, Morris Craig leaned on a small table, feasting his eyes on Camille, who sat facing him.

"Say you are happy," he whispered.

That she was happy, that this new wonderland was real and not a mirage, seemed to him, at this moment, the only thing that mattered.

Camille smiled. She knew that she had been dancing—dancing for hours, it seemed to her. Even now a band played softly, somewhere on the other side of a discreetly dim floor. Yes—she was happy. She was in love with Morris, and they were together. But how could she surrender herself to all that such an evening should mean, when she had no idea how she came to be there?

She knew that she had set out to keep an appointment made for her by Mrs. Frobisher. Had she kept it? Apart from a vague recollection of talking to Morris in the office—of some sudden terror—the rest of the night remained a blank up to the moment when she had found herself here, in his arms, dancing . . .

"Yes—I am happy, Morris, very happy. But I must go home, now."

It was half past three when they left.

In the little lobby of her apartment house, between swing doors and the house door, Craig held her so long that she thought he would never let her go. Every time she went to put her key in the lock, he pulled her back and kissed her again. At last he said: "I shall be here for you at nine in the morning."

"All right. Good night, Morris."

She opened the door and was gone. He watched her, through glass panels, as she hurried upstairs. Then he went out, crossed the street and waited to see a light spring up in her room.

He had dismissed the taxi. He wanted to walk, to be alone with this night, to relive every hour of the wonder that had come into his life with Camille's first kiss.

When, at Central Park West, he decided to walk across the park, two tired detectives who had been keeping the pair in sight ever since they had left the night club, exhaled self-pitying sighs.

AT TEN past four, Martin Shaw dialed Regan's number. No reply. Then, he tried Craig's. No reply. Following a momentary hesitation, he called police headquarters.

He had no more than begun to explain what had happened when he heard the clang of the elevator door as someone slammed it shut. Laying the phone down on Camille's desk, he ran out into Craig's office. He arrived just as Nayland Smith burst in.

Smith swept the room with a glance.

"Where's Regan?" he snapped.

"Hasn't shown up. Had an accident some time before I returned. Left a note."

Nayland Smith's challenging stare was almost frightening. "You mean the place was *empty* when you arrived at twelve? And you did nothing about it?"

"Why should I?" Shaw demanded. "But when he didn't appear at four o'clock, it was different. I have police headquarters on the line right now—"

"Tell them I'm here. Then hang up."

Shaw went back and did as he was told.

"I know," a voice replied. "We're on the job. Stand by."

"Your handy man, Sam, was got away by a ruse," said Smith. "He wisely called the police too—from Philadelphia. I came straight along. Someone wanted this place vacated tonight, and Craig played right into the enemy's hands."

"But where *is* Dr. Craig?"

"You'd be surprised!" Smith snapped, savagely. "At the moment, he's wandering about Central Park like any other lunatic. One of two men looking after him got to a phone ten minutes ago."

"Has he gone crazy?" Shaw said.

"Yes. He's in love. Show me this note left by Regan."

He went racing up the steps. Shaw had left the laboratory door open.

"There. On the table."

Nayland Smith bent over Regan's strange message. He turned.

"Sure it's his writing?"

"Looks like it—allowing for a shaky hand. He'd evidently cut himself. See—there are specks of blood here." Shaw pointed. "And I think blood has been wiped from the floor just below."

Nayland Smith pulled at the lobe of his ear. His brown face looked drawn and weary, but his eyes shone like steel. The green twilight of this place, the eerie throbbing which seemed to penetrate his frame, he disliked, but knew he must ignore. A moment he stood so, before moving swiftly back to the phone. He called police headquarters, gave particulars of what had happened. "Check all night taxis," he directed rapidly, "operating in this area. All clinics and hospitals in the neighborhood. Recall Detectives Beaker and Holland, on duty at the door here between eight and four. Order them to report to Raymond Harkness."

He hung up, called another number and presently got Harkness.

"I'm afraid we lose, Harkness," he said. "I'm at the Huston Building. Something very serious has occurred tonight. I fear the worst. The two men posted below must have tripped up somewhere. They will report to you. Ask both of them if they left the door even for a moment. Then call me here."

IN THE throbbing laboratory, Martin Shaw was making entries in the log. He looked up as Smith came in.

"Of course," Shaw said, "I can see something has happened to poor Regan. But it's not clear to me that there's anything else to it."

"Not clear?" grated Smith. "Why should a man who generally hangs around the place at all hours—Sam—receive a faked call to get him to Philadelphia? Is it a mere coincidence that Regan deserts his post the same night? For some time before twelve o'clock—we don't know for how long—no one was on duty here."

"There's our entry in the book timed eleven fifteen."

"Very shaky one. Still leaving a gap of forty-five minutes."

"If you mean some foreign agent got in, *how* did he get in?"

"He probably had a duplicate key, as I have. The F.B.I. got mine from the locksmith who made the originals."

"But there's no evidence that anyone has been here."

"There wouldn't be!" said Smith grimly. "Dangerous criminals leave no clues. The visitor I suspect would only want a short time to examine the plant, and to borrow Craig's figure of the transmuter valve—"

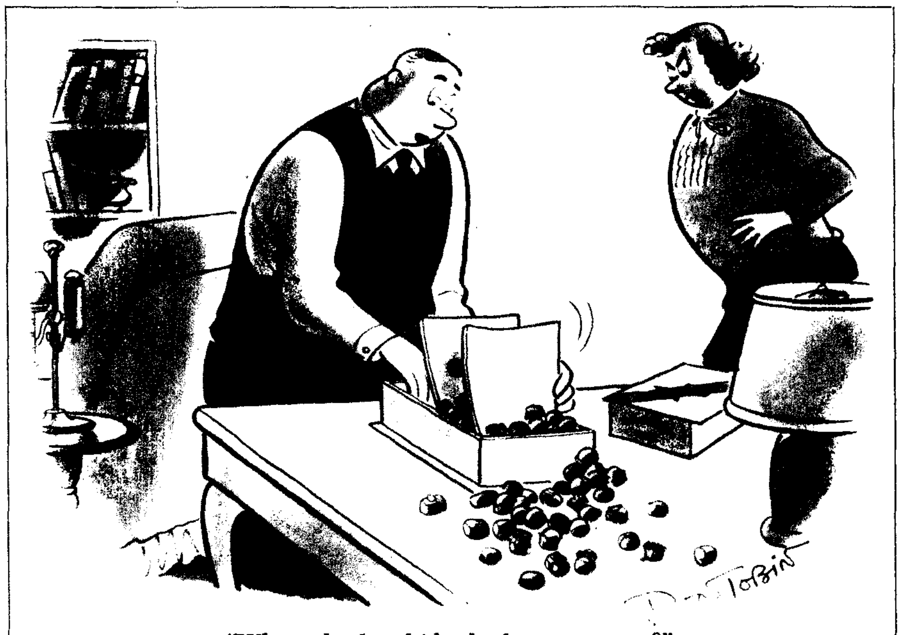
"That would mean opening the safe," Shaw said.

"Exactly what *we* have to do."

"No one but Dr. Craig has a key, or knows the combination."

"There are other methods," said Nayland Smith dryly. "I am now going out to examine the safe."

He proceeded to do so, and made a



COLLIER'S "Where do they hide the butter creams?" DON TOBIN

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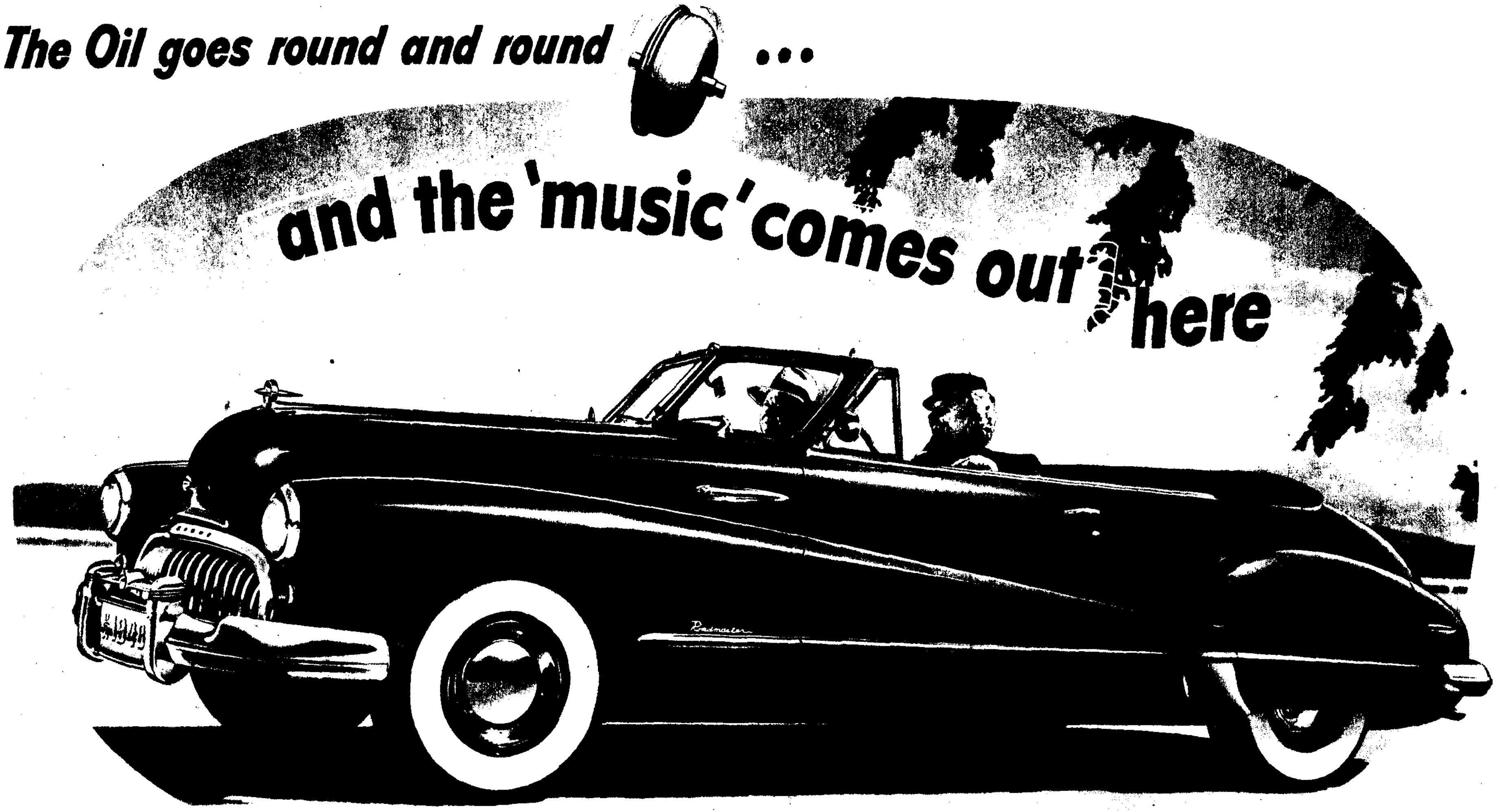
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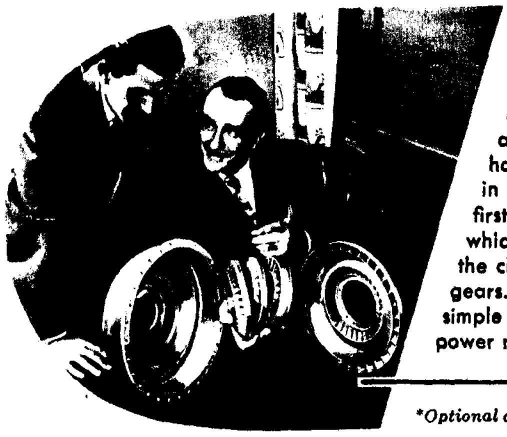

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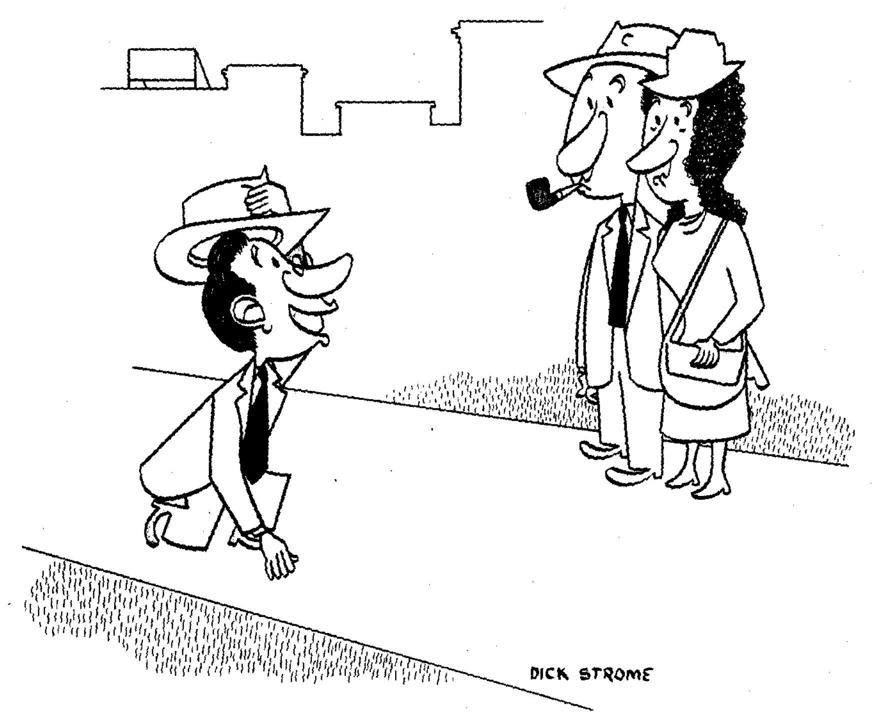


COLLIER'S "Excuse me, but I've got to run!" DICK STROME

thorough job of it. Shaw came down and joined him.

"Nothing to show it's been tampered with," Smith muttered. . . . "Hullo! Who's coming?"

He had detected that faint sound made by the private elevator.

The elevator ascended, stopped. A door banged. And Morris Craig ran in.

"Smith!" he exclaimed—and both men saw that he was deathly pale. "What's this? What has happened? I was brought here by two detectives—"

"Serves you right!" rapped Smith. "Be good enough to open this safe."

"But—"

"Open it."

Craig, his hand none too steady, pulled out his keys, twirled the dial and opened the safe. Nayland Smith and Martin Shaw bent over his shoulders.

They saw a number of papers and Craig's large drawing board.

But there was nothing on the board!

A moment of silence followed—ominous silence.

Then Nayland Smith faced Craig.

"I don't know," he said, and spoke with unusual deliberation, "what lunacy led you to desert your job tonight. But I am anxious to learn what has become of the vital drawing and the notes, upon which you were working."

Morris Craig forced a smile. "If that's all," he replied, "the answer's easy. I had a horrible idea that something had happened—to Camille."

"Where is the diagram?"

Morris Craig smiled again. He removed his topcoat, stripped his jacket off, and groped up under his shirt. From this cache he produced a large, folded sheet of paper and another smaller sheet, the one decorated with a formula like a Picasso painting.

"In spite of admittedly high temperature at time of departure, I remembered that I was leaving town in the morning. I decided to take the job with me. If"—he glanced from face to face—"you suspect some attempt on the safe, all the burglar found was Old Mother Hubbard. I carry peace to Falling Waters."

THE library at Falling Waters was a pleasant room. It was paneled in English oak, imported by Stella Frobisher. An open staircase led up to a landing which led, in turn, to rooms beyond. French windows gave upon a paved terrace overlooking an Italian garden.

There was a handsome walnut desk, upon which a telephone stood, backed by a screen of stamped Spanish leather. Conspicuous above a bookcase was a large cabinet. Set into the front of the cabinet was a colored plan of the grounds, superimposed on a glass screen.

Michael Frobisher was seated at the walnut desk, the phone to his ear. Stein, his butler-chauffeur, stood at his elbow. Michael Frobisher was never wholly at ease in his own home. He remained acutely conscious of the culture with which Stella had surrounded him. This morning, his unrest was pathetic.

"But this thing's just incredible! . . . What d'you say? You're certain of your facts, Craig? Regan never left a note like that before? . . . What d'you mean, he hasn't come back? He must be in some clinic. . . . The police say he isn't? To hell with the police! I don't want police in the Huston laboratory. . . . You did a wise thing there, but I guess it was an accident . . . Bring the notes and drawing right down here. For God's sake, bring 'em right down here! How do we know somebody hasn't explored the plant? Listen! How do we know?"

He listened himself a while.

"To hell with Nayland Smith!" he growled. "Huston Electric doesn't spend half a million dollars to tip the beans into *his* pocket. He's a British agent. He'll sell us out! Are you crazy? . . . He *may* be backed by Washington. What good does that do us, anyway?" He listened again, and suddenly:

"Had it occurred to you," he asked, on a note of tension, "that *Regan* could be the British agent? He joined us from Vickers . . ."

At last he hung up.

"Is there anything you want me to do?" Stein asked. He was a big man, with a thick neck, a deep chest and powerful shoulders. He wore his reddish hair cut as close as a Prussian officer's.

Frobisher spun around. "Did you get it?"

"Yes. It is serious. But not so serious as if they had found the detail of the transmuter."

"What are you talking about?" Frobisher stood up. "There's enough in the lab to give away the whole principle to an expert."

The gray undertone beneath his florid coloring was marked.

"This may be true—"

"And Regan has disappeared!" Frobisher added.

"I gathered so."

"Then—"

"You are too soon alarmed," said Stein, coolly. "Let us wait until we have all the facts."

"How'll we *ever* have all the facts?" Frobisher demanded. "What are the facts about things that happen right here? Who walks around this house at night like a ghost? Who combed my desk papers? Who opened my safe? And who in hell went through *your* room the other evening while you were asleep?"

But before Stein had time to answer these inquiries, Stella Frobisher fluttered into the library. She wore a pinafore over her frock, her hands were buried in gauntlet gloves, and she carried a pair of large scissors.

"I know I look a fright, dear," she assured Frobisher. "I have been out in the garden, cutting early spring flowers."

She emphasized "cutting" as if her more usual method was to knock their heads off with a niblick.

"Allow me to bring these in for you, Madam," said Stein.

His respectful manner was in odd contrast to that with which he addressed Frobisher.

"Thank you, Stein. Lucille has the basket on the back porch."

"Very good, Madam."

"Oh, Stein—there will be seven to luncheon. Dr. and Mrs. Pardoe are coming."

Stein bowed and went out.

"Who's the odd man?" growled Frobisher, opening a box of cigars.

"Professor Hoffmeyer. Isn't it splendid that I got him to come?"

"Don't know till I see him."

"You will fall completely under his spell, dear," Stella declared, and went fluttering out again.

AT ABOUT this time, Morris Craig was putting a suitcase into the back of his car.

"You know, Smith," he said, "I'm profoundly conscious of the gravity of this thing—but I begin to feel like a fugitive. There's a car packed with police on the other side of the street. Do they track me to Falling Waters?"

"They do!" Nayland Smith replied. "As I understand it, you are now going to pick up Miss Navarre?"

"That is the program." Craig smiled unhappily. "I feel a bit cheap leaving Shaw alone in the circumstances. But—"

"Shaw won't be alone!" Smith said irritably. "I'm afraid the danger at the laboratory is past. But to make sure, two carefully selected men will be on duty in your office day and night until you return. Plus two outside."

"Why not Sam? He's back."

"You will need Sam to lend a hand with this radio burglar alarm you tell me about—"

"*I* shall?"

"Yes. I can see you're dying to push off. So push! I trust you have a happy week end."

And when Craig turned into West Seventy-fifth Street, the first thing that really claimed his attention was the presence of a car which had followed him all the way. The second was the figure of Sam standing before the door of Camille's apartment house.

This figure wore spectacles, a light fawn topcoat, a cerise muffler, and a slate-gray hat with the brim turned up in front . . .

" 'Morning, boss," said Sam, opening the door. "Happen to have—"

"What the devil are you doing here?"

"Well," Sam said solemnly, "it's like this. Seems you're carrying valuables, and Sir Denis, he thinks—"

"He thinks what?"

"He thinks somebody ought to come along. Just in case."

Craig stepped out.

"Tell me: Are you employed by Huston Electric or by Nayland Smith?"

Sam tipped his hat farther back. He chewed thoughtfully. "It's kind of complicated, Doctor. Sir Denis has it figured I'm doing my best for Huston if I come along and lend a hand. He figures there may be trouble up there."

Visions of a morning drive alone with Camille vanished.

"All right," said Craig, resignedly. "Sit at the back."

In a very short time he had hurried in. But it was a long time before he came out. . . .

Camille looked flushed, but delightfully pretty, when she arrived at Falling Waters. Her hair was tastefully arranged, and she carried the black-rimmed glasses in her hand. Stella was there to greet her guests.

"My dear Miss Navarre! It's so nice to have you here at last! Dr. Craig, you have kept her in hiding too long."

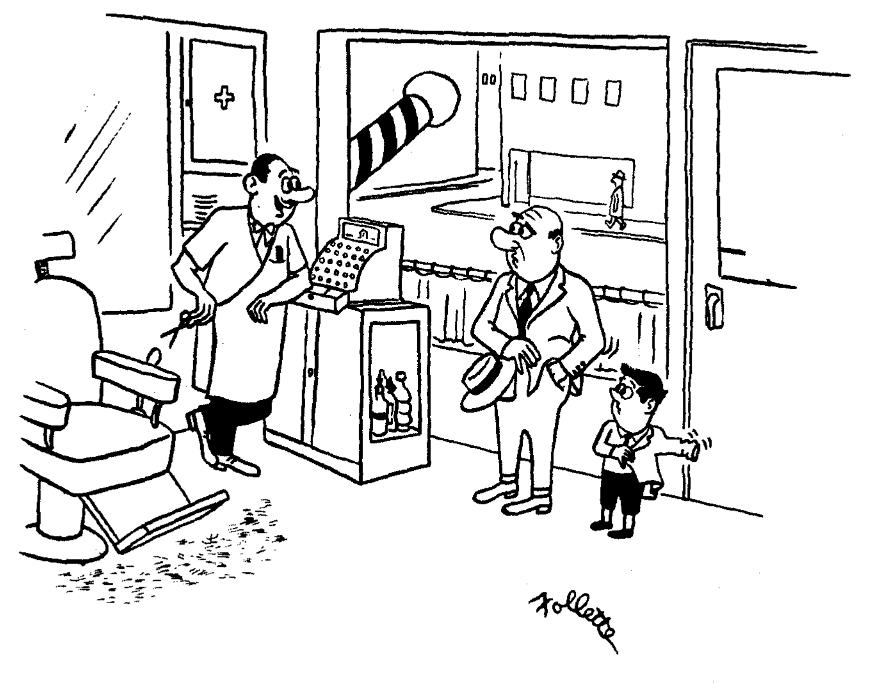
"Not my fault, Mrs. Frobisher. She's a self-effacing type." Then, as Frobisher appeared: "Hail, chief! Grim work at—"

Frobisher pointed, covertly, to Stella, making vigorous, negative signs with his head. "Glad to see you, Craig," he rumbled, shaking hands with both arrivals.

"You have a charming house, Mrs. Frobisher," said Camille. "It was sweet of you to ask me to come."

"I'm so glad you like it!" Stella replied. "But let me take you along to your room."

She led Camille away, leaving Frobisher and Craig standing in the lobby. And at that moment Frobisher's eye rested upon Sam, engaged in taking



COLLIER'S "That'll be a dollar for your haircut and fifty cents for the boy's. Ridiculous, isn't it?" LEW FOLLETTE

TIP ON GOOD GROOMING

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Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Va.

*Fabric Shrinkage less than 1%.

REMEMBER FATHER'S DAY
SUNDAY, JUNE 20

IT'S A
DAN RIVER
FABRIC
DR

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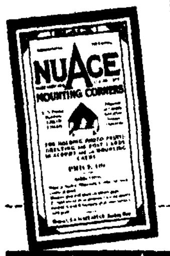

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Craig's suitcase from the car, while Stein stood by.

"What's that half-wit doing down here?" Frobisher said.

"D'you mean Sam? Oh, he's going to help me overhaul your burglar system."

"Probably make a good job of it, between you," Frobisher commented. "When you've combed your hair, Craig, come along to my study. We have a lot to talk about. Where's the plan?"

Craig tapped his chest. "On our person, good sir. Only over our dead body could rascals win to the treasure."

And in a room all daintily chintz, with delicate water colors and lots of daffodils, Camille was looking out of an opened lattice window and wondering if her happiness could last.

Stein tapped at the door, placed Camille's bag inside and retired.

"Don't bother to unpack, my dear," said Stella. "Flora, my maid, is superlative."

Camille turned to her impulsively.

"You are very kind. And it was so good of you to make that appointment for me with Professor Hoffmeyer."

"With Professor Hoffmeyer? Oh, my dear! Did I, really? Of course"—seeing Camille's strange expression—"I must have done it. It's queer and it's absurd, but, do you know, I'm addicted to the oddest lapses of memory."

"You are?" Camille exclaimed; then, as it sounded so rude, she added, "I mean I am, too."

"You are?" Stella exclaimed in turn, and seized both her hands. "Oh, my dear, I'm so glad! I mean, it's such a relief to meet somebody else who suffers in that way. Someone who has no possible reason for going funny in the head. But tell me—what did you think of him?"

Camille looked earnestly into the childish but kindly eyes.

"I must tell you, Mrs. Frobisher—impossible though it sounds—that I have no recollection whatever of going there!"

"My dear!" Stella squeezed her hands encouragingly. "I quite understand. Whatever is the matter with us?"

"I'm afraid I can't even imagine."

"Could it be some new kind of epidemic?"

"I don't know. Suppose we compare notes—"

MICHAEL FROBISHER'S study was that of a man of business. The books were reference books, the desk had nothing on it but a phone, a blotting pad, pen, ink, a lamp and a photograph of Stella. The safe was built into the wall.

"There's the safe I told you about," he was saying. "There's the key, and the combination is right here." He touched his rugged forehead. "Yet I found the thing wide open! My papers"—he pulled out a drawer—"were sorted like a teller sorts checks. I know. I always have my papers in order. Then somebody goes through my butler's room." He banged his big fist on the desk. "And not a bolt drawn, not a window opened!"

"Passing strange," Craig murmured.

Michael Frobisher stared at the end of his half-smoked cigar, twirling it between strong fingers.

"There's been nothing since I installed the alarm system. But I don't trust anybody. I want you to test it. Meanwhile" —he laid his hand on the paper—"how long will it take you to finish this thing?"

"Speaking optimistically, two hours."

"You mean, in two hours it will be possible to say we're finished?"

"Hardly. Shaw has to make the valves. Wonderful fellow, Shaw. Then, we have to test the brute in action. When that bright day dawns, it may be the right time to say we're finished!"

Frobisher put the cigar back in his mouth and stared at Craig.

"You're a funny guy," he said. "It took a man like me to know you had the brains of an Einstein. I might have regretted the investment if Martin Shaw hadn't backed you and Regan. I'm doubtful of Regan now. But he knows the game. Then you've shown me things."

"A privilege, Mr. Frobisher."

Frobisher stood up.

"Don't go all Oxford on me. Listen. When this detail here is finished, you say we'll be in a position to tap a source of inexhaustible energy which puts atomic power in the shade."

"I say so firmly. Controlling the monster depends entirely upon that."

"The transmuter valve?"

"Exactly. It's only a small gadget. Shaw could make all three of 'em in a few hours. But if it works, Mr. Frobisher, and I *know* it will, we shall have at our command a cheap force which could blow our world to bits—or enable us to dispense with costly things like coal, oil, enormous atomic plants and the like, forever."

"Fine."

Michael Frobisher was staring out of the window. His heavy face was transfigured. He, too, the man of commerce, the opportunist, could see tremendous possibilities. No doubt he saw possibilities which had never crossed the purely scientific mind of Morris Craig.

"So," said Craig, picking up the diagram and the notes, "I propose that I retire to my cubicle and busy myself until cocktails are served. Agreed?"

"Agreed. Remember—not a word to Mrs. F."

When Craig left the study, Frobisher stood there for a long time, staring out of the window.

BUT Morris Craig's route to his cubicle had been beset by an obstacle—Mrs. F. As he crossed the library toward the stair, she came in by another door. She glanced at the folded diagram.

"My dear Dr. Craig! Surely you haven't come here to work?"

Craig pulled up, and smiled. "Afraid so. But not for too long, I hope. If you'll excuse me, I'll nip up and get started."

"But it's too bad. How soon will you be ready to nip down again?"

"Just let me know when the bar opens."

"Of course I will. But, you know, I have been talking to Camille. She is truly a dear girl. I mean charming."

Craig's attention was claimed, magically, by his hostess' words.

"So glad you think so."

Stella Frobisher smiled. "Why don't you forget work? Why don't you two scientific people go for a walk in the sunshine? That's what you're here for."

And Morris Craig was sorely tempted. Yes, that was what he was here for. But—

"You see, Mrs. Frobisher," he said, "I ducked out on the job last night. Camille has been working like a pack mule for weeks past. Tends to neglect her fodder. So I asked her to step out for a plate of food and a bottle of vintage."

"That was so like you, Dr. Craig."

"We sort of banished dull care for an hour or two, and as a matter of fact, carried on pretty late. The chief is anxious about the job, and has more or less given me a deadline. I'm only making up for lost time. And so, please excuse me. Sound the trumpets when cocktails are served."

IN THE study, Michael Frobisher had been talking on the phone. He had just hung up when Stein came in.

"Listen," he said. "What's this man Sam doing here?"

Stein's heavy features registered nothing. "I don't know."

"Talk to him. Find out. I trust nobody. *I* never employed that moron. Somebody has split us wide open. It isn't just a leak. Somebody was in the Huston Building last night that had no right to be there. This man was supposed to be in Philadelphia. Who *knows* he was there? Check him up, Stein. It's vital."

"I can try to do. But his talk is so foolish I cannot believe he means it. He walks into my room, just now, and asks if I happen to have an old razor blade."

"What for?"

"To scrape his pipe bowl, he says."

Michael Frobisher glared at Stein.

"Ask him to have a drink. Give him plenty. Then talk to him."

"I can try it."

Stein stolidly departed on this errand. There were those who could have warned him that it was a useless one. . . .

Upstairs in his room, Morris Craig had taken from his bag ink, pencils, brushes and all the other implements of the draftsman's craft. He had borrowed a large blotting pad from the library to do service in lieu of a drawing board.

Stella and Camille had gone out into the garden.

And over this seemingly peaceful scene there hung a menace, an invisible cloud. The fate of nations was suspended on a hair above their heads. Of all those in Falling Waters that morning, probably Michael Frobisher was the most deeply disturbed. He paced up and down the restricted floor space of his study, black brows drawn together over a deep wrinkle, his eyes haunted.

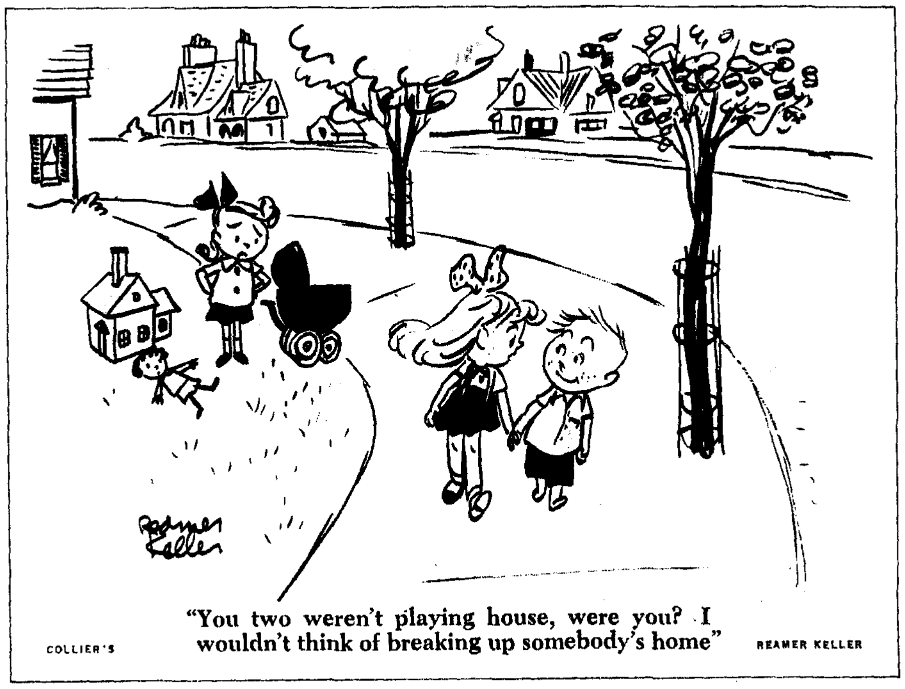
When Stein came in without knocking, Frobisher jumped around like a stag at bay. He collected himself.

"Well—what now?"

Stein, expressionless, offered a card on a salver. He spoke tonelessly.

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith is here."

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S

"You two weren't playing house, were you? I wouldn't think of breaking up somebody's home"

REAMER KELLER

This is the time that counts . . .

AS YOU GRADUATE, and go into the world, son—
may this watch guide you,
and help you make the very most of time,
help you give to life the very fullest
of your effort and understanding.
And all success to you—on the threshold of a future
that waits for you to make it what you will.

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OPEN LETTER TO JIMMIE FIDLER

Continued from page 25

gives the date as August 26, 1898. He explains that he had to lie about his age to be eligible for service.

Fidler was very young when his family moved to Memphis, Tennessee, where his father worked for the American Snuff Company. A further evidence of his inconsistency is the fact that his first name was actually Marion and that he was so registered at school. Summoned to assembly one morning, he waited patiently while the teachers ignored him. Finally one of them began to bristle. "I'm not waiting here a moment longer for Marion," she declared loudly. It seems she and her colleagues had been expecting a girl to appear. When Fidler learned this, he immediately prefixed James to his name.

On September 26, 1918, Fidler joined the Marines and was dispatched first to Parris Island and then to Quantico. Upon his discharge, on June 15, 1919, he re-enlisted and was commissioned a second lieutenant. Meanwhile, he had developed a callow passion for movie actress Betty Compson and poured out his youthful ardor in a series of letters to her. He was agreeably startled to find them being answered. With his release from the Marines, he hurried out to Hollywood to express his feelings to Miss Compson in person. On the way he stopped in Memphis to mail a picture of himself to the magazine Film Fun, which was running a movie eligibility contest for young men.

In Hollywood he arranged a meeting with Miss Compson, which, he now admits rather wistfully, proved a disillusioning experience, for Miss Compson, far from being in love with him, had merely been doing her bit to raise the morale of the armed forces. He discovered she had taken all her fan mail from servicemen and had thrown it into a basket. She then picked out three letters at random and began to correspond with their writers. His had happened to be one of the three letters chosen.

Mr. Marion Photographed Better

Instead of mooning over his unrequited love, Fidler had a photographer take a glamorous picture of himself, and submitted it to Film Fun under the name of James Marion. The following day, a letter forwarded to him from Memphis announced, with regret, that he was not among the fortunate young men selected by Film Fun. A week later, however, he was flabbergasted to hear that he, as James Marion, had been declared the winner.

The award brought him a contract as a bit player at $175 a week. Unfortunately in 1920 a sudden economy wave struck all the studios. As a result, Fidler, after a brief apprenticeship in one picture, found himself unemployed. Scurrying about, he landed a position as Sid Grauman's assistant at the Million-Dollar Theater in Los Angeles. Shortly afterward, he quit to become movie critic and city editor of The News, Hollywood's first daily paper. In 1922, he joined Famous Players-Lasky as a press agent. A year later, he opened his own publicity office.

Fidler was a highly successful press agent, his accounts including such top-flight stars as Janet Gaynor, Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid, Lilyan Tashman, Edmund Lowe and Rudolph Valentino. Fidler made plenty of money as a publicist. He would probably still be one, indeed, if one of his clients, Dorothy Jordan, had not approached him one day in 1933 and asked him to help prepare an interview which she was going to give on a radio program called Hollywood on the Air. He not only wrote the interview but conducted it as well, and carried it off so handsomely he was kept on the program for a year.

In 1934, a lipstick manufacturer, impressed by his broadcasting talent, gave him a program of his own. A year later, he increased his income considerably by signing a contract to do a daily column for the McNaught Syndicate.

Fidler's high-pitched voice might still be tolerated in Hollywood had it not been for his crusade against what he termed anti-Nazi pictures. Week after week on his program, he contended that films like Man Hunt, The Mortal Storm, Four Sons and Confessions of a Nazi Spy were a deliberate attempt by the motion-picture industry to involve the United States in World War II. His shrill outcries were so persistent that the Senate appointed a committee to investigate the charges.

"Fidler," Harry Brand wired the investigating committee, "has been in Hollywood too long not to be known for his mercenary methods. He also threatened to sue 20th Century-Fox for $5,000 for a picture title which he claimed to own."

Sale of Film Story Sacrificed

Fidler's answer to this charge was: "I had bought the Selig library of unproduced movie scripts and this was one of the books which I had up for sale at another studio. When Fox took my title, I lost the sale."

During his testimony, Fidler accused the Columbia Broadcasting System of having refused to permit him to spank George Brent for allowing publication of an article in which he announced his reasons for not marrying Ann Sheridan (whom he later married, incidentally). Network officials came in for Fidler's criticism too. They, he maintained, had ordered him to give nothing less than three bells to any picture released as an A product and no fewer than two to any B.

The Hollywood Reporter, a trade paper, covered the investigation in minute detail and carried daily reports of Fidler's behavior. Smarting from his constant barbs against trade papers which force performers to take advertisements under threat of unfavorable reviews, the Reporter stated:

"Attempting to play the role of a great mind in revolt, Mr. Fidler looked more like a small mind in reverse before the day was over. Wearing a brown suit at the morning session, he returned after lunch wearing a gray suit. Either a sense of display or some other consideration forced him to go home and change his clothes . . . In no ship, save the Ark of Hollywood journalism, do you find Peeping Toms in the lookout's nest. In the aristocracy of letters, Mr. Fidler is attempting to wear a knothole for a monocle."

In the same issue, Irving Hoffman, the paper's New York correspondent, remarked that, "The most amazing thing about Fidler's testimony was his answer to the number of people he employs. I know this sounds like some of Ripley's material, but Fidler said that it takes the combined effort of 35 people to write that column. Imagine that!"

Just who snoops about in quest of items for Fidler's column and broadcast is, in fact, highly confidential and, in many instances, is known only by him and the individuals themselves.

Fidler used to pay employees $300 a month for turning in 30 items acceptable for the radio program. He now pays $100 a week and permits his reporters to do outside work. For each item over a specified amount, he adds another $20. "But," a former employee remarked wryly, "Jimmie's damned careful not to use too many over."

Those who work for Fidler regard him with a mixture of irritation and affection. While they squirm at the sanctimonious ring of his Open Letters, they are, nevertheless, deeply touched by his forgiving nature. During the Senate investigation, for example, word got around Hollywood that one of his staff had asked Paramount for a job because he was ashamed of working for Fidler any longer. When the rest of the staff threatened to sue Paramount on the grounds that they were all being laid open to suspicion, the offender confessed. Instead of firing him, Fidler was so moved by the man's owning up that he presented him with a bottle of champagne.

On another occasion, Fidler wrote a glowing letter of recommendation in behalf of an employee who, only a few weeks before, had erroneously informed the Department of Internal Revenue that Fidler had falsified his income-tax return. Fidler's assistants also like to point out that he is a man of surpassing generosity when the mood is upon him.

"Wait a minute until I turn off the Boston Symphony"

COLLIER'S DAVE HUFFINE

"Jimmie," they say, "will fight a waiter over a nickel . . . but just let him hear a hard-luck story and he's the softest touch in Hollywood."

Fidler's constant preoccupation with the flesh-and-the-devil content of movies infuriates the motion-picture industry, which maintains that his incessant harping on immorality will eventually bring about some form of federal censorship. His detractors delight in pointing out, however, that he is inconsistent even in his sermonizing.

"Just get this, will you," a studio executive said. "Fidler's used the picture Dillinger in an effort to crucify an entire industry, but when he reviewed it over the air he gave it three bells."

This is true, for on March 18, 1945, Fidler informed his listeners: "Pick of the pictures. The best picture of the week is Dillinger. A three-bell picture. The story of John Dillinger, once Public Enemy Number One, is packed with excitement. I liked it because it doesn't glorify the gangster, but paints him as a sordid character who dies for his crime. For a real thrill, see Dillinger."

Questioned about the inconsistency of his subsequent attacks on the picture, Fidler betrays a disarming candor. "When I reviewed Dillinger on the air that night," he answers, "I was wrong." This readiness to admit to anything he has done makes him an elusive target for those who snipe at him.

Fidler looks at least ten years younger than his acknowledged forty-seven. He doesn't smoke, drinks sparingly, and is fanatical in the attention he accords his five-foot-nine-and-a-half-inch, 155-pound body. Despite his perfect health, he is a confirmed hypochondriac who keeps his office stocked with pills, which he gulps down on the flimsiest pretext. This concern for his own physical well-being seems to endow him with a morbid curiosity about other people's ailments.

In five successive broadcasts he reported that Connie Haines had had a nervous breakdown, Joan Edwards a broken bone in her right foot, Lana Turner a high fever, John Wayne stomach ulcers, Michael North a tonsillectomy, Penny Singleton a torn ear lobe, Steve Brodie a burned hand, Merle Oberon a throat infection, Ida Lupino a bad burn from a sun lamp, Errol Flynn a sprained shoulder and lacerated wrist, Judy Garland a relapse; that Red Skelton and Allen Jenkins were being X-rayed; and that Barton MacLane, Mrs. Henry Fonda, Mrs. Vince Barnett, Lloyd Nolan, George Murphy and John Decker were all hospitalized with varied afflictions.

After his celebrated cabaret brawl with Errol Flynn, Fidler decided to ensure his own good health by hiring a bodyguard. This was probably a sound precaution, except that Fidler would make the rounds of the studios while the bodyguard remained behind in the office reading fan magazines.

On his return, Fidler would say, "Well, I guess I won't need you any more today," whereupon the bodyguard would grunt, yawn and lumber out.

Domestic Life Is Serene

When he is not in his offices, which occupy the whole of a three-story dwelling in the center of Hollywood, Fidler can usually be found either at the Lakeside Country Club, where he plays golf regularly and proficiently, or at his superbly designed low-slung house in the Toluca Lake section. There he lives, in what appears to be complete peace, with his wife and two children—Jeff, who is four and his present wife's son by a previous marriage, and Bobbe, who is five and was adopted by him and his third wife. His mother and father reside only a block away in the house which he bought for them.

Lolling beside the swimming pool in the dazzling sunlight, Fidler does not seem the same man who, every Sunday night over two networks, preaches to the movie industry with such prim solemnity. He speaks softly, unassumingly, and without any trace of the high-pitched voice which is a recognizable, and apparently indispensable, facet of his radio personality. Here, among the possessions purchased out of the fortune he has made as a broadcaster, a columnist, a press agent and an exceedingly visionary stock-market speculator, he appears to be without a single condemnatory thought in his mind.

As the afternoon begins to slip away, he rises, steps spryly to the lip of the pool and plunges in. The two children squeal excitedly as he swims toward them. Addressing him as Jimmie, they both screech for him to give them a swimming lesson. After he has taught them for a while, he climbs out, flexes his well-developed muscles, and sinks into a deck chair. Presently, a screen door slams shut and his wife comes out of the house. She is a pleasant, lovely-looking girl who evidences absolutely no interest in Hollywood doings. As she approaches, he smiles at her.

"Hello, darling," he says, and he draws her face down to be kissed. Then, turning to his guest, he says, "I've finally got the right marriage. And listen, you ask me why I knock divorce. Why shouldn't I knock it? I've had more experience with it than most people."

THE END

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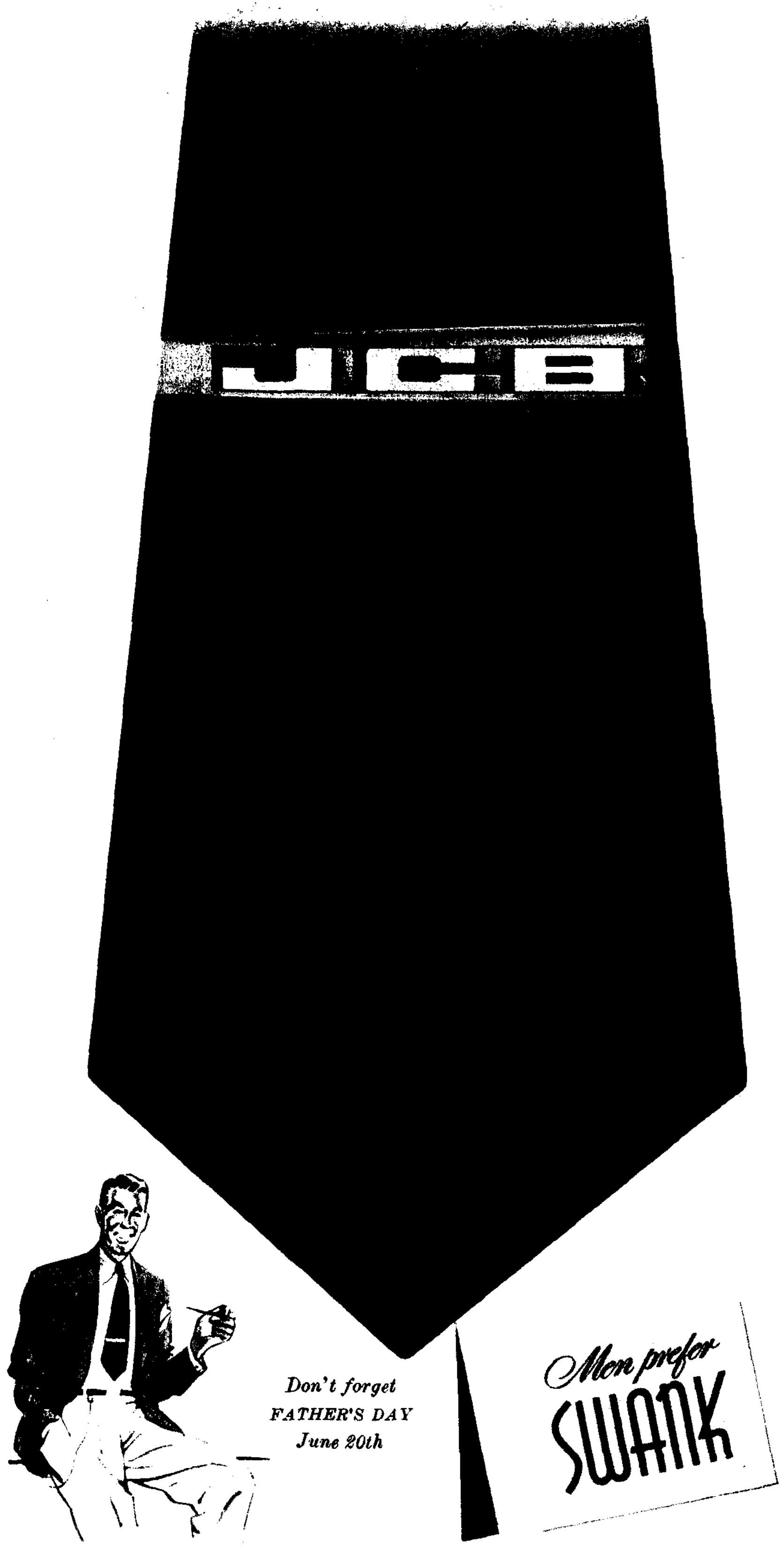

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FLYING HIGH

For thousands of years, kites have fascinated men in every land. Today they're more fun — and more useful — than ever

BY ALFRED H. SINKS

THE lookout in the crow's nest grabbed his phone. "It looks like one o' them autogyro things, sir—flyin' about a hundred yards above the water!" The British destroyer churned up the sea as it pulled around fast. It was on the hunt for U-boats but an autogyro—where no autogyro had any right to be—was something that needed looking into. The crew sprang to launch a plane from its catapult.

But long before either plane or destroyer reached the spot the mysterious "autogyro" was, incredibly, gone.

The report reached the Admiralty in London. So did almost identical reports from other ships. The mystery was passed along to our own Naval Intelligence and presently a Navy sleuth sat facing a leading civilian expert on autogyros.

"Hmph!" grunted the expert. "I'll bet my bottom dollar that what those British officers saw was a *kite!* Look."

Carl Chupp, of Waban, Massachusetts, reached around behind his desk and lifted something from a shelf. It was a toy model of an autogyro. But it had no engine. Instead, a string was attached at a point near the three-bladed rotor. It was designed to be flown as a kite.

Chupp had patented his scientific toy in 1939. He hoped to have it on the market for American kids to fly by the following spring, but war interfered. The patent drawings were there in Washington for anyone to see. And German Intelligence overlooked no bets—the Nazis grabbed Chupp's toy and made a war weapon out of it!

The German version had a wing span of 12 feet. It was big enough to carry a sailor aloft in a seat hung just under the three-bladed rotor. Attached to a heavy line, it was flown kitewise from the conning tower of a sub. A towing speed of a few knots would keep it in the air.

With an observer 400 feet aloft to warn off an enemy's approach, the Nazis down in the sub felt a lot safer. If warning came in time, the kite was pulled down on a windlass and lashed to the deck before the sub went under. If seconds were precious the crew just cut kite and observer loose and crash-dived. Those kite aeronauts were strictly expendable!

In every war, kites have turned up in some startling new role. The remarkably accurate shooting of our antiaircraft gunners in World War II was the result of practice with an ingenious target kite. The Army and Navy spent millions in developing this kind of kite alone. Manufacturers of everything from tennis rackets to grand pianos were put to work making kites. Convoys were protected from enemy dive bombers by big "barrage kites" flown from the decks of Liberty ships.

A simple yellow kite was part of the lifesaving equipment aboard tens of thousands of lifeboats and rafts. It held aloft the antenna of a radio sending set that automatically signaled S O S, and it showed searchers where the castaways were.

Some of our war uses of kites are still top secret but a good many kites of man-carrying size were built and turned over to the Signal Corps. Even newer military uses for kites are being explored in guarded government laboratories right now. In spite of progress in planes and rockets, the ancient art of building and flying kites is as important as ever.

Man-carrying kites are not a new idea. Two hundred and fifty years ago in Japan a daring highwayman used a kite to lift him so that he could peek over the wall of the Emperor's palace. As a result the Son of Heaven decreed that henceforth the size of kites was to be limited to models not large enough to lift a man.

Kites were flown in the Orient for centuries before they reached Europe, but in the Boer War, kites lifted British army observers into the air so that they could observe distant enemy movements. Armies of most nations have used the same stunt since. A good many of our parents saw it demonstrated at country fairs and

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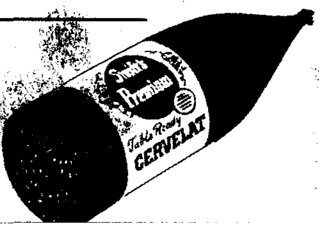
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seaside resorts, where a train of half a dozen huge kites was used. Any one of them could almost support a man, so even if something went wrong with one or more of the kites, the passenger would not crash.

After the kites were well up in the regions where the winds are steady, a bosun's seat was attached to the line and the passenger climbed in. Guy ropes attached to the bosun's seat were held by two men standing some distance apart, to keep it steady. The passenger could be lifted to quite a height.

In 1901, in Newfoundland, Marconi used a long radio antenna attached to a kite to receive the first wireless messages ever flashed across the Atlantic. This is standard Signal Corps practice today.

Three years before Benjamin Franklin's famous experiment, in 1749, Dr. Alexander Wilson in Glasgow attached thermometers to kites and sent them aloft in studying the causes of weather changes.

For many years the U.S. Weather Bureau got most of its dope on tomorrow's weather from instruments raised high into the air by kites. The government men maintained 17 regular kite-flying stations at scattered points throughout the country. To get greater altitudes they often flew their kites in tandem: a number of kites straining at the same line. In a brisk wind, a rig like that often exerted a pull of several hundred pounds. Piano wire was the only thing strong enough to hold the kites and at the same time light enough to let them fly.

The weathermen hung up their all-time altitude record on May 5, 1910, at Mount Weather, Virginia. They hooked up 10 kites on a string and began paying out piano wire. By the time they had unwound eight and a half miles of wire the top kite had reached an altitude of nearly five miles!

When the Bureau dropped kites in the early thirties, it was not because planes and balloons could do the job better. It was because fliers began to complain about the danger of having a prop smashed or a wing sheared off by an almost invisible piano wire stretching for miles into the sky.

Nearly all the pioneers of aviation—Bell, Langley, Chanute, Curtiss, Gallaudet, and the Wright Brothers in particular—got lessons in aerodynamics from kites. The invention of the box kite by Lawrence Hargrave in 1893 led straight to the first successful flight at Kitty Hawk.

A Milestone in Aviation Progress

A nearly forgotten father of the science of flight, Hargrave was born in London, taken to live in Australia when he was 16. He was one of the first to build a model airplane that actually flew. But his plane, like all powered models of the time, was extremely unstable. It was in the search for a stable type of heavier-than-air machine that Hargrave developed the box kite. Simple as the invention seems today, it opened a new era in aeronautical thinking. Many another scientist who found he was able to go just so far in designing a plane turned to experiments with box kites to learn more about aerodynamics.

Even toy kites have come in mighty handy at times. When Edward Wellman Serrell was ready to build his famous suspension bridge across Niagara Gorge, he used kites to carry the first line across. The kite string was then used to pull a heavier line over, and then a heavier one, until the first steel cable could be hauled across.

"Skywriting" with kites was an old practice before airplanes took over. A 14-year-old kid named Frank Seyfang started it at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, and the sign that fluttered from his kite string like a long ribbon was an advertisement for corsets. For many years Frank skywrote with kites over Times Square in New York, advertising such early movie thrillers as Birth of a Nation and Orphans of the Storm. Elsewhere others were doing well at the same business.

Are you a frustrated flier? An amateur meteorologist? An aerial experimenter who likes the thrills of stunt flying but also likes to keep his feet on the ground? Then fly a kite.

According to its function, your kite may be a work of art—like many of the Chinese and Japanese kites—designed to be marveled at; or it may be an efficient flying device. It may be of almost any size. Many a fan has built models only a few inches high, using broom straws for sticks, and flown them with sewing thread. At the other extreme were some of the box kites built by Alexander Graham Bell while he was testing his theories on heavier-than-air craft. They were as big as cow barns and were towed by a steamship to launch them in flight!

KEY-RING CIRCUS

Here's one for the kitchen door.
No. Our house in Sagamore.
This, I think, unlocks the back
Of that clock we gave to Mac.
Try this. No, that's for the trunk
Holding all your books and junk.
That one there shaped like a crank
Came with Junior's piggy bank.
These are both for luggage locks,
This one? For your tackle box.
This? The bronze one flat and heavy?
Glove compartment—our old Chevvy.
Watch your temper, will you, please?
Why can't you keep track of keys?
Well, don't stand there mute and mopin',
Get a file and pry it open.

—Dorothy B. Griswold

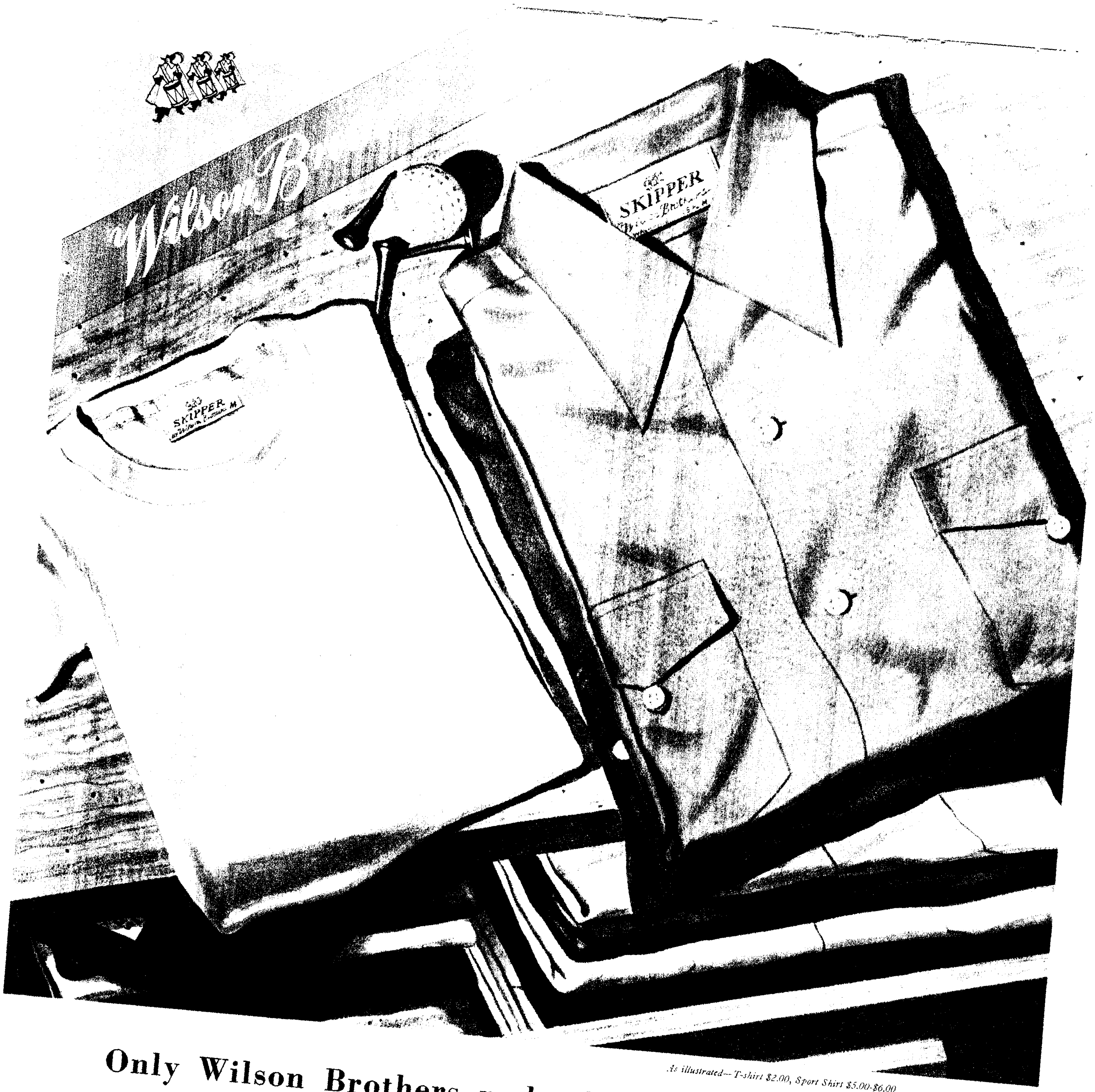
You'll hardly want to start with anything quite that big. But when it comes to size, remember that a kite only five feet high and five wide has 25 square feet of lifting surface. And that's more than an average man will want to try to hold on to in a 20-mile wind!

There are more kinds of kites than anyone could build and fly in a lifetime. There are few good books on kites, but a little patient digging ought to turn up a few dozen different designs. Perhaps you'll find you've turned inventor and added a few ideas of your own.

Box kites are, of course, more complicated to build than plane-surface kites. They may be four-sided, six-sided, three-sided, or round. There are also *combinations* of box and plane-surface kites.

Because its aerodynamic qualities are nearly perfect, the Eddy kite has served as the basis for many advanced kite designs. It is a single-surface kite and one of the simplest to build. A well-made Eddy kite will almost leap out of your hand in a two-mile breeze and will soar as steady as a B-29. It has all the built-in stability of a fine glider and needs no tail to balance it.

The inventor of this remarkable flying gadget, William Abner Eddy, was famous more than thirty years ago as the pioneer of the art of aerial photography, and developed his kite for that purpose. It's still fun to take aerial pictures of the



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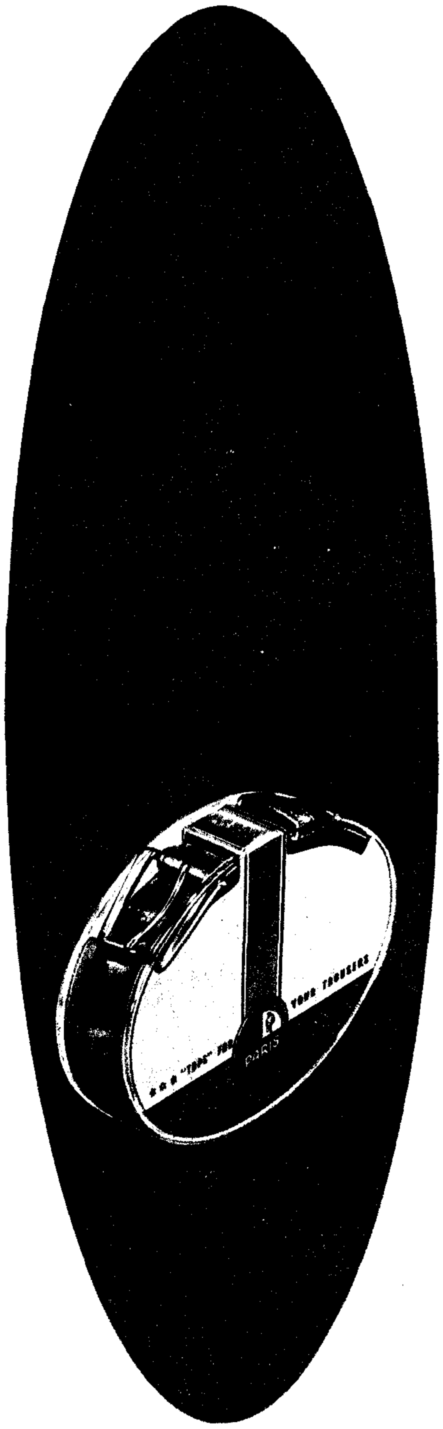

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old homestead with a camera slung under a good, steady kite. All you need is plenty of understanding of both cameras and kites.

Kite fights are all the rage in Korea, and are just as much fun anywhere else. The Korean fighting kite is a small job, usually not over 20 inches high. A fighting kite is deliberately designed with imperfect balance—yet not imperfect enough to require a tail, which would get fouled in the string and interfere with maneuvering. It must be sufficiently unstable so that when you let go the string suddenly, your kite will swoop and plunge in the air, sacrificing stability for maneuverability.

A section of the string is coated with glue and then sprinkled with ground glass or sand. Before the duel can begin, you and your opponent have to get your kites well up into the air. At the word "go" the dogfight starts. Each duelist tries to maneuver the cutting edge of his string across the string of the other kite. Then with a sawing motion he tries to cut the other string. The fight goes on until one of the two drops out of the sky.

Fishermen, Take Notice!

That's only one of many ways to have fun with kites. Kite fishing is serious business with the Solomon Island natives but here at home it's a top-flight sport. You can do it either from the beach or from a boat. It takes plenty of skill but the excitement is worth it. From a beach, a kite will get your fishing line much farther out than you could possibly cast it.

You can buy your tackle ready-made or make it yourself. If you make it, however, be sure to cover your kite with material that will withstand a soaking.

Get your kite up and then attach your fishline to the kite string. Let the fishline run free through a clothespin pinched on to the flying line. Then let them both out together. As your fish strikes, he'll jerk the fishline free of the flying line and you pull him in without disturbing the kite.

If you're out after altitude records, fly your kites in tandem. It's a man-sized job to handle several big kites at one time. Most people who go in for the big-kite stuff use anything from heavy fishline up to half-inch rope. Experts advise against piano wire because of the danger from power lines. Veterans like Frank Seyfang hand-fly their big kites, but many others use a reel securely fastened to the ground.

In tandem flying you get one kite well up first. Then you fly a second kite on a hundred feet or so of line and tie the short line to the long one. The more kites you get on your line the higher you can go.

For all the thrills of stunt flying without leaving the ground you'll want to try the acrobatic kite developed by Commander Paul Edward Garber as a target for aeronautical gunnery practice.

A veteran pilot and authority on all phases of flying, Garber, is curator of the National Air Museum in Washington. He is also an old hand at building and flying kites. After experimenting with many types of kites he chose the Eddy kite as the basis for the best aerial target ever invented.

Manipulated by a stick that is held in both hands, Garber's kite will climb, nose-dive, loop the loop, or do figure eights under perfect control. Garber claims you can easily do skywriting with it. It looks exactly like a stunting plane, and in a 20-mile wind it will maneuver at speeds up to 60 or 70 miles an hour.

To the Eddy kite Garber added a horizontal stabilizer and rudder like those on a plane. These are fastened in front of the vertical stick at the bottom. Two lines run from the two ends of a short rudder bar through two pulleys fastened to the crosspiece of the kite a few inches each side of the center.

These lines come down to the two ends of the control stick you hold in your hands and are wound on a neat, double reel in the center of the stick. Half an hour's practice teaches you how to make the kite maneuver by manipulating the stick.

Your real kite enthusiast wants straight spruce or basswood for his frames; tough, reinforced paper, balloon cloth, silk, cotton or rayon for his covering. He wants flying line that is both strong and light, good glue, good tools and instruments.

For an air-minded generation, kites—basic aircraft—have a new meaning and a new importance. Almost every time you fly one you learn something you didn't know about flying craft and about the air that has added a third dimension to man's living.

So watch out for those colorful specks in the sky. Better still, get your hands on a flying line yourself, and see how hard it is to let go. For ancient as it is, this custom of soaring with your feet on the ground is as fresh and exciting as ever.

THE END

TRANSPOSAGRAMS

BY ALAN MURRAY

Detective Watkins sped to Toledo with this order: "Keep your eyes on the chief suspect in the Leroy case." But he found five different important suspects. At first he tried to keep up with the movements of all five, with the result that he lost track of all of them most of the time. He was stymied until a transposagram came from headquarters, solving his problem:

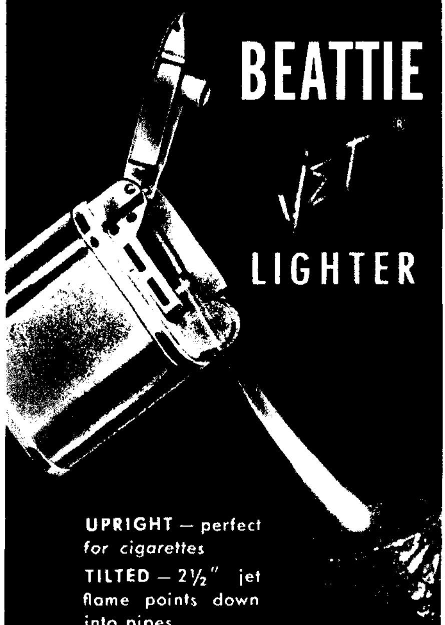
●

SINGLE MOUNTAIN FLOWER

						■	M	A	N	■			■						■	S	U	I	T

Instructions: When transposed, the letters of the transposagram above form a message in one complete sentence. Change the order of the letters and insert them in the empty boxes to form the sentence. A number of letters have already been inserted in their correct boxes. The empty spaces show the length of the words in the message.

(Solution on page 79)



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La Boheme Vineyards Co., Fresno, Calif.

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

Only an aroused conscience and a will to do the right thing will help the issue.
EDWARD C. PHELPS, Jenkintown, Pa.

. . . We, the descendants of families who owe their very existence to black mammies, owe them a debt. Why not repay it by seeing that their descendants get a square deal? Give them equal educational opportunities, the vote and allow them to hold jobs that their capabilities fit them for. In these troubled times we all need to pull together and we cannot fight Communism if we act like commissars ourselves. I sign the name of my signer ancestor as I believe he would agree with me.
CARTER BRAXTON

BUNNY, BUNNY, BUNNY!

DEAR SIRS: I feel it my duty to report that Mrs. Bunny McLeod recently cried: "It's a long walk, but think how much nearer you'll be after you get there!" That was just after she referred to herself as a "guinea pigeon." Also, returning from a late party the other night, she yawned: "Ho-hum! One night in a row is enough!"
SCOOP CONLON, Hollywood, Cal.

Bunny, we hear by radario, also cried: "There was I, left holding the jack pot!"

OH, KAYE!

DEAR SIR: I have just read in your issue of Mar. 27th the letter written by Edward Jorgenson of Los Angeles, about deporting Charlie Chaplin, Danny Kaye, and others.

If you don't want Danny Kaye send him over here posthaste! This brilliant young man holds a very large place in our hearts and I, like many others I have spoken to, cannot believe that his political creeds are in any way antisocial. We are only waiting now for his return visit to give him one of the biggest welcomes anyone ever received.
PAMELA M. CURL, London, England

JIMMY CRACK CORN

GENTLEMEN: In The House at Hyde Park (Apr. 10th) you reproduce the words of Jimmy Crack Corn, an "old-time ballad" copyright credit being given to Leeds Music Corp., 1944-45. This ballad, one of President Lincoln's favorites, appears in a book of Minstrel Songs published in the '80s by Oliver Ditson & Co., containing the words and music of same. Unless the copyright law has been changed recently, the extreme limit of copyright is 56 years. Then the material becomes public domain. How, then, can anyone now possess the copyright ownership of Jimmy Crack Corn?
FRANZ R. WAGNER,
Richland Center, Wis.

The publishers own only the copyright to the Burl Ives musical arrangement. The words are public domain.

THE GENERAL SPEAKS OUT

SIR: Regrettably, I think, you let Donald Robinson in Does The Army Want The Reserves? (Apr. 10th) echo over the grave of Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair the latter's completely discredited and misleading attack on the National Guard. General McNair, however, should be understood for what he was: a gallant and sincere believer in the Prussian type of military establishment. He captained a powerful group of that belief in the Regular Army; men so sincere that they were disloyal to the Congress and to their own Chief of Staff in their efforts to subvert the plain provisions as well as the spirit of the National Defense Act.

It is right shocking, in 1948, after the record made in combat by the organizations, men, and officers of the Guard—from New England's 26th Division to the Southwest's 45th—to have Lesley J. McNair's bones rattled to their attempted discredit. As to the Guard: Its roots are far in the English-speaking past; it is based on the belief that a free nation's defense must depend at last on the mood-to-serve of its citizenry — and that nation-state-city-county should be tied together in a mutuality of effort and of willingness.
JAMES E. EDMONDS, Camp Lee, Va.

IT BEATS THE DUTCH!

DEAR SIR: To be reading Collier's again is just like heaven after five long years of physical and intellectual misery, under the Nazis, but I feel frustration every time I read a sports feature. It is all about baseball: There's home plate, first, second and third base—a "pitcher" throws a ball to a husky fellow armed with a big club. He proceeds to knock the ball somewhere in the next state and as the ball is on its way the hitter and several other chaps start running like blazes to be the first to kick a bag of flour on a certain spot. The umpire gets knocked over, concedes the run or the point or whatever it is, the spectators go crazy, or choke on their "hot dog" and everybody's happy—that's what it looks like to a European reader.

Please have pity with your "far-flung readers" and write a simple article to tell us what it's all about. Your American readers will think we're just half-witted yokels who mistake Babe Ruth for the leading lady in last year's Technicolor musical . . . but we'll get hep, is it?
J. M. CAMBIER, Antwerp, Belgium

18

GENTLEMEN: I am eighteen and a devoted reader of your magazine. Congratulations to Hannah Lees on her article, It's Hard To Be Your Age (Apr. 17th). It couldn't have been written any plainer!
DOROTHY E. KANGAS, Chicago, Ill.

THE TALKING MAN

DEAR SIR: Who does Varipapa think he is kidding when he says he can't bowl with a ball for more than 40 games because he wears the thumb hole out from spinning it? His bowling balls that I have seen were a lot more battle-scarred than 40 games. (Collier's Sports, Apr. 10th.)

Camera close-ups will show that Varipapa's thumb is out of his ball first. So how can he spin a ball on his thumb with his fingers still in it?
FRED BAUGH, Bend, Oregon

Varipapa, the Talking Machine, explains in his quaint first-to-third person way: "Varipapa does not spin the ball on *his thumb. The thumb leaves the ball a split second before the fingers release and it is the fingers that produce the rotary action. But Varipapa uses the snuggest thumb hole of all the good bowlers and the tight fit makes friction-heat. Varipapa's thumb swells quickly—especially in hot weather when the blood is thin. Sometimes I shift balls—Varipapa carries several spares with larger thumb holes. Sometimes I enlarge the thumb hole with sandpaper as the match progresses."*

TOP KNOTCH

SIRS: Always wanted to know what happens to the babies with topknots . . . when said very top-knotted baby grows up? Now, after looking over your Apr. 10th issue, we know! Glum . . . Glum . . . F. C.

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With the Guide Multi-Purpose Lamp, you always have a *spare* unit for your Sealed Beam headlamps. If a headlamp fails when you're far from service, just slip your lamp's Sealed Beam unit from its mounting and replace the burned out headlamp unit. No more "one-eyed" driving for you!

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1948 SENSATION

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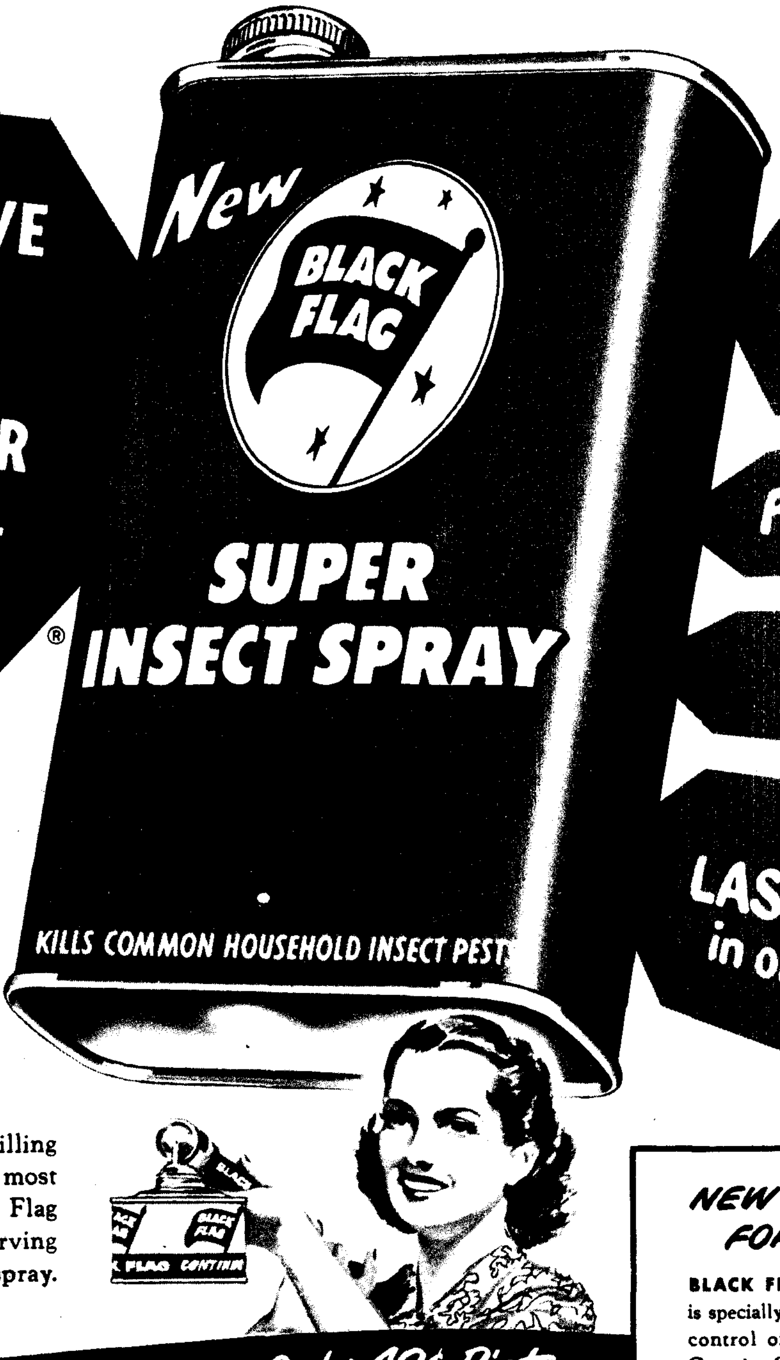

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- NEW! **5 INSECTICIDES**—combined in one super spray—D. D. T., Chlordane, Lethane, Pyrethrum and Piperonyl Butoxide.
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Contains CHLORDANE—the new "wonder" insect-killing agent that's even more effective than famous D. D. T. on most crawling insects. Yet, with this stepped-up power, Black Flag Super Insect Spray is SAFE to use around the house, observing only the same precautions used with any ordinary insect spray.

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ROACH SPRAY

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GO TO SLEEP

Nobody knows quite what sleep is, but
many a tortured hour is spent seeking it.
Read this wide-awake article—and sleep

BY JAMES DUGAN

RECENTLY medical science has been completely buffaloed by a strange case. A patient went to sleep and stayed that way for one third of his lifetime. He came out of it without medical aid and felt good. He cocked a cheerful eye at the medicos, yawned prettily and said, "How come I went to sleep like that, huh?"

The attending specialists groaned. One of them said, "Riddles he asks. Listen, Mister, frankly, we don't have a clue. We don't know beans about it."

This is a true case in medical annals. Nothing rare about it either. The patient was the entire human race, which everybody knows sleeps about one third of its lifetime, eight hours at a crack. The fact that this goes on every night everywhere doesn't make the doctors any happier. They don't know why we go to sleep, or what hidden button is pressed to knock us out, or who presses the button, if there is a button. A pretty pickle indeed, for medical science!

It isn't because the medical profession hasn't tried to solve it. More work has been done on sleep than all the brain-flogging that went into nuclear fission, but on sleep the report card reads zero. There are a half-dozen cute theories. Pick out any one—or make up your own—and you will know as much about it as the professors who have been going without sleep trying to find out why we sleep.

Let us begin with the physiological theory of sleep. It says that sleep is a result of the lessening of the volume and velocity of the blood in the brain. This is the known cause of fainting. But of course sleep isn't fainting. You have to be shocked to faint.

Or the chemical theory. The idea here is that the human body when in action manufactures some sort of secret chemical which has the effect of a Mickey Finn along about midnight. You cook up enough of the chemical, it knocks you out. After you're on the canvas the body stops making the chemical, the cells are recharged with energy, and bango! you're on your feet and singing in the shower. Very pretty.

Now for the biological theory. This school of thought laughs at such naïve theories as blood on the brain and knockout drops. The biologists say we sleep because we can't help it. It's a built-in animal instinct.

The psychoanalysts have a cunning explanation of their own. They say we sleep because of a subconscious reversion to childhood, that along about midnight everyone unknowingly wants to get back in the bassinet and put his big toe in his mouth.

Ponder also the sleep theory of the late Professor A. Mouneyrat of the French Academy of Science. The professor said sleep was caused by a mysterious gas in the air we breathe. He called it *somnifer*. Mouneyrat said he found *somnifer* thick in country air; it was probably generated by plant life. But hard as he tried Mouneyrat could never bottle any *somnifer*. Professor Mouneyrat pointed out that *somnifer* required acres of foliage to produce enough to fell a grown man. There is no use getting up and sniffing window boxes when you can't sleep.

Men of science cannot agree on what causes sleep, nor can they make up their minds on how many hours of sleep you need per day. Eight is the magic number people believe in. Why eight was selected as official is the Number Two mystery of sleep. No other age in history followed it.

In the Middle Ages the *Regimen sanitatis salernitanum*, the authoritative doctor book, said six hours was enough. An English jingle of 400 years ago went:

> *"Nature requires five,*
> *Custom gives seven,*
> *Laziness takes nine,*
> *And wickedness eleven."*

Two hundred years ago people believed six hours were enough for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool.

Two present-day scientists have questioned the eight-hour figure by putting themselves through sleep experiments in an effort to find what nature wants from us in diurnal rest. The results differed drastically between the two sleeping scientists, and neither finding supported the eight-hour theory.

The first of these scientists was R. Buckminster Fuller, inventor of the Dymaxion automobile, the Fuller mass-produced house and a new system for mapping the world. Twenty years ago "Bucky" Fuller moved to a lonely house in Nebraska to work out theoretical studies on a new type of human dwelling, a "machine for living." While at work with his drafting board and slide rule he determined to find out what nature dictates as human animal sleep.

Fuller had observed as a submariner in World War I that men on prolonged combat duty could stand to for a week if necessary with amazingly little sleep and still keep their health and alertness. He had also observed the intermittent sleep habits of babies and of the household cat. He asked in his experiment if there was a sleep pattern like this for modern man, a habit lost before civilization.

As a brain worker, his sign of fatigue was when his mind wandered from the equations before him. When this happened he went to bed. He trained his will to leap out of bed the moment he awakened, and went back to his job. Following the cycles of fatigue and rest and reawakening as they naturally occurred, Fuller began within a month to penetrate the biological secrets of human sleep.

The cycle was astounding. Fuller found that he was sleeping four times a day, on an average of a half hour at a time. He followed the natural cycle for over a year, sleeping four times a day, two hours in 24. Regular medical check-ups established that he was keeping normal health and weight for a man of thirty-two.

The second scientist who tried to

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

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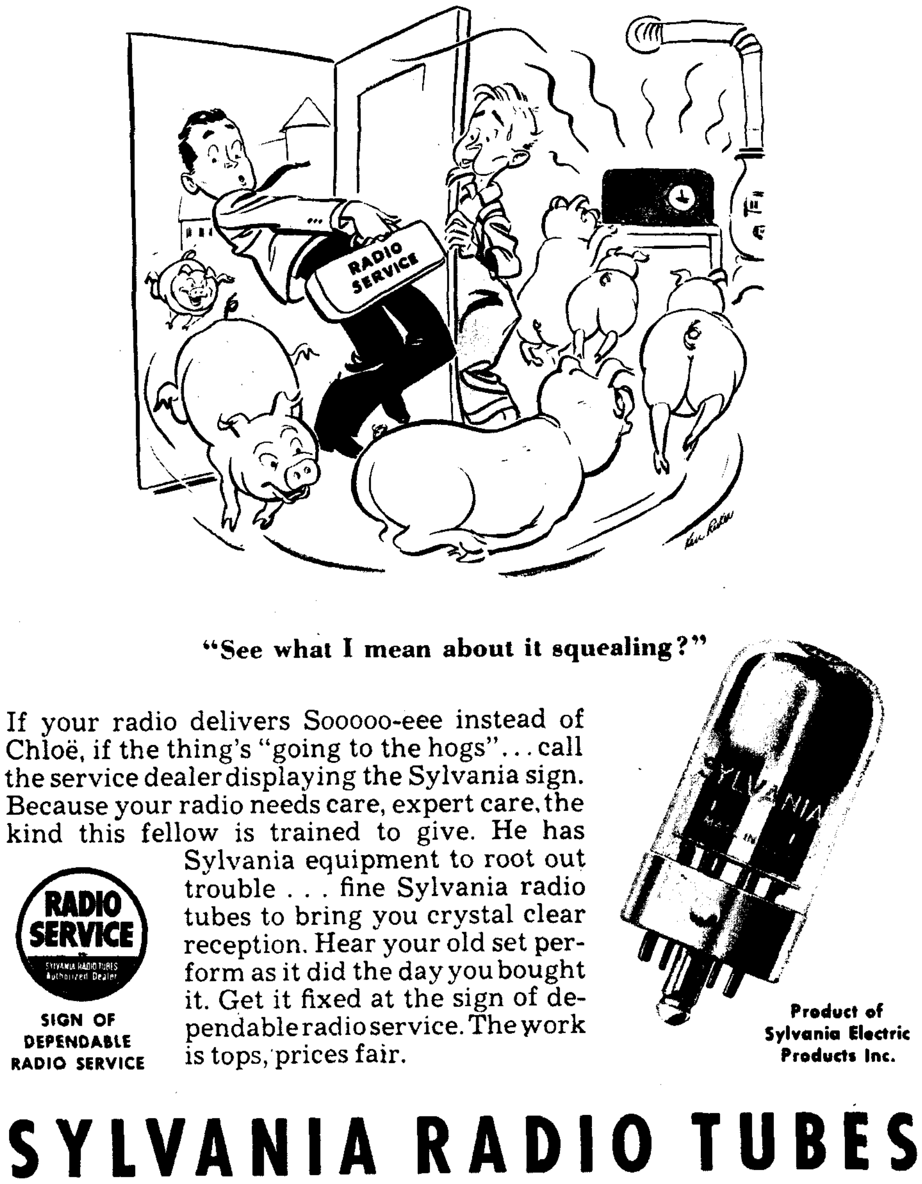

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find natural sleep habits was Professor Nathaniel Kleitman of the University of Chicago Sleep Laboratory. He lived for a month in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky to dig sleep. Without trying to find intermittent sleep patterns, Kleitman shut himself off from sun and weather to see what happened. The professor discovered that his sleep cycle turned over every 28 hours. Kleitman thus discovered the 28-hour day, while Bucky Fuller discovered the six-hour day. Waddaya know about sleep?

Professor Kleitman has been investigating sleep for 25 years in his Chicago lab. He is not satisfied with ivory-tower research. He has trundled his measuring machines back home and fastened them to the beds of his pretty teen-aged daughters. The gadgets give Papa readings of their hearts, breath, brain impulses, and bodily movements in sleep. The professor has also invaded homes up and down the block with his seismographs and counters. The whole neighborhood is wired for sound.

Experimenting on a Fraternity

Professor Kleitman's findings after 25 years of sleep research have differed from those of other sleep experts. At Colgate University in the late twenties Dr. Donald A. Laird put the entire Phi Kappa Psi fraternity through two years of sleeping in gas masks, hooked up with his recording machines. Laird said in his report that the deepest sleep is reached about one hour after you cork off. All these fraternity brothers and everything, and do you know what Kleitman says? Twaddle, he says. Periods of deep and light sleep alternate throughout the night, according to Professor Kleitman.

The Colgate experiment wasn't a total waste of college boys, however. They proved that the blood pressure goes down in sleep. Noise will step up the heart pump without necessarily awakening the sleeper. City folk who pride themselves on being able to sleep through taxi horns, singing drunks and garbage-can concertos are having their rest disturbed nonetheless.

Professor Kleitman has deflated the notion that prolonged sleeplessness makes you crazy. He has kept people awake for five days without making them any nuttier than they were for agreeing to such a trial. He himself has stayed awake for 180 hours and states that it did not make him crazy. What Professor Kleitman has discovered about the cause of sleep in 25 years of devoted study will give you an idea of how tough the problem is. Sleep, he says, "is the result of the inability to keep awake."

The professor is a sworn enemy of the double bed. One of the few points of agreement among sleep scholars is a loud recommendation of twin beds. Throughout the United States there are six double beds for each pair of singles. The moralists got in ahead of the scientists with the slogan, "Twin beds make for divorce." It is a solid folk belief. The scientists say it's the biggest fib there is. Actually, they say, the double bed is the villain of the piece. It is the main point for passing secondary infections such as colds between husband and wife. Perfectly normal sleeping postures and movements of one bedmate will rob the other of sleep.

A big mattress firm recently received a plaintive note from a newlywed chap which illustrates still another shortcoming of the double bed. He complained that when he went to sleep with his arm around his wife, the arm went to sleep too. Rather than tone down his affection by withdrawing the arm, he wanted the firm to build a mattress with a groove across the top to accommodate his ever-loving limb. Science growls at this sentimental fellow and says get twin beds.

Benjamin Franklin was the greatest friend that twin beds have ever had. Ben's theory makes mattress manufacturers drool in ecstasy. He advocated two double beds for each sleeper. Franklin said we often awake in the night because the bed is too warm. He kept a spare standing by, whose cool sheets he leaped into when the first bed got uncomfortable.

There is a light trend of the moment toward seven-foot-square beds and huge circular beds, but we have some way to go before we match the Great Bed of Ware, mentioned in Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. It was giant size—about 12 feet square. The original is in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. Mattress manufacturers come from all over the globe to bow down and pray before it.

The big fuss over sleep and how to achieve it is relatively new stuff. Before the mid-19th century, people seemed to have merely slept and only poets bothered about insomnia. People didn't know how badly off they were. They slept on a hard cotton or cornhusk pad on rope slings or wooden slats, or immobilized themselves in the depths of a feather tick. The rich had resilient hair mattresses, which are still being manufactured.

There were no bedsprings until just before the Civil War, when James Liddy of Watertown, New York, looked hard at his coil-spring buggy seat and said, "By gum, this doohickey might be good for beds." By putting his discovery on the market, Liddy not only made sleep more comfortable, but made people realize for the first time that sleep *could* be made more comfortable. They hadn't thought of it before. Then the literature on how to sleep began and insomnia was discovered.

A cheesebox manufacturer in Kenosha, Wisconsin, Zalmon G. Simmons, introduced the first machine-made coil-spring mattress in 1889, and in the 1890s, James Marshall of Toronto, Ontario, patented the "Marshall Unit," the granddaddy of the inner-spring mattress.

It took thirty years before this vast improvement in sleep equipment was mass-produced. In the next quarter century the inner-spring mattress invaded four out of five American homes.

Father Adam Proves a Theory

And now the Dugan Theory of Sleep. It's as unscientific as anybody's theory to date. It says that there are fast sleepers and slow sleepers. The slow sleepers are that great majority of the human race who require eight or more hours' sleep. Father Adam was the first slow sleeper. The Bible records how "Jehovah God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, and he slept; and He took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib, which Jehovah God had taken from the man, made He a woman, and brought her unto the man." Anybody who sleeps this soundly is likely to find himself in trouble when he wakes up: Imagine Adam's surprise.

The fast sleepers, such as Benjamin Franklin, usually make a big dent in history. John Calvin, one of the main founders of Protestantism, habitually went without sleep for 48 hours. Julius Caesar hacked out an empire on cat naps that added up to about four hours' sleep a day. Thomas A. Edison invented the phonograph, the electric light and the motion picture on a fast four hours per day.

Charles Darwin, author of The Origin of Species, was a record-breaking fast sleeper. Some of the most brilliant links in biological study were formed in his half-waking dreams, which shot him out of bed to a pad and pencil.

Most of the fast sleepers have acquired the knack of catching a restful cat nap any time they choose. Today, there are more and more people who take daytime naps.

The siesta is not confined to Latin

countries. U.S. college students have long practiced two bedtimes in 24. They are among the few North Americans whose work schedules permit the custom. In the Balkans, particularly Yugoslavia, the working day is split by a six-hour break, between eleven and five, when businesses close down for lunch, shopping, strolling and sleeping. People go to work early and work late, and manage to put in an efficient working day.

The Advanced Science Group in Washington has couches in its offices and laboratories. Scientists have found that a nap when and where you need it makes for more efficient brainwork. Buckminster Fuller argues with employers to adopt daytime napping throughout U.S. industry to get the full efficiency out of employees, quoting experiments with office workers as well as production employees to prove the advantages of solving fatigue with a short nap instead of obliging employees to gold-brick over their work.

As a matter of fact, thousands of executive offices in the United States have couches and settees into which the thinking man may retire for naps, protected by his secretary against exposure of the fact. This doesn't necessarily mean that the snoozer has been naughty the night before. It recognizes the simple fact that fatigue occurs in midday and may be erased by a siesta.

Solution to Transposagram on page 74

●

SINGLE MOUNTAIN FLOWER

FOLLOW MAN IN GREEN SUIT

Insomnia came into the picture in inverse ratio to the increase in sleeping comfort. The sleep scientists say that most insomnia is psychosomatic. Professor H. M. Johnson, a big sleep man from the Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh, says insomnia is usually nothing more than remembrance of wakeful periods, which everyone has in sleep. In his 25 years of the study of sleep, Professor Johnson has observed thousands of sleepers by means of measuring devices and stop-motion photography.

By attaching a device to a bedspring, which snapped a picture when the sleeper stirred, he found that normal sleepers change position twenty to sixty times a night. We simply don't sleep "like a log." The only sleeper Professor Johnson ever studied who remained motionless for seven hours was an insane man who had been heavily drugged. Professor Kleitman says, "If you don't stir regularly in your sleep, you'll wake up stiff as a board." The body must find restful positions for all its parts, which is why we are usually changing positions every ten minutes or so while asleep.

Johnson and Kleitman have established that all sleepers have moments of wakefulness and semiconsciousness during the night. You're a psychosomatic insomniac if you get thinking about it. Professor Johnson checked self-admitted insomnia sufferers against people who didn't claim to have it and found that their sleep graphs worked out about the same. Of course, there are actual insomniacs, but most of the people going around claiming they can't sleep are logging as much sack time as the guy who never heard of the word insomnia.

Professor Kleitman says coffee drinking and eating before bedtime have little effect on sleep. A Dagwood sandwich and milk before bed never hurt anybody, except people who have heard that icebox raiding steals sleep and don't want to spoil the theory.

The Chicago sleep sage says, "Any cure for insomnia that puts you to sleep is the best one." There are a million of them, ranging from sleep records to counting sheep. If exercise works, by all means spar a couple of rounds with the canary cage. Warm baths are nice—if they put you to sleep. Reciting The Shooting of Dan McGrew may help. But leave sleeping pills alone unless you are actually ill and they are administered by a physician. Professor Kleitman says one good way of conquering wakeful sleep is to go to bed an hour earlier than usual.

Robert Southey, the poet laureate, brought on the sandman by recalling divinity lectures he had heard in college. E. W. Scripps, founder of the newspaper chain, got a yacht and boarded it from his downtown New York office after work each day and put to sea. Far from the sound of Coney Island and the auroral glow of Broadway, Scripps would order the engines shut down; the sea anchor was cast and the publisher took his eight on the calm Atlantic breast. This method is highly recommended to city dwellers, if you live near water and are a millionaire.

In Kansas City a sleepless advertising man has built a business he calls Insomniacs Anonymous. The original idea was that friends who couldn't sleep would call up each other and talk until they were so bored that sleep came. But the thing has grown until strangers now call strangers, using phone numbers supplied at a dollar each. Subscribers are catalogued according to mutual interests, so the golf addict can always find another sleepless golfer to knock him out on the telephonic eighteenth tee.

The Eyeball-Rolling Technique

My own favorite in the literature of Nod is the Phenomenon of Sleep Solved by Luther Stockton Fish, published in Cleveland in 1911. Fish has an eyeball-rolling theory. He says you should pick out a point in the ceiling away over your head and roll your eyes back USING WILL POWER until you think you can see the speck. Your bedmate may get alarmed, seeing nothing but the whites of your eyes, but carry on anyway. Then, says Fish, empty your lungs of air and count fifteen heartbeats.

If you quit at ten, you're a cream puff and will never get to sleep by the Fish method.

Now start inhaling; keep drawing in the air while you count fifteen more heartbeats. At this point, a little physiology you might not know about: Fish says there is a pet cock inside the human windpipe. Are you holding it? Now, says Fish, you close the pet cock by yelling "HUK!" If you have followed Fish step by step, you will be asleep. Or—HUK!—dead.

Sometimes I have bad nights when I can run off several Huks! without getting the old pet cock closed. When this happens I keep on going in Fish's book to the appendix. Here he throws in free of charge a treatise on how to keep your hair from falling out. Fish was good at all kinds of self-improvement.

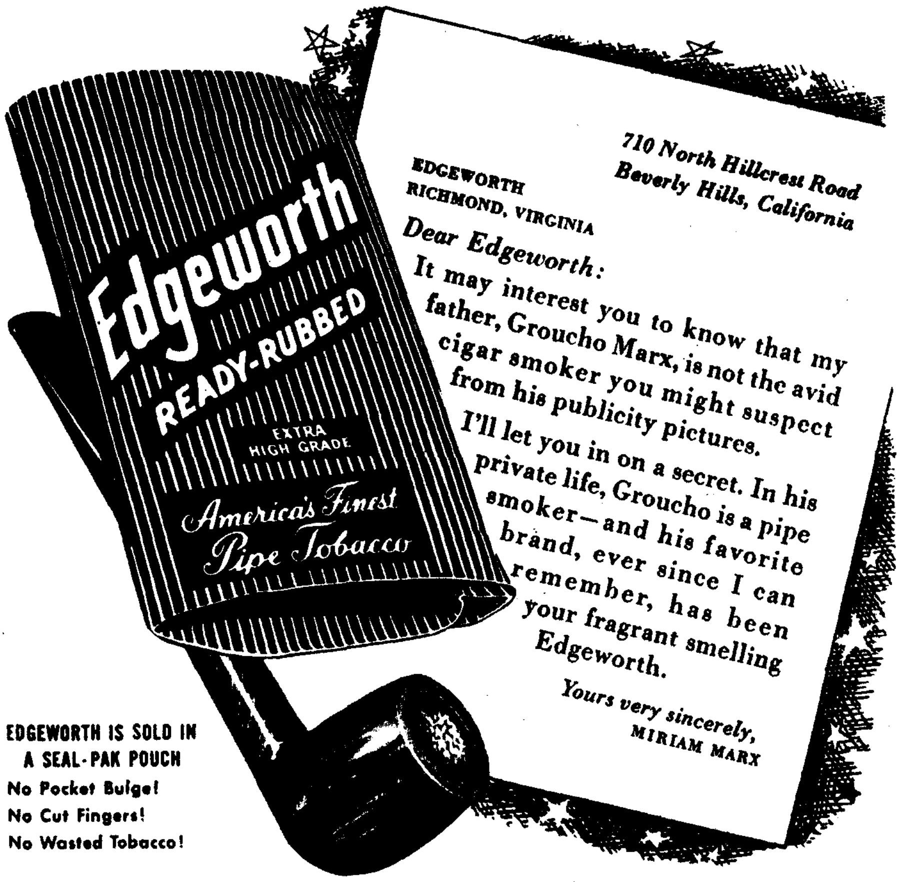
Fish was against soap. He never allowed it to touch his head. He used only water. The hair-preservation essay is illustrated by photographs of the author and his head of hair. At seventy-eight Fish had a big bushy head of white hair. The pictures show him trying to tear his hair out, step by step.

Strong as Fish was from all that sleep and staying away from soap, he couldn't pull his hair out. He tries and he tries from Plate I to Plate V and you suffer with him. (Gape.) Never saw such a head of hair. (Intermittent spasm of the subhyoid muscles, causing yawning and drooping of the head.) Guy has hold his hair, trying to tear out by roots. Strong li'l guy. (Pulse becomes less frequent, the respiratory movements fewer in number.) Muss read book t'morra. Parm me. Huk! Zzzzzzzz.

THE END

"I'LL LET YOU IN ON A SECRET

GROUCHO SMOKES EDGEWORTH"



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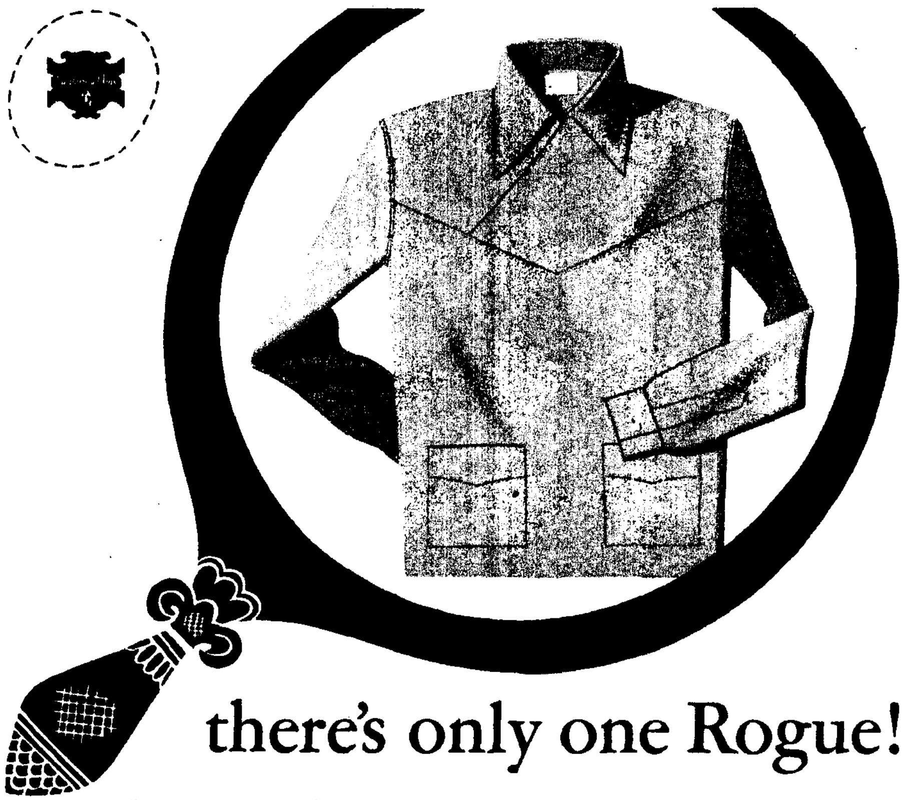

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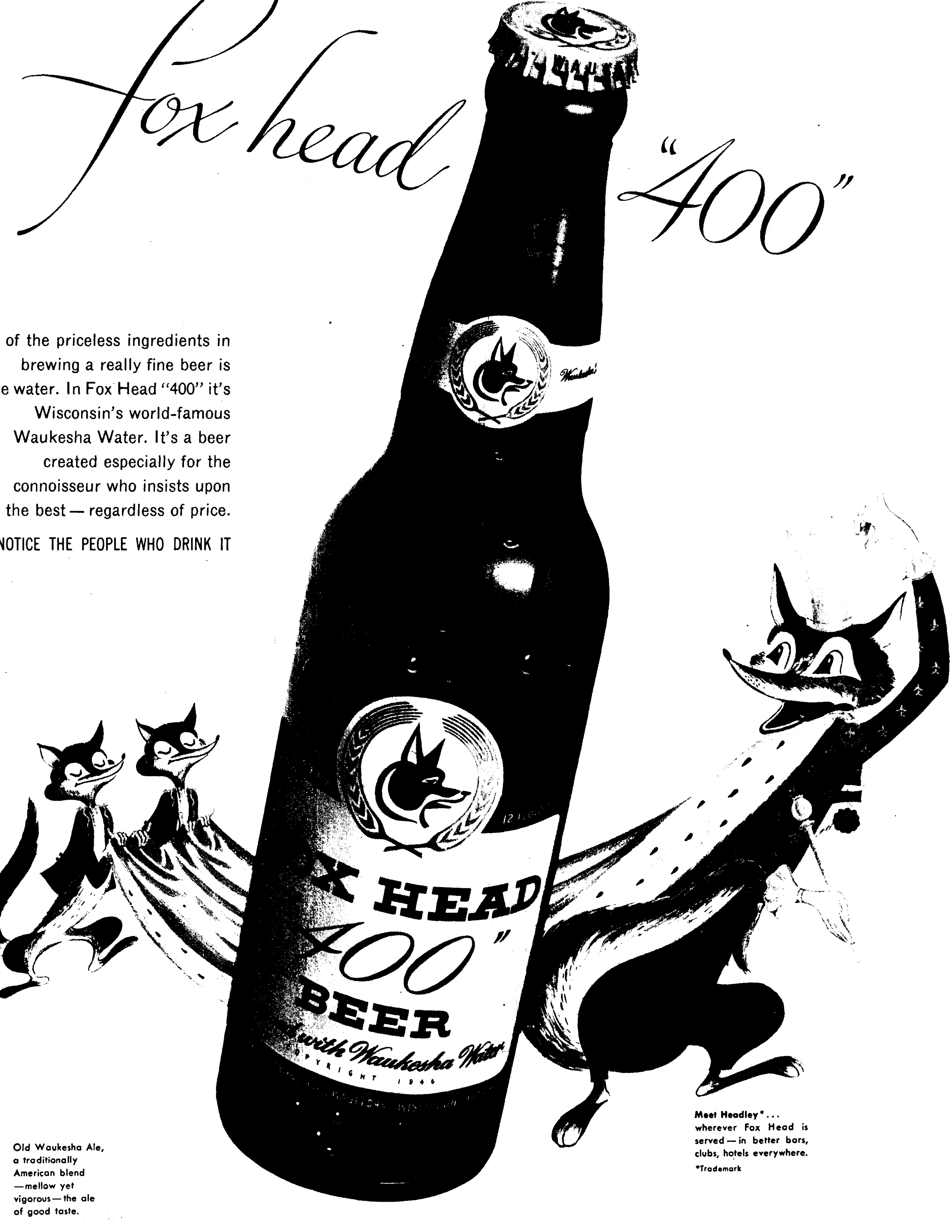
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CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

Continued from page 17

"People live their own way. Maybe it's not such a good way—but it's theirs and that's their business."

She was distressed that he wouldn't see, and instinct to protect Sarah grew stronger. "She's got the right to grow up and be free a while before she turns into Walling's slavey. She's got the right to have a man look at her with something nice in his eyes. I can't bear to think of this marriage. It's indecent."

"It does trouble you," he said.

"It does," she said, and turned away. Half the distance toward her cabin she looked behind, not hearing his ax resume its chopping; he stood at the fire with his hands still behind him, the firelight making his large shoulders larger. He was a high, impressive shape against the darkness; a block of solidness reassuring to look upon, and she looked upon him a long moment before continuing on.

MACBRIDE'S fire lost its yellow glow and became a dull redness against the earth; he had a notion to go on working, but the thought wasn't good and he turned toward Billy Ashford's hut at the far end of the settlement.

Half a dozen men were in the place when he arrived, other bachelors gathered for a little talk before the day was done, and Rose Ann's father and Hobart Walling. A jug of blue ruin stood on the table with a few tin cups. MacBride poured and drank his tot, stood a moment to get the hang of the conversation and sat down in the corner, wedging his shoulders between two other men.

He let the talk roll around him, while he gave some thought to Hobart Walling. The man's short body carried considerable power in it, heavy muscles with short spans to them; he had a flushed face slightly marked by smallpox, and there were pale scars on the high edge of his forehead, no doubt from rough-and-tumble fights in the past. He was an energetic creature; even now his vitality made him restless. He said to Billy Ashford, "How much you pay for this liquor?"

"Couple dollars a gallon."

"Well, it's not bad."

"Hell," said Ashford, "it's terrible. I'm surprised at your judgment."

"A drink's a drink," said Walling.

The talk turned to cougars in the hills behind town. It swung from cougars to food, and from food to the coming of Christmas. MacBride hung his hands over his doubled knees and idly massaged his knuckles. The drink did him good. He dropped his head and closed his eyes, listening to Walling's voice.

Billy Ashford said, "Hear you're going to get married, Hobart."

"Sunday."

"I'll be glad when a few more women get into this country," said Ashford.

"You can pick up a good squaw any time," said Walling.

There was a small silence, which Ashford presently filled with his most casual question: "You had one a couple years ago? What happened to her?"

"Oh," said Walling, putting it aside as a thing of no consequence, "I sent her back to her people."

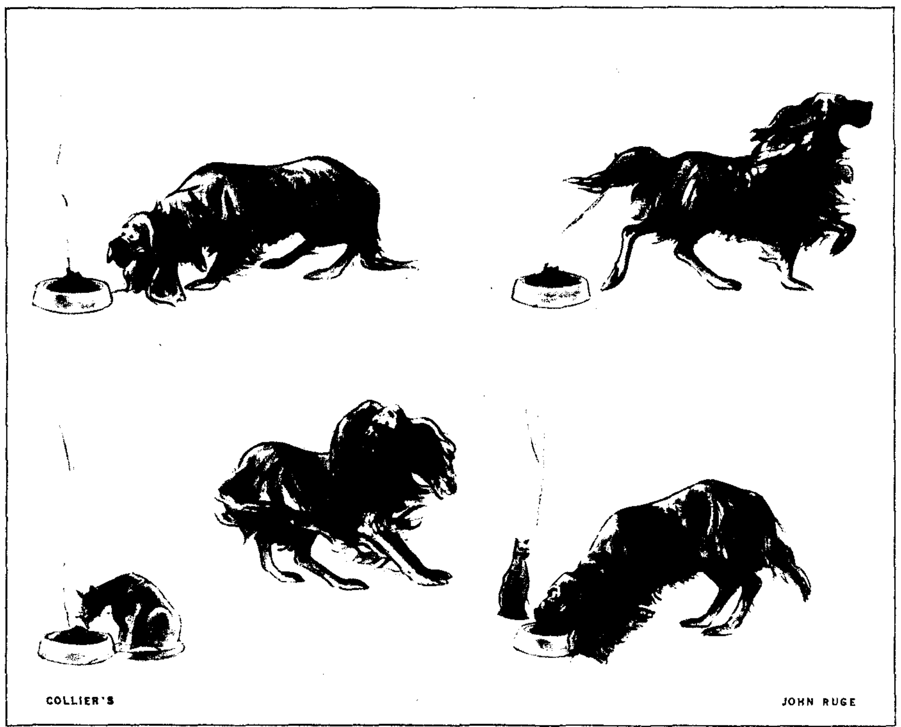
MacBride opened his eyes and gave Walling a closer glance. The silence went on, and Walling, feeling it, stared around the group. His eyes closed down somewhat. He said briefly, "Nothing unusual about it. A lot of men have done it." His glance stopped on MacBride and he said, with a lift to his tone, "What's wrong about it?"

"I hadn't said," replied MacBride.

"Well, then, let's not discuss it."

"I'm not," said MacBride. He got up from his crowded corner. "Billy, it was a good drink. When that jug runs out, I'll buy the next gallon." He took time to fill and light his pipe at the candle, the light dancing against his eyes, making them sparkle; and then he ducked his head beneath the low doorway and left Ashford's. He went on slowly, mouth puckered around the pipe stem, his head down and his hands behind him. At the fork of the pathway he paused a moment and then, he turned toward the Lord cabin.

AFTER breakfast, with the house swept, Rose Ann took her bucket down the trail to a small meadow beyond the settlement and milked the cow. A third of the milk she poured into skim pans and set them out to cool on the covered shelf; the rest of it she divided into three small buckets, one for the Ballards, one for the Snows, one for the Lords. These were the latest arrivals in the settlement and therefore the poorest. Setting out to deliver the pails, she looked toward the river and saw MacBride already working at the saw pits. He stood above a log on one of the pits, guiding a long crosscut through the log while some man, not seen by her, stood down in the pit beneath the log at the other end of the saw. She noticed that there was a crew at the second pit this morning; he had found extra workers.



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

She delivered her last pail to Mrs. Lord, who was working up bread, surrounded by five of her younger children. "I don't know what I'd do without milk, Rose Ann. It's good to have neighbors. Lord's working now. Hawley MacBride hired him for the saw pit. Now then, if his health don't break down—"

"What's the matter with his health?" asked Rose Ann.

"Always been a frail man, strong as he looks. His energy just runs out."

Rose Ann walked to the doorway and looked across the clearing to Hawley MacBride on the saw-pit log. Her eyelids almost touched as she watched his body swinging up and down with the saw, and her mouth softened. She spoke over her shoulder: "Now that he's working, maybe you won't want Sarah to be married so young."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Mrs. Lord in surprise. "She's got a fine chance."

Rose Ann turned about. "Mrs. Lord, is Sarah in love with him?"

Mrs. Lord straightened from her chore and laid a hand against her side to contain some brief twitch of pain. She was not so dull and indifferent as she seemed, Rose Ann decided; her face became strong and wide-awake. "That will do for thinkin', but we got to be practical. Maybe your father can support you while you do your dreamin'. We're too poor for that. Sarah's got to do the best she can."

Rose Ann dropped her glance, embarrassed at the expression on Mrs. Lord's face. Sarah was bent over a washtub in the yard, her straw-colored hair coming down over a face freckled and pointed and plain. Rose Ann went over. Sarah's hands were red and her bones were poorly clad with flesh; she needed time to grow and she needed so much time to fill herself with things which would glow out of her and stain her features with maturity. It was hard to know much about a girl of fourteen—where the child left off and the woman began. Rose Ann tried to remember back to when she was fourteen, but she couldn't quite revive that time. She said, "Sarah—what will you call him? Hobart?"

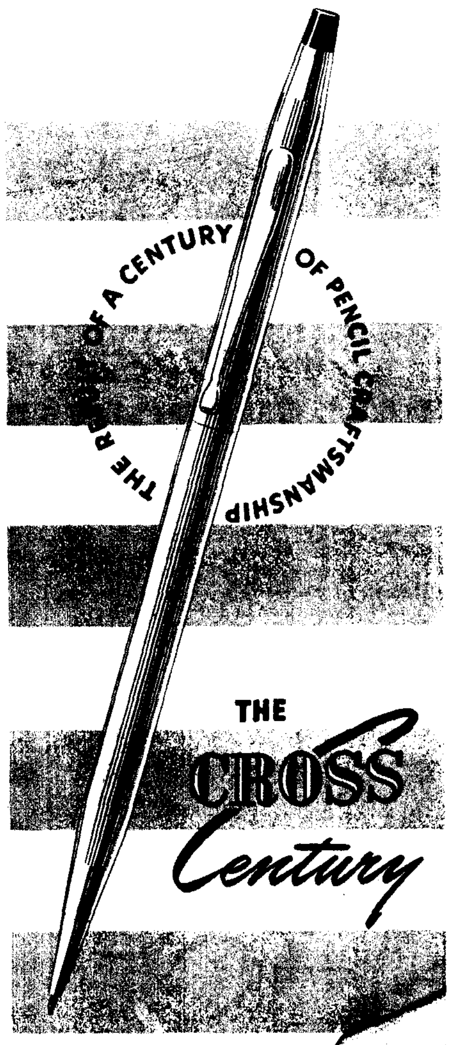
Sarah said, "Oh, no. That would be like calling my father by his first name. I'll call him Mr. Walling."

ROSE ANN went back home to cut up a piece of beef and put it into the big iron pot. She peeled her potatoes and onions to go into the stew later; she cleaned the churn and poured into it the accumulated cream, and sat on a chair with the churn between her knees, operating the dasher up and down with a vigorous, steady stroke. She couldn't get Sarah out of her mind. It was so strange to her that she stood alone, that nobody else saw it as she saw it. Was she a queer old maid?

She thought about that and then she remembered that Hawley MacBride had hired Lord and she thought with some surprise: Why, I did make him understand a little bit.

She turned out the butter and spent half an hour kneading it. She added the vegetables to the stew and finished off the butter into pretty bricks stamped with an oak leaf. She had dinner ready for her father when he came in at noon, and later washed the dishes and straightened the house again. The afternoon came, and she stood at the window, watching the people of the settlement move around at their various chores. She saw the gray clouds rolling over the sky and the dull afternoon's glitter on the wet green trees; she saw Hobart Walling come up from the river and go into Lord's—and very suddenly she hated the man with a great

CROSS THE CENTURIES WITH CROSS...



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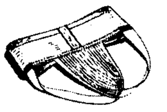

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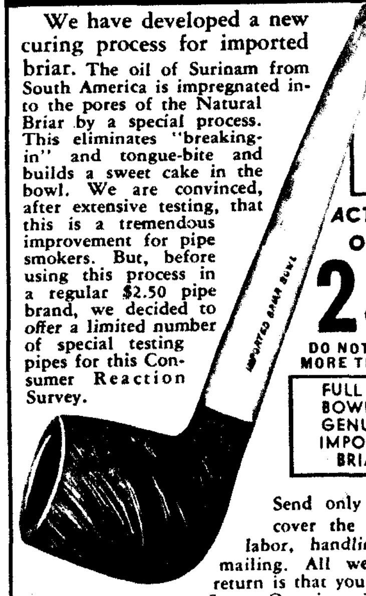

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intensity. She got her light shawl and walked directly to Mrs. Ellenwood's.

Mrs. Ellenwood was a gentlewoman who had followed a restless husband out of a comfortable New York home to this land of mud and dust. She had made the best of it. The two rooms of her small frame house were wonderfully peaceful with their rag rugs, with the rose dishes so carefully brought over the plains, and with the snow-white curtains and waxed maple chairs. She was a tall woman, still pretty at forty, and her charm made Rose Ann feel quite young. Mrs. Ellenwood occupied a rocker in her afternoon hour of leisure and knitting. She might have been a great lady in a mansion, for that was the air of the room at this moment. "Take a chair, Rose Ann."

"I'm out of the notion to be peaceful. It's Sarah that troubles me."

Mrs. Ellenwood considered Rose Ann. "You have got a very firm look on your face. I have been trying to think of a useful wedding gift for Sarah. She needs so much to start with."

"It's wrong," said Rose Ann. "Don't you think it is?"

"The girl seems to want to do it."

"To a man more than twice as old. She oughtn't think of any marriage yet."

"Well, many women have married that early—some to old men and some to men they couldn't rightly say they loved. I do observe most of these marriages turn out well."

"No," said Rose Ann, disappointed in this woman she so greatly admired. "I can't believe it. It's wrong."

Mrs. Ellenwood fell silent, and looked through the window, gentle regret on her face. She gave Rose Ann a faint smile. "It's because you can dream. There are so many girls who can't dream. They take a man and make the best of it. That's Sarah. Suppose you talked her out of it. It would be another man next year—maybe one not so well provided. What have you done to her then? I wouldn't risk changing her life. She's plain, she's poor, she's never known anything but work and dirt. She wouldn't even understand what you're talking about."

"She needs a chance to know," said Rose Ann. "She should go to school and grow up. Then she can choose a man."

"How will she get a chance to do this? Her parents won't do it for her."

"I will," said Rose Ann. "I'll take her in and raise her."

Mrs. Ellenwood shook her head. "You do surprise me. But, Rose Ann, you can't talk Lord or his wife out of a son-in-law with money." She paused, she had something further to say and hesitated to say it. "You know, Rose Ann, that men run the world. You're a girl and you've got no power to change men's minds."

"But," said Rose Ann, "a man might help me."

Curiosity was a clear thing on Mrs. Ellenwood's face. "I didn't know any man interested you."

"I didn't say that," answered Rose Ann swiftly.

A fugitive humor ran along Mrs. Ellenwood's mouth and was at once suppressed. She said something that was in contradiction with what she had said before.

"Well, Rose Ann, maybe we're so close to the earth we don't see the sky. Life's very hard in a new country and people get coarse sometimes. If it's in your heart to help Sarah, then you've got to do it."

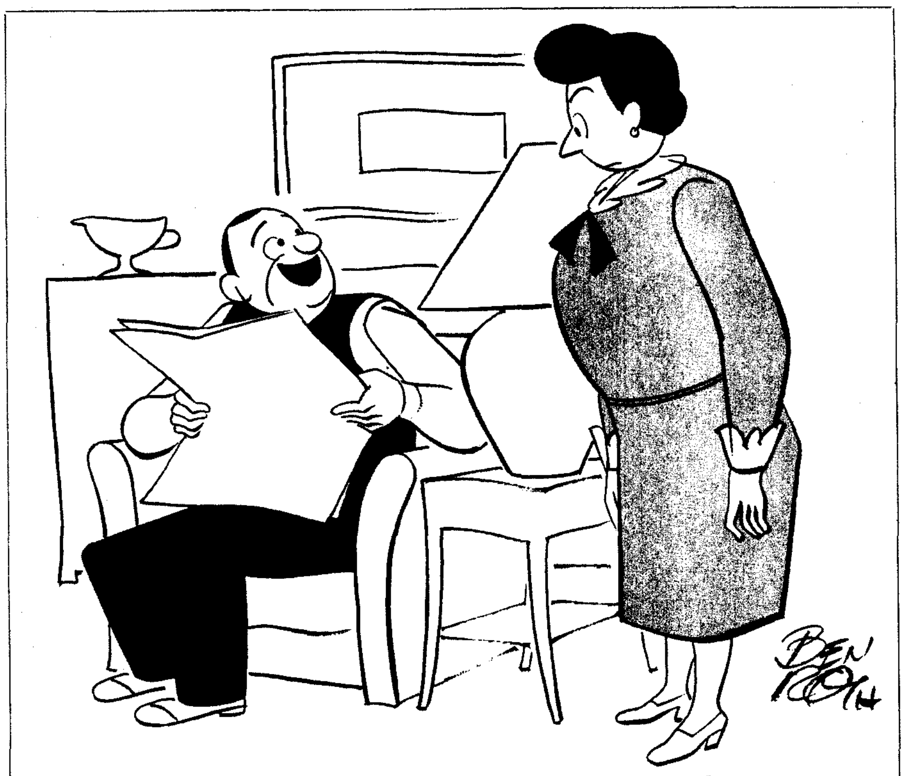
"That helps me," said Rose Ann, and left the house.

SHE stood a moment outside Mrs. Ellenwood's door. The ringing of the wood choppers' axes came from the timber, and the "swash-swash" of Hawley MacBride's saw was an unbroken rhythm. Not many men cared to work with him at the saw pits, for few of them could stand that kind of labor. Her eyes narrowed on him, watching his body grow stiff and broad-shouldered when he straightened. A group of men stood over by Kerr's store, and another man came sauntering along to join them—Hobart Walling. Presently the three went into the store.

She looked again toward MacBride, and drew a long breath, her heart beating fast. She thought: I have got to do it, and went toward the store with dread in her. It was a hard thing to pass through the door. She stopped before it with a dreadful feeling of weakness. She looked through the door, seeing Walling and the two men lounging before the counter. Kerr was behind the counter—and all of them were laughing at some joke. She stepped inside. They quit talking, Kerr giving the others a short warning with his hand. The talk hadn't been meant for her ears, she understood. She went on to the counter.

"I should like a spool of thread—black thread."

The silence of the men was one of those amused, indifferent silences; they were waiting for her to be done with her



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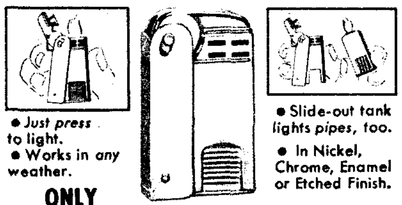

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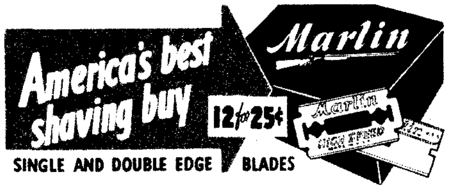

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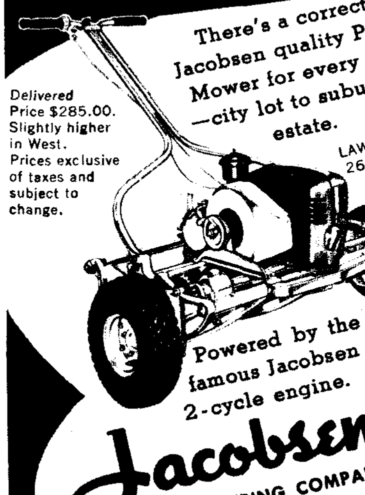

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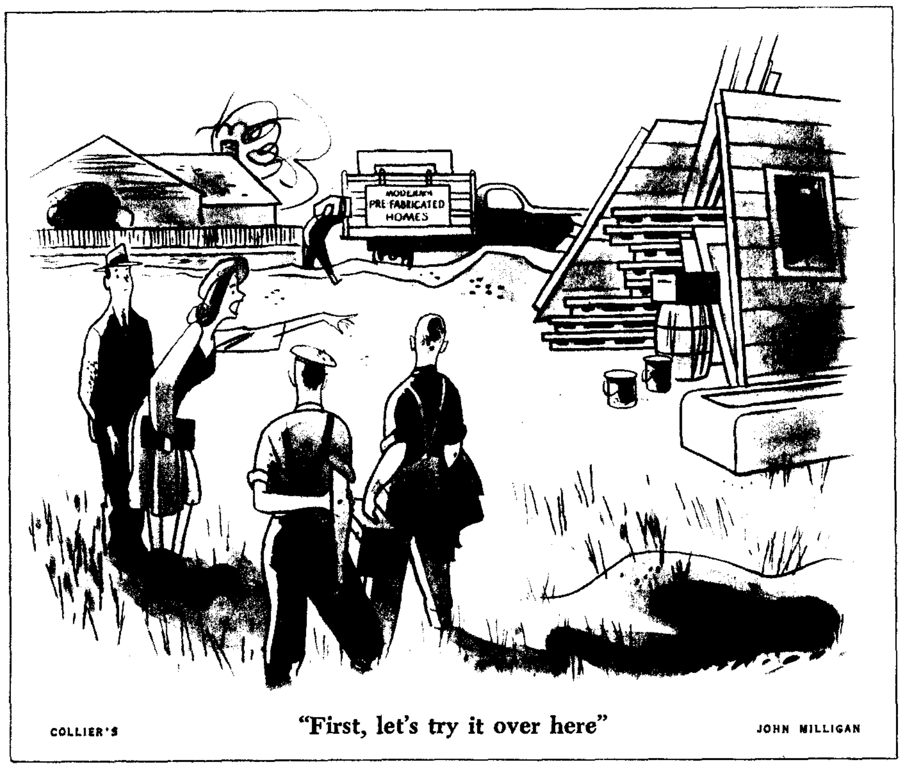

COLLIER'S "First, let's try it over here" JOHN MILLIGAN

buying and go. She felt Walling's eyes watching her and she turned her head quickly and caught the sliding, pushing quality of his glance. It didn't drop; it drove boldly at her.

She said, "What are you staring at, Mr. Walling? Is a woman strange to you?"

He straightened. "That's no way to talk to a man."

"You're very brave," she said. "That is, before women."

He showed her a deepening color. He looked at the other men and back at her. "I've not bothered you," he said shortly. "Go home where you belong and don't try to break into men's talk."

"You," she said, "are a fat lunk of a creature. Do you ever shave or ever wash? You smell like a barn. And here you are, telling me what I ought to do. I shall stay here. You do the going."

"If I were your father," he said, "I'd teach you your place."

"You have not that intelligence, Mr. Walling."

Her remark humiliated him before an audience. His instant and unthinking prejudice flared. "By God, get back to your place before I take you for another kind of a woman."

She hit him across the face with her hand. He raised his hand and reached for her, but she stepped aside and hit him again. She turned swiftly, remembering a stack of ax handles by the door. She seized one and came back toward him. "Now, then," she said, "do you mean to lay that grimy paw on me, Mr. Walling?"

He would have done so had not the storekeeper suddenly said, "That will be all, Walling."

Walling checked himself and gave Rose Ann a killing glance. He said, "I must take this up with your father. I shall not accept it."

"If you step into our cabin," she said, "I'll shoot you."

He checked himself quite suddenly; he changed his feelings in remarkably fast time. "Now," he said in a complaining voice, "who brought this on anyhow?" Then he gave the men around him a shake of his head, carefully circled Rose Ann and left the store.

She had not only offended Hobart Walling, she noticed; she had also offended Mr. Kerr and the other two men. All men stuck together—they said nothing but they created an air that was thick with disapproval. She picked up her thread, murmuring, "That will be all, Mr. Kerr," and left the store. Her knees were trembling and she felt mildly giddy.

She got supper, lighted the candles and turned to the doorway to wait for her father to turn the trail which came out of the lower part of town. When he swung into sight she noticed that he walked faster than usual. He saw her at the door and quickened his pace; he came on, staring at her with a tight, strict expression on his face. He went directly through the backway to wash up. She dished up and took her seat, knowing that he knew, but she said nothing when he took his place at the table. He helped himself to the meat, took one taste of it, and laid down his fork.

"Now, then," he said, "what did you say to Walling? Were you interfering in his affairs?"

"He was impolite. I slapped his face. Try the greens. I fixed them with grandmother's sauce."

"Rose Ann," said her father, "did you threaten him with a gun if he came around here?"

"Oh, yes," said Rose Ann.

"My God, that's for me to do, not for you. Now I shall have to go and demand an apology from him. You're certain—"

THE door was still open, with somebody standing in it. Talbot lifted his glance, taking care to erase the fretfulness he had displayed. He said cheerfully, "Come in, Hawley."

Rose Ann sat quite still, startled; she didn't look around until Hawley MacBride spoke to her. "Rose Ann," he said, "did you say anything to Walling about Sarah?"

She said, "I do wonder at all this excitement. No. He was impolite and I slapped him. Now that I think of it, I wish I'd slapped him again."

"Dammit," said Talbot, "you ought not become publicly involved with a man."

"Then," said Hawley MacBride, "he looked wrong at you and was impolite when you mentioned it?"

"That's what it was," said Rose Ann. "Is there a law which stops a woman from protecting herself against a man?"

Hawley MacBride said, "Maybe there ought to be a law protecting a man from a woman," and left the cabin.

"Rose Ann," complained her father, "I've got to go do a disagreeable job directly after supper. You ought to bear that in mind when you fight a man. Some other man has got to take care of it."

"Enjoy your supper first," said Rose Ann. . . .

Last seen, Hobart Walling had been traveling in the direction of Billy Ashford's cabin; and that was where MacBride found him, sitting on a corner box in the little place while Ashford threw together some kind of supper. He was crouched over with his pipe, a good drink

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of blue ruin giving him cheer and appetite; he looked up with a lively attention when MacBride stepped into the cabin, and noted the gray sparkling in MacBride's eyes. He laid his pipe carefully aside and rose from the box. He looked around him for elbow room; he squared himself. MacBride stepped across the room, lifting both arms, nodding his warning at the other man. Walling grumbled, "The hell with you," and swung out with his fists.

"Get out of my cabin to do that!" shouted Billy Ashford.

He ducked, put one foot in the fireplace, and clawed his way aside from the two stamping men. Hawley MacBride knocked down Walling's arms. He missed a blow and hit Walling with his chest. He threw out his hand and took Walling under the chin, snapping back the man's neck. Walling seized the table and tried to lift it, but MacBride tore it out of his hands and flung it aside, tin dishes, crockery jug and utensils and all coming down as a jangling rain on the floor. Walling laid his back against the cabin wall and punched. He lifted his booted leg and rammed it outward. MacBride shifted his narrow hips, came in and struck Walling on the chin. Walling rolled his head and slid to the floor.

"Damned long time messing around with it," said MacBride.

Ashford came back into the cabin, cursing both of them. "It's a hell of a way to treat a man."

"Certainly is," said MacBride. "But this is private, and we won't need to say much about it."

"The hell I won't."

MacBride turned a thoughtful eye on Ashford. "No, Billy—just don't."

"All right—all right," said Ashford.

Walling got up from the floor and put both hands across his face as though he were washing away the fog.

"Hobart," said MacBride, "if you talk rough to one woman, you might talk rough to another. Just begin to walk—and don't stop at the Lords' on your way. If you make another stab to marry Sarah, or if you tell anybody why you changed your mind, I'll just come find you and lick hell right out of you."

Walling said in a jaded wonder, "What started all this? My God, I never did anything."

MacBride grinned. "You just ran into opposition." He left the cabin, the grin breaking into one small chuckle and he turned homeward.

ROSE ANN did the dishes while her father left to discharge his dismal chore. He soon returned with the news, astonished by MacBride's act. He was, Rose Ann observed, relieved that he had not had to call Hobart Walling to account, yet he was also piqued that another man had taken the duty from him. "What's MacBride got to do with this?"

Rose Ann smiled. "I couldn't say."

She unpinned her apron and gave herself a glance in the mirror. She touched up her hair, she studied her face, she straightened her shoulders. As she left the house, she dropped a new notion behind her: "The Lords are very poor. They need help. I want Sarah to stay with us and go to school." She went out of the door before her father had time to answer. It was always better to let men think about things awhile.

MacBride's bonfire burned against the sooty shadows and he stood on another log, chipping it into a timber with his ax. He had his pipe in his mouth and by the yellowing light his face looked forbidding. He showed no scars from the fight. She paused beside the blaze, well knowing that he was aware of her presence even though he ignored her and went on with that precise, light ax work. She spread her hands before the fire and was content; he would be thinking of what he wanted to say to her.

He reached the end of the log and straightened. He looked at her. He gave the ax a mighty swing and buried it in the log and stepped down. He filled his pipe and got a coal to light it. He stood across the fire, giving her the full fretful weight of his glance.

"Woman," he said, "you just naturally played hell to have your way. You took advantage of Walling to get into a quarrel. You got insulted deliberately and you used me to pay off the insult, and now you've got the marriage killed, as you wanted."

She said, "You told him to leave Sarah alone?"

His answer came out slowly: "I told him."

"Do you think he'll mind you, Hawley?"

"He'll mind me."

"That's nice," she said, and showed him her pleased relief.

HE SHOOK his head, shocked by the implications of her act. "It was a fine piece of scheming," he said, "and no doubt you now know you can put a man at your mercy any time you please. Great stars, if you're going to be a meddling woman you can have everybody in this settlement shootin' at one another. It won't do, Rose Ann, and I'll not have it."

"It was wicked," she agreed. "I shan't do it again, unless my spirit just boils over."

"Why," he asked, "did you pick on me to do your fighting?"

"Because," she said, pleasantly matter-of-fact with her answer, "you're the only one who can whip him."

He frowned at her. "Don't do it again." She met the frown with her agreeable expression; she folded her hands before her. He watched her and he lost his soberness. "Well," he said, "I can't say I didn't enjoy the chance to rough him. The man's a hog. But we can't be doing that all the time. Rose Ann. It's no way to get along."

"No," she said, "it isn't. We only do that when people won't take care of meanness any other way." She made a little gesture; she spoke with a quiet intensity: "What's strength for if not to use to make things right? And this just wasn't right. It's nice you hired Lord."

"Lord," he said, "is no good. He won't work. A man's entitled to a chance, but no man's entitled to loaf while others feed him. It's not charity to support a man who's able to support himself."

"Well," she said, "you gave him the chance. I'm going to take Sarah into my house. She'll come, and the Lords will be willing. Now she'll get the chance to grow, and she'll have time to find a man that looks at her in the right way."

He watched her with an attention so close that she finally lowered her glance to the fire. He said, "Maybe we get too rough around here; maybe we forget how things ought to be. It's a settlement full of men, and men do get careless in the way they live. I've thought about that."

Suddenly she put a hand to her mouth. "Lordy, I clean forgot to milk the cow tonight." She turned from the fire, but she paused a moment in seeming thought. It was a suggestive pause, which worked well. Hawley MacBride reached for a coal to relight his pipe and turned carelessly toward her.

"I'll walk over there with you."

"I wouldn't want to stop you from your work."

"I have thought about that lately, too. I work enough. It has occurred to me that solitary work is like solitary drinking. It's not good."

She said, in her nicest tone, "Well, it's something to think about, I suppose," and went with him along the trail. Somewhere in the misting night a cowbell sent out its lengthened and subdued strokes of sound.

THE END

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PADDOCK tip: The Republican Presidential nominee will be on the baldish side.

LOOKING for a place to light after splitting off from the A.F. of L. Vaudeville Union, a dissident faction confidently propositioned John L. Lewis' District 50 to be taken under its wing. This District 50 is John L.'s catchall union, and is made up of a wide miscellany of labor outfits. It had never been known to turn down any group willing to pay dues. But to the vaudevillians' amazement they were rebuffed. When the disconcerted bolters reported the sad news to their leader, Matt Shelvey, he snorted, "Humph, I guess Lewis figured one ham actor was enough."

POLITICOS are still trying to figure out the significance, if any, of General Eisenhower's reaction to a sly skit at the famed Gridiron Club's annual spring frolic. The skit was cleverly woven into a standing feature of the club's program, the introduction of eminent guests. First, a number of G.O.P. leaders were presented, concluding with Eisenhower. He rose, smiled genially and sat down. Then a group of Democratic celebrities was introduced, again concluding with Eisenhower. Laughing, he again stood up. But this time, instead of merely bowing, he waved his napkin gaily at the roaring crowd.

A GROUP of one of Washington's heterogeneous cocktail parties was discussing the President's re-election chances. In the group was a newly arrived Latin-American military attaché, who was quite proud of his knowledge of English. Finally, he broke into the discussion.

"Tell me," he said, "what has Mr. Truman got on the eight ball, anyway?"

IF YOU are in any way interested in metals, grab on to every ounce you can get hold of—fast. Already in very short supply, steel, copper, zinc, lead, chromium, etc., will be even scarcer six months from now when the big defense and foreign recovery programs get into full swing. And the scarcity will continue for some time to come.

Note: The manganese situation is so serious that National Security Resources Board officials are privately discussing the desirability of instituting a government project to devise a method to produce steel without manganese. The U.S. is dependent almost entirely on foreign sources for this vital ingredient; 35 per cent has been coming from Russia.

DESPITE the coal strike, business generally is doing very well this quarter. On the basis of April and May reports, Commerce Department experts are confident earnings this quarter will be as good as the first—which were excellent. This rosy outlook is in contrast to previous qualms that the second quarter of 1948 might see a business contraction.

IT IS now practically certain that there will be a leftie walkout from the C.I.O. Secret plans to do this are well advanced. A new labor organization will be set up, whose first big job will be to back Henry Wallace. Two big questions still unsettled are: the name of the new organization, and whether the bolt should take place before or after the Wallace convention. Leftie leaders believe they can take 750,000 C.I.O. members with them; about one fourth of C.I.O. strength.

The splintering scheme is in line with Communist tactics in other countries. Where they can't control a labor organization, they "disaffiliate" and form their own.

IN THE New Mexico Democratic senatorial primary ex-Agriculture Secretary Clinton Anderson will lick former Governor John Dempsey. But licking Republican Patrick J. Hurley in the November election may be a very different story. The scrappy ex-Secretary of War came within an ace of unseating Senator Dennis Chavez in 1946.

THE day after Air Secretary Symington popped his 70-combat-group demand on Capitol Hill, an admiral telephoned the office of Defense Secretary Forrestal and inquired solemnly, "What time's the funeral?"

"Funeral? What funeral?"

"The one Mr. Symington is holding," the admiral quipped. "We hear he's burying UMT."

IT'S not being advertised, but there will be another boost in the German ration in June. The increase is part of the cold war maneuvering. Also, it will be the second time this year that the Army has jacked up the German ration. In April, the official allowance was raised from 1,550 to 1,650 calories, and the next jump will be to 1,800 calories. To meet this increase, shipments of grain and other foods have been greatly stepped up. Recently, over 600,000 tons were sent to Germany in one month.

AS THEY did last year, Republican Congressional leaders are going to give themselves a rain check when they wind up this session's business. Their secret plan is to recess, and not to adjourn. Thus, they'll retain the whip hand. They can reconvene Congress anytime they deem necessary. Otherwise, they would have to wait for a White House call.

SENATOR JOE O'MAHONEY, of Wyoming, has the inside track as President Truman's running mate. Choice of the antimonopoly crusader isn't final, but he got a very significant nod from the White House. To prime themselves for the national convention, Alaska's Democratic delegation queried the White House on Mr. Truman's Vice-Presidential preference. The answer came back, "O'Mahoney."

DESPITE all the war talk, more Americans are planning to go abroad this summer than at any time since the '20s. Last year, the U.S. spent a record high of $535,000,000 on foreign travel. This year, Commerce Department officials estimate this outlay will total $750,000,000. On the basis of advanced booking, over 100,000 tourists are planning to visit Britain alone.

NEW JERSEY has a new, powerful political boss—Republican Governor Alfred Driscoll. That's the real significance of his smash victory in nominating State Treasurer Robert Hendrickson for senator. Driscoll demonstrated his ascendancy by blocking Senator Albert Hawkes from running for re-election, and then bowling over Labor Commissioner Harry Harper, who defiantly challenged Hendrickson. Only forty-seven years old, Driscoll has his eye on the national political arena.

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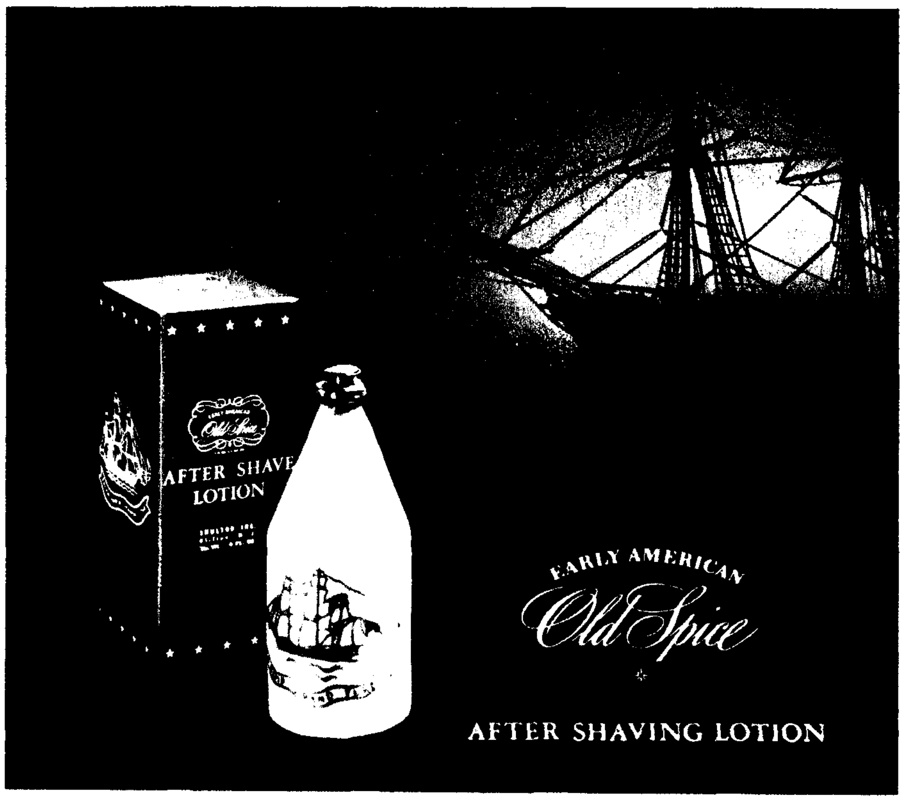

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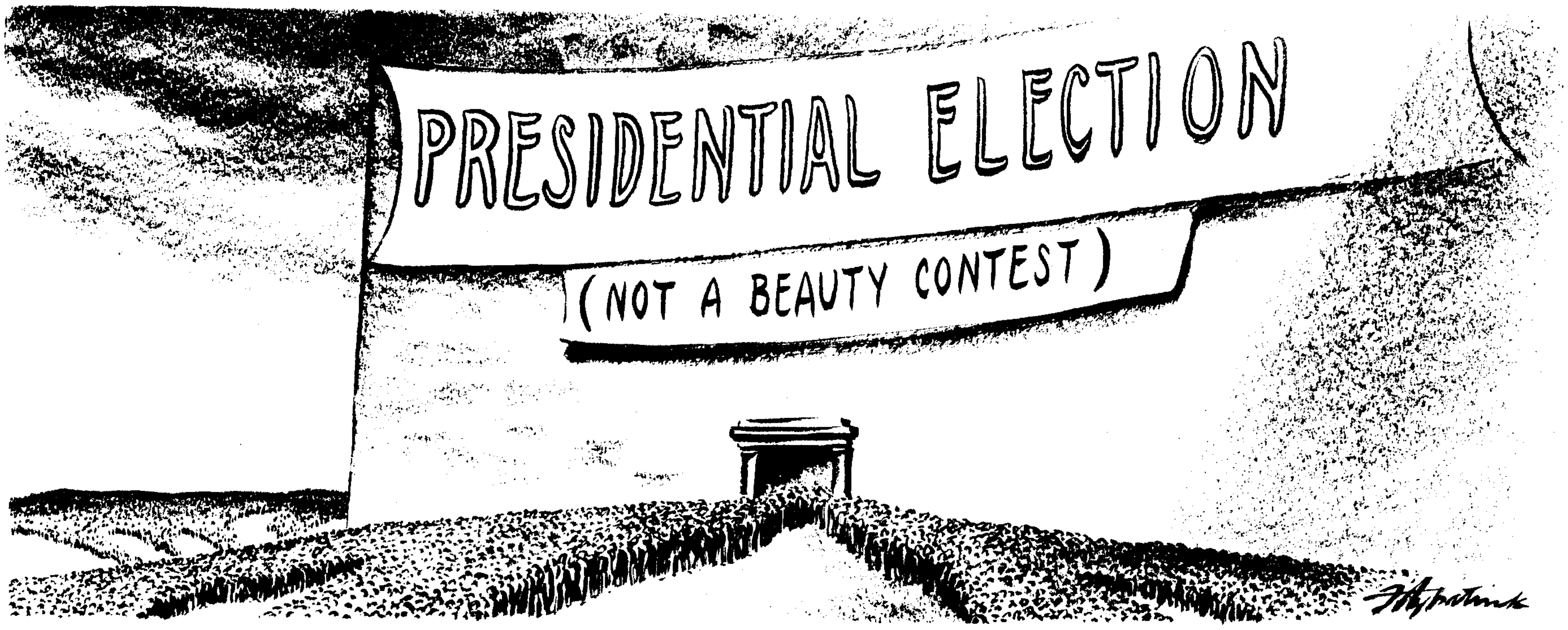

...LOOKS DON'T COUNT

IN THIS Presidential year of 1948 we've heard more solemn discussion than ever before of the good looks or otherwise of various White House possibilities.

Governor Dewey's neatness; Senator Taft's partial baldness; Senator Vandenberg's ditto; Mr. Stassen's chubby face and football-tackle frame; Mr. Truman's bow ties and not too impressive style of spectacles; General MacArthur's strange-looking pipe and That Cap—you hear all these items hashed over with great seriousness as assets or liabilities.

The pay-off for our money came recently, when a really big shot in political circles confided sadly in this reporter's ear that, "Dewey doesn't need a mustache, and Taft does—but who can tell either of them that?"

Maybe the imminence of television sets in many voters' homes has something to do with this concern over whether some candidates are glamorpuss or otherwise; we don't know. And maybe it's the counsel of perfection to advise people to let a candidate's personal appearance have nothing to do with whether they vote for or against him.

We would like to point out, though, that Abraham Lincoln was one of the homeliest men God ever made, and one of our greatest Chief Executives . . . that George Washington was a striking-looking man, and also quite some President . . . that William Howard Taft, with a little more starch in his diet, might have made a living as a circus fat man, but that he was uncommonly able in the White House and on the Supreme Court . . . that Thomas Jefferson was handsome and courtly, and a great man and President to boot.

Wouldn't it be possible this year for most of the voters, and especially the lady voters, to put this matter of the candidates' looks in its proper place—which is far down on the list of qualifications? The big questions are: Has a candidate courage and tolerance, vision and humor; does he show grasp of the problems facing the nation; what sort of record has he made in public life up to now?

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. . . SOMEONE'S MISSING A BET: Off and on in these tempestuous times, we hear that various persons or agencies in Washington are confused by events—the President himself, or the State Department, or almost anybody else down to the Sub-assistant Secretary for Keeping Termites Out of Cabinet Members' Brief Cases if there is such a guy.

Always anxious to help, we hasten to point out that for all these confused government people there is sure and infallible relief. It is to be found on the nation's air waves, which anybody can tap with a radio; and you can get a serviceable radio nowadays for a modest sum.

Functioning on the various networks are a dozen or so news analysts, commentators, prophets and sages, who know all the answers and haven't the slightest bashfulness about telling them to a bemused and breathless public.

The wisdom of these gents is profound, as they would be the last to deny, and when it comes to telling the President and all the rest of us exactly how to handle every problem that comes up they have no hesitancy whatever.

Most of them are a trifle long on brass; but let us not drag in extraneous material here. What we started out to say is that our leaders, from Mr. Truman down, are missing a sure-thing bet and quick solutions for all their troubles by neglecting to listen to the radio wizards and follow their instructions implicitly whenever a crisis comes along. Two hours' listening time a week would do the trick; and how could two hours a week be better spent?

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. . . WE MUST TRADE WITH RUSSIA: For the duration of the cold war, we suppose the question of whether or not to cut off all trade with Communist Russia will be popping up periodically. It is an uneasy matter, and the memory of the U.S. scrap iron which Japan fired back at us 1941-45 is still fresh in many minds.

Just the same, we don't see how it is feasible to stop all trade with Russia. Embargo articles which could go directly into the Stalin war machine—yes. President Truman recently did just that, to the general satisfaction.

But it seems to us the State Department is right in holding out against the complete stoppage of trade with the Soviets.

For one thing, we need the manganese and chromium we've been getting from Russia for many years. Those materials are essential to the making of various steels.

For another objection, if we should quit trading with Russia some of the Marshall Plan nations might feel impelled to do likewise, or Russia might stop doing business with them. Revival of commerce between Eastern and Western Europe is an integral part of the Marshall Plan. Lacking such revival, the plan will cost us a great deal more than is now contemplated.

Then, too, our peacetime trade with Russia never has been very large. In 1947, we exported only about $150,000,000 worth of stuff to the Red state, and imported only $77,000,000 worth of its goods.

Let's just go on treating Russia in this respect as a businessman whom we don't like but whose trade we can ill afford to do without. That will not be fun, but we believe it will be smart.

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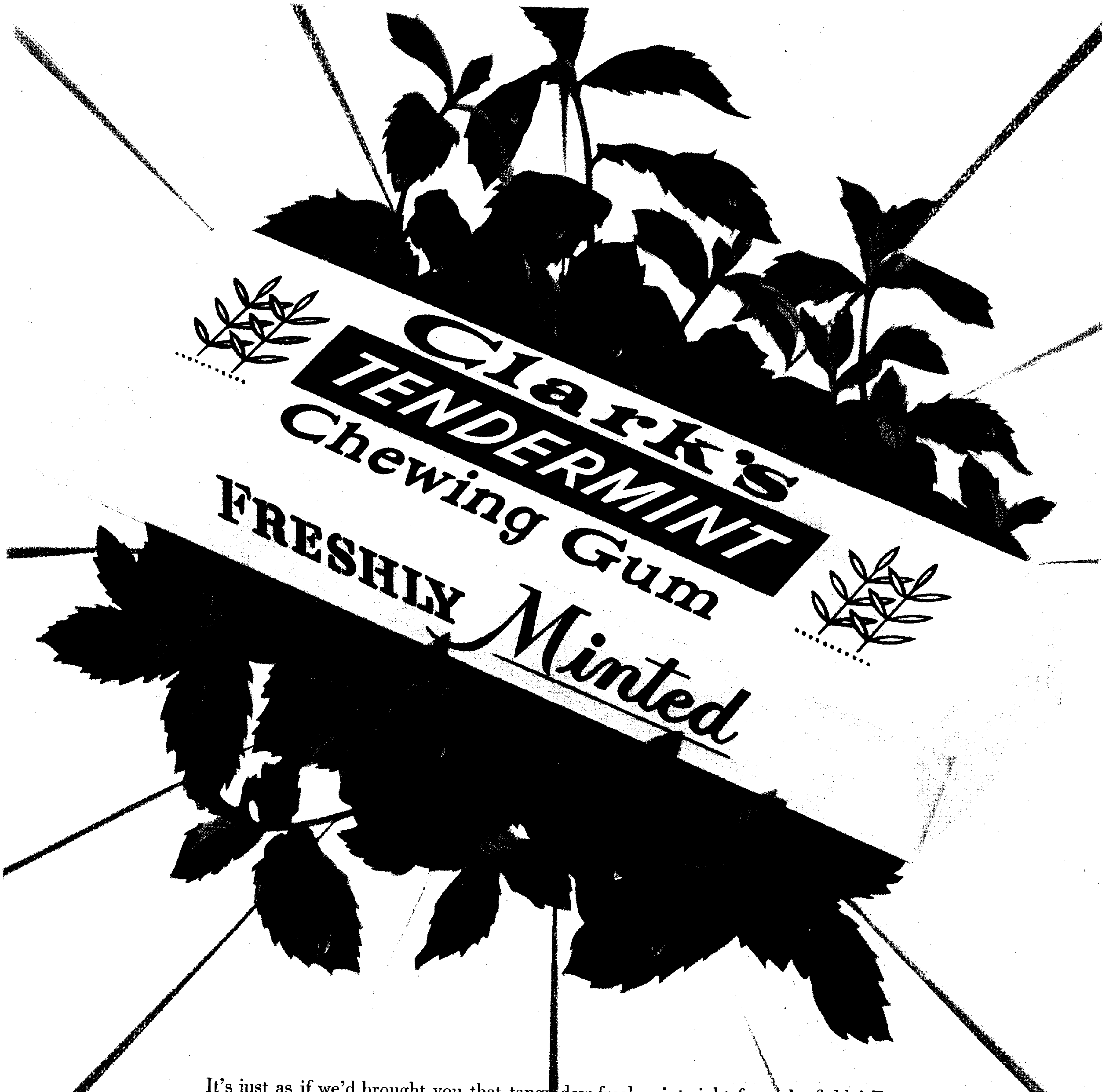
. . . IN MASS CANCER DETECTION: The best cancer news in a decade may have been unveiled recently by Drs. Maurice M. Black, Herman Bolker and Israel S. Kleiner, of the Brooklyn Cancer Institute and New York Hospital. The news is that these gentlemen think they may have discovered a simple, quick method of testing for unsuspected cancer anywhere in the body.

It's complicated when you try to describe it—has to do with how fast the patient's blood plasma coagulates when heated. But the three physicians say that, in combination with another test involving the dye known as methylene blue, their method has shown more than 95 per cent accuracy in several hundred cases.

There would be no sense in going off the deep end and whooping that now we have an infallible test for cancer. We haven't, yet, and maybe this test won't prove itself. Much more experimentation is obviously needed.

But if these three doctors are on the right track, the time can come when their test, to quote Science News Letter, "could be used as a mass screening agent to detect cancer in the population something as X rays are now used in large population groups to detect unsuspected tuberculosis."

Certainly the matter should be pursued with great energy and plenty of research money. Cancer often being curable if detected soon enough, a reliable method of detection would be one of the most valuable weapons we could forge for the war against this disease.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